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RAWHIDE LASH USED DAILY BY AN OVERSEER IN ONE OF THE FLORIDA LUMBER-CAMPS FOR WHIPPING WHITES AND BLACKS INTO SUBJECTION. THIS CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS IS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR

Slavery in the South To-Day

A REVELATION OF APPALLING CONDITIONS IN FLORIDA AND OTHER STATES, WHICH MAKE POSSIBLE THE ACTUAL ENSLAVEMENT OF WHITES AND BLACKS UNDER TRUST DOMINATION

By Richard Barry

Author of "Port Arthur—A Monster Heroism"

Editor's Note.—Like an infamy resurrected from the Dark Ages, a condition of slavery exists to-day, the horrors of which would strain credulity were they not substantiated by most copious and exact facts. The hoary institution of chattel slavery has reappeared in our day and generation to add its fresh budget to the sufferings and crimes of centuries. Torrents of the noblest blood have drenched the earth that no man should have the right to hold another in servitude. Civilization has assured itself that this iniquity was forever abolished. The recesses of Africa, it is true, still resound with the cry of massacre, and the lash and bullet are there the potent allies of slave-snatchers and a crowned butcher. But we were confident that within our borders, in the vast expanse of our own enlightened country, slavery in every form except that of industrial slavery had been crushed, never to rise again. As a shattered, obsolete condition of the receding past we had read about it with wonderment, and contemplated it as an historical abomination which could not be repeated.

In a new and sinister guise, however, slavery has again reared its hideous head, a monster suddenly emerging from the slimy sordid depths of an inferno peopled by brutes and taskmasters in human semblance. Whites and blacks are to-day being indiscriminately held as chattel slaves, and the manacle, lash, bloodhound, and bullet are teaching them submission without partiality to color. So often have we heard fine discourses on the superiority of the whites and the bestial inferiority of other races that we buckrammed ourselves with a lofty race pride, and spoke down with a spirit of splendid condescension. Like a galvanic shock it undermines our self-importance to find that this new form of slavery places white and black on a plane of perfect equality, and enslaves them both with generous disregard of ancestry or complexion. But where in negro slavery there was often sentiment, a marked exchange of affection between

master and slave, there is nothing in this new form except the basest and most cold-blooded calculation joined with an indifference to human life which transcends anything that has gone before it.

Industrialism long ago began a system of slavery whereby the worker was squeezed of his skill and vitality, and then, when he ceased to be of use, was thrown aside like the factory rubbish. Was this not a cheaper form than the old slave system? What mattered it to the corporation whether the individual lived in disease-breeding quarters and famished on starvation wages? His body was of no value to his employers; and as for his services, when they were no longer of use another was found ready to step into his place. Yet this industrial slavery had its unfortunate drawbacks for the corporations. There was the danger of labor organization and the imminence of strikes. The corporations could not compel a man to work against his will, although they knew that want would drive him to the yoke again. Eventually, however, they invented a chattel-slave system, the devilish cunning of which is a marvelous product. The Constitution of the United States prohibits slavery; every state constitution does the same; but now, at this very hour, an atrocious, bloodthirsty system of chattel slavery exists in many of our Southern states. The Standard Oil clique, H. M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway Co., the turpentine trust, the lumber trust, and other trusts have put in force a system of peonage which is actual slavery, and it is done under the legal sanction of state laws—not by direct laws, but by subterfuges and circumventions which nevertheless attain the end in view.

What follows is an actual statement of facts, and a conservative one at that. Thinkers long ago predicted that as the trusts increased in power they would tolerate the worker's protests less and less, and would finally institute a system that practically amounted to chattel slavery. This is what has happened. The Northern capitalists who have exploited the South, and whose simplest order counts for more than the united outcry of the best elements of the South's population, care nothing for justice or humanity. Negroes and whites are alike to them, with this difference: the whites are better and more dependable workers, and therefore in the enslavement process are preferred prey. But read Mr. Barry's article, and digest for yourself the facts as to this accursed system of slavery which swoops upon the weakest, poorest, and most defenseless of men, to the profit of the slave-snatchers and to the burning disgrace of what we are pleased to call modern civilization.



LAVERY to-day! Yes. Not the wage-slavery that grinds the human undergrowth of these United States, not the other slavery of a hundred forms that holds even you and me chafing to the task, but the ancient slavery, the actual, physical slavery that keeps men worse than animals.

The other day, December 5, 1906, in Pensacola a United States judge sentenced five officers of the Jackson Lumber Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in this country, to seven years in the penitentiary. At the same time there were in other courts in Florida requests for seventeen indictments against equally prominent citizens. The charges were all the same—slavery! The law calls it "peonage," which means the holding

of a man to unwilling labor to work out a debt. But on this peonage these crafty and cruel employers had ingrafted the antebellum implements of bondage—the lash and the bloodhound.

It was all proved uncontestedly in the courts—that the men were enticed to their work by glowing and fraudulent representations, that once on the job they were held to it with threats, that when a few of spirit rebelled and tried to run away they were intimidated with firearms, that when some did finally get away they were tracked with hounds and brought back at the point of the pistol, that when the law intervened in the person of the local justice and tried to set them free they were shown to be in debt to their employers and the strenuous incident of their keep justified on the score of an ancient statute which gave a debtor's body to the creditor until the debt was satisfied.

And all this in the face of a public sentiment that justified the bondage as an essential evil of the land, in the face of a judiciary intimidated by this public sentiment, and a political machinery as much its slave as the poor black bodies which invoked the protection of Uncle Sam. It is difficult to find a man of prominence in Florida who does not condone the system. "Treat a nigger white," they say, "and he'll treat you black." The cases were flagrant, though but a bubble rising from the elemental darkness of the slavery throughout the state, or they never would have forced a trial, much less conviction.

The monumental error made by the employers of Florida was in going beyond the black man with their slavery. Had they stuck to the racial division they might have escaped castigation, as they have for a decade. But, insatiate, and not finding enough blacks to satisfy their ambitious wants, they reached out and took in white men.

From employment agencies in New York the operators in turpentine and lumber got



IN PURSUIT OF A LABORER. GIVING HOUNDS THE SCENT

men fresh from Europe and some stale from the slums of the great city. Those fresh from Europe were not of the best and those stale from New York's East Side were of the worst. These job lots of humanity arriving in Florida met no welcome.

The employers would have been glad to do well by good workmen, but the good workmen are drafted to more congenial climes and more attractive labor. In some instances where the men were of the best laboring type they were well treated, but when, as was more often the case, they were starving Jews, decrepit Poles, and mangy Scandinavians, they were railroaded directly into the peonage camps. In debt when they arrived, they were held in debt; feeble in the beginning, they were more enfeebled by the climate and doubly incapacitated by unendurable labor.

Instead of foremen they found overseers; instead of employers, masters; instead of employment, slavery. If they escaped into the swamps they caught malaria; if they escaped death the bloodhounds found them; if they eluded the hounds the nearest constable took them in and turned them over to another master.

And yet, here and there, a few escaped. A relative of a schoolboy friend of Curtis Guild, governor of Massachusetts, drifted into Boston one day last year and told his story. Three poor, health-broken Jews



THE DOGS USED TO TRACK WORKMEN ARE A SPECIES OF LIGHT HUNTING HOUND

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came to the officials of the Jewish Protection Society in Jacksonville and showed the livid scars where they had been whipped. Some miserable blacks crawled into the prosperous town of Orlando and pitifully begged from door to door, their legs a mass of sores. A dozen tramp immigrants ran away from the O'Hara camp at Buffalo Bluff and startled the inhabitants of Palatka with their story of frightful wrongs.

Then the United States district attorney took notice. An enterprising lawyer from New York put sleuths on some of the cases. President Roosevelt and the commissioner of labor were appealed to. Investigations were begun. The whitewashing process was developed. The Florida East Coast Railway — Flagler-Standard-Oil route — produced affidavits to disprove every statement of the friend of Curtis Guild. The blacks were discredited as natural liars, the Jews as welchers, the "poor white trash" as incompetent. All prominent citizens, the machinery of journalism and politics, combined to spread the whitewash.

And so the slavery lives. There it is to-day. Five convictions prove it; seventeen indictments smell of it; hundreds of newspaper stories floating about the states smoke out the iniquity. To understand it well, let us look a little into history.

Florida, the state, has about the population of Boston, the city. But it has room and natural wealth for millions more. So have been drawn to it in the past twenty years many adventurers. Crackers—poor whites—have come from Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama. These crackers have been in the majority, but the North has sent its quota—New York Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch, especially.

Sweeping into the state from above, this ambitious new blood has ousted the ancient aristocracy that once gave Florida the distinction of age and chivalry. Ready to the hand were great forests in which slept turpentine and lumber, and deep mines from which could be disgorged great wealth in phosphate.

Yet there was no money, quick or otherwise, without labor. The blacks already there were both too few and too lazy. The white man could not endure the climate, the immigrant could not be enticed. What was there to do? Confronted on the one hand with opportunities as unbounded as those found in the Michigan forests or among the

wheat-fields of Dakota, and on the other hand with a population of ignorant, lazy blacks, they did not hesitate to pay the price demanded by fortune.

This price was peonage—and more, for peonage means, as the statutes read, "the securing, holding, or retaking of people for debt." But the men who secured, held, and retook those whom they wanted for their work used legal officers to get them, firearms to hold them, and bloodhounds to retake them.

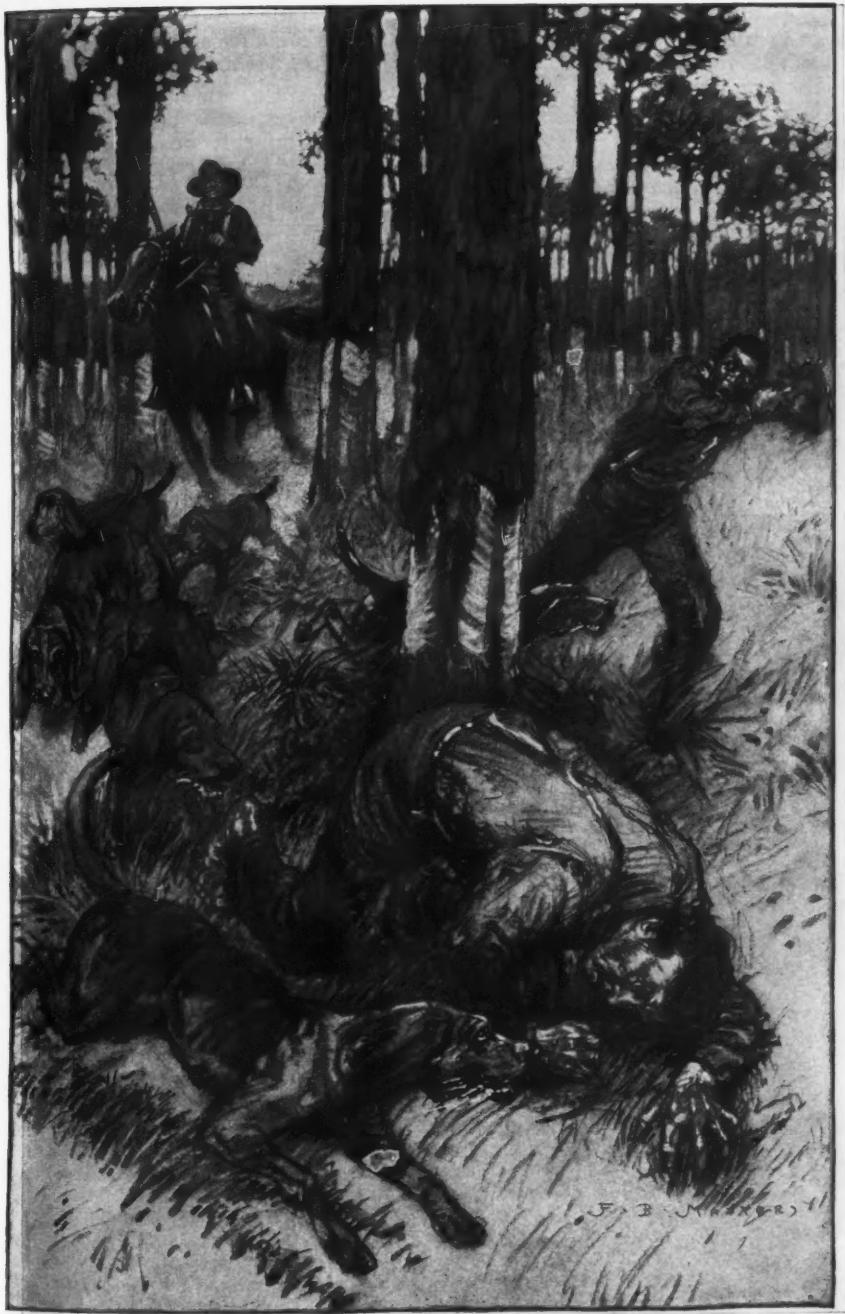
This had gone along all right, without much complaint, for a period of ten or twelve years. So long as only the blacks were concerned they took the slavery as symbolic of the universal bondage condoned by their ministers. But in the last eighteen months it has reached out and embraced immigrants from the North; hence the United States courts.

A vast system of corruption radiates behind. This corruption concerns every element in the state. It corrodes politics; it blackens industry; it retards immigration; and it clogs the wheels of justice.

The corruption begins in the convict system. Florida has no state prison. She has twelve hundred convicts and no place to put them. The state, therefore, is compelled to speculate in her criminals. She leases them out to individuals who pay for the privilege. Instead of an expense, her convicts are thus a source of income.

This might be all right if it were a business proposition. Instead, it is politics, which means graft. Last year the twelve hundred convicts were leased to C. H. Barnes & Company, of Jacksonville. Barnes was the only bidder; he had no competitor; the others knew it was useless. By Barnes's contract the state receives \$207.70 a year, or fifty-seven cents a day, for each convict. But the operators who use those convicts pay from eighty-five to ninety-five cents a day apiece for them. The difference is the graft.

Bear in mind that that fifty-seven cents a day is the original price paid the state by Barnes, who never touches the convicts. He subleases them to S. A. Rawls, of Ocala. And yet neither has Rawls any direct use for them. He, in turn, subleases to the individual operators of turpentine, of lumber, and of phosphate. Barnes's profit for his good fortune in being the only bidder for the lease of the state's convicts is not known,



Drawn by Frank B. Masters

CAUGHT!

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but it is well known in Florida that Rawls's profit last year—the profit of the mere middleman who touched neither state nor convict—was one hundred thousand dollars.

And what is the effect on the convict? He becomes a mere chattel from whom the final lessee, who operates him, must drive an exorbitant amount of work to make him pay. The convict is a very desirable workman. He can be counted on for six days a week from dawn till dark, and that is more than can be said of any but a very few negroes, most of whom obey their own sweet, wayward, indifferent will.

There has been a semblance of effort by the state to regulate abuses, but, to complicate the system, each county also has its convicts, and these are leased by the same villainous patronage, but with the added disadvantage that they have no supervision. The state inspects its camps; the counties do not have even that formality.

The horrors of this convict system have become so heartrending in Florida during the past few years that the respectable people, of whom there are a goodly number, have at last risen in revolt.

Orange, one of the most prosperous counties in the central district, the home at

once of the fruit it is named for and of turpentine, first flew the white flag. The citizens of Orlando, the county seat, month after month were outraged by tales of cruelty from a turpentine-camp near Gabriella, twelve miles away in a lonely forest. Sixty convicts from Duval and Osceola Counties were there under half a dozen guards and a convict captain named H. F. Douglas.

Twice there appeared on the streets of Orlando (as pretty, prosperous, and law-abiding a town as could be found in New England) wrecks of what once were men—decrepit, with their backs scarred, their clothes in rags, shoeless, their feet splintered and swollen with the ugly wounds of the saw-palmetto. They told tales that would have brought tears from Judge Jeffreys. They were convicts, of course; still, they were human beings.

Strapped across a barrel, these men had repeatedly submitted to the lash, their heads covered by a revolver in the hands of one guard, while another wielded the whip. Their shoes had given out. They had asked for new ones. These refused, they did their work barefoot. This work was often on saw-palmetto where the sharp teeth worked into the flesh and produced incurable festers.

Often mere caprice brought a whipping. Some of the guards were boys of nineteen. The captain, twice every day, made a tour of his gang, asking the individual guards which men were to be whipped. No overt offense was necessary. The youngsters, ennuied with the monotony of the lonely forest, required the diversion of a whipping nearly every day—just for the fun of the thing! This sounds incredible for 1906 in the United States of America, but only a few months later the writer visited a number of those same camps, and in one of them, expressing doubt that such a condition could exist, was told that he could "have one now" if he wished.

But such a state of things was not to continue. Complaint got to the governor, and he made an investigation. J. A. Kirkwood, a deputy sheriff, and J. H. Jones, a prominent lawyer, went clan-



THE MAN-HUNTERS. TYPICAL GUARDS OF A TURPENTINE-CAMP

destinely to the camp. They caught Captain Douglas red-handed. They failed to find a single convict wearing a whole pair of shoes. The feet of many were painfully lacerated.

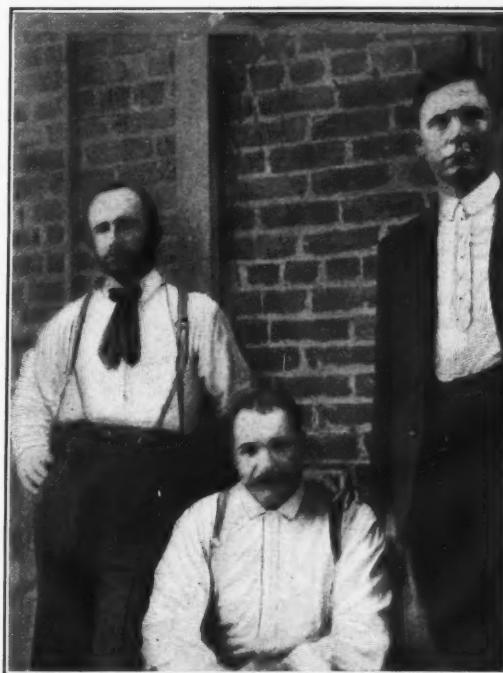
Laceration from the saw-palmetto when exposed to the dews of the forest produces intense inflammation, sometimes blood-poisoning—even death. There is always intense pain. One of the guards told Kirkwood that “a stick of palmetto in ‘em helps the niggers to work to forget it.”

The details of Kirkwood's and Jones's private report to the governor are too revolting for exact excerpt. They found a man in an outhouse dying from the poison of the palmetto—dying unattended, with no effort being made even for his comfort. On the backs of eight prisoners were huge scars, fresh and livid. The men were driven to and from work on the run, the pace set by a mounted man. They limped and scrambled along pitifully, three guards with drawn guns bringing up the rear.

Asked why he brought them in on the run, Douglas said that he must save time, that they worked eight miles out and needed all of daylight on the job. Later it developed that most of the gang were thirty-day men, serving time for petty offenses, and, though soft to the work, were being driven harder than old hands.

A convict serving a sentence of several years would be well taken care of, his body being as valuable a chattel as that of a horse, but a thirty-day man was of little consequence at the time, and of none after the month was out; hence he must be worked to a finish in thirty days.

All of this and much more was developed under oath at the trial of Douglas, for he was soon indicted on seventeen counts, which included everything from assault to murder in the first degree. The information gotten by Kirkwood and Jones, though taken privately for the governor, was of too sensational a nature to remain long a secret, and once loose among the leading citizens of Orange County brought an imperative demand for justice.



E. V. HUTSON (SEATED), THE BOUGHT DEPUTY WHO DELIVERED NEGROES AT FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD

At the trial one witness told of a day when a convict had fallen from exhaustion, how Douglas had ordered two of his fellows to help the man along, how the exhausted convict had proved too big a burden for the swift pace of the gang, how Douglas had then ordered them all on to the camp, leaving him alone with the disabled convict. An hour later, the witness said, he and another man had been ordered to the front yard to bring in the fallen laborer, who died the next morning. When the gang returned to work the next day, on the dusty highway could be plainly seen a broad streak, as of a sack of meal dragged along. The story, then, seems all too plain—Douglas had tied the convict to his saddle-bow and had dragged him three miles along the road.

Yet Douglas escaped on sixteen of the seventeen counts. A jury of his cracker peers let him off, because no cracker will believe the testimony of a colored man. They convicted him on only one count—manslaughter! It is popularly believed in Orlando that Douglas would have escaped

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on the final charge, also, had he not put up too good a story in defense. He swore that he made it a practice personally to bathe the feet of a certain convict. That was *too* much for the cracker jury. They knew he must be lying, and returned a verdict of "guilty."

The value of the Douglas trial, which occurred in February, 1906, was that it warned all proprietors of convict-camps that the spirit of justice was militant in Florida. Its pertinence here lies in disclosing what is endured — and ended — at those camps. To know the full horrors of that life it is necessary to understand how men are gotten to those camps, men who never would be convicts except in a lax civilization.

Thousands of men, white and black, in the course of a few years, have been sold to operators like Douglas, by sheriffs and justices of the peace. It is because the operators cannot hire the negroes that they take this way of forcing them to do that work, which means great wealth. The negro, as he exists in Florida to-day, is content with merely enough to keep soul and body together, and this he can earn by working one day a week, since wages are relatively so high. Frequently he works not even this necessary one day a week, but prefers to let his wench work the entire seven.

So the operator, unable to buy labor in one market, is forced to the other. The negro refuses direct pay. The operator goes to the deputy sheriff, whose close confederate is the justice of the peace. Neither has an income outside of his fees. Together they can railroad into the convict-camps almost anyone they choose.

A deal was made in October, 1905, which

tells the story of how this is done nearly every month in nearly every county in Florida. This particular deal was made in Ocala, the seat of Marion, one of the richest counties in the state. Ocala is a progressive, respectable town which has long tried to be the capital of Florida. But it holds E. V. Hutson, a deputy sheriff of expensive tastes and no income, and Charles V. Miller, a turpentine operator of independent fortune.

Miller told Hutson he needed a gang of men for his crop of turpentine, and agreed to stand the expense usual in such instances — Hutson's fees and expenses plus five dollars a head for each laborer landed. Together they made up a list of some eighty negroes known to both as good husky fellows, capable of a fair day's work. Then Hutson went for the prey. It was not an unusual deal, nor one frowned on by either operators or deputy sheriffs.

Hutson got his men in various ways. All were arrested within the following

three weeks on various petty charges — gambling, disorderly conduct, assault, and the like. The larger part of the list was gathered in with a drag-net at Saturday-night shindies, and haled to the local justice, who was in collusion with Hutson to effect the game.

Miller then had two ways of securing the men. One was by sentence to the chain-gang direct. This would not be so favorable as the other, for then he would have to pay the county a license for each convict.

The best way, and the one usually pursued, is for the justice to hold the accused man over to the first term of the circuit court. This would be from six months to a year distant, and the bond was from one hundred to two hundred dollars. No negro ever



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BROWARD, GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA, WHO IS WILLING BUT POWERLESS TO PUT AN END TO PEONAGE IN HIS STATE

has that amount of money—at least, not turpentine negroes in Florida. The operator then assumes the bond, becomes responsible for the negro's appearance in court, and, in the interim, has power over his body. The negro, of course, must be willing. And he is made to be willing or he sees the worse fate of the chain-gang.

Illegal? Immoral? Yes. But the operator argues that there is the turpentine waiting to be worked and the negro in real need of a job. Ordinary lure of pay, provision, and plenty has no effect. Then why not a little ingenuity in bringing negro and work together when the result is wealth?

Sometimes operators keep deputy sheriffs on their regular pay-rolls. The sheriff's function in such a case is to bring any negroes of promise who happen to be loose. One day on the streets of Ocala, R. S. Hall, one of the wealthiest of the turpentine operators, said to three of the leading men of the town—it was a typical part of daily gossip: "I think I'll fire that fellow" (naming a well-known deputy sheriff); "he's been getting his regular fifty a-month too long. The lazy rascal hasn't brought me in four niggers in the past three months."

Only last August Deputy Sheriff Charles Mennike of Flora, Alabama, just over the state-line, said, under oath: "The state or county pays me nothing. I make between five thousand and eight thousand dollars a year. This is in 'rewards' for negroes who are needed to work. I can take up anybody on suspicion. The law allows me to arrest for debt, or, as it is called here, 'for obtaining money under false pretenses.' I often get a message in the night from the

operators who employ me. How, then, can I wait for a warrant? Often I have to take a man home to my house and keep him there all night."

"How can you keep him?" he was asked.

"I chain him to myself while I am sleeping."

This device of the deputy sheriff led to a multiplied trouble on the Fourth of July, 1905. It was in the barn of the Aycock Brothers lumber company at Allie, Jackson County, Florida. Six newly caught men—not convicts—were chained and manacled together on a straw heap. At the end a guard was chained. But it was July Fourth, and the guard was drunk. His pipe fell in the straw. The chained peons were unable to move and all seven were burned to death.

"But what do you do when you are away?" Mennike was asked.

"I deputize," he answered. "I put my hand on the shoulder of some friend of mine and say, 'By the laws of

the state of Alabama I make you a deputy sheriff.'"

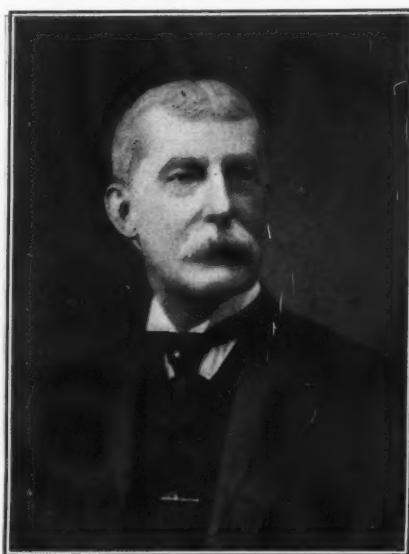
This typical deputy further said: "Of course I always carry my gun. It's never out of my sight. Jim Thompson shot me in the hip two months ago—but I got him better."

"Did you kill him?"

"Well, I didn't look. But I might as well; a week later they found him dead. Then there was some trouble over a man named Reynolds. He tried to get away from the work. We went about ten miles, hunted all night and the next day. He had a gun, too, but we got him."

"Did you kill him?"

"No—just shot him."



HENRY M. FLAGLER, OF THE STANDARD OIL CLIQUE, WHOSE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR SLAVERY CONDITIONS IN FLORIDA

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These men were not convicts—merely workmen tired of their job and trying to leave it. When called to account in the newspapers or in the courts, the operators have their reply. Men are only chased and returned when they have stolen something, they say. Moreover, such are worthless workmen, anyway—either lazy negroes or the scum of the cities sent down by some scheming labor-agent who wants to work off his human refuse on honest employers.

In an indignant refutation to the editor of the "Pensacola Journal," W. L. Harlan, manager of the Jackson Lumber Company, which has recently been convicted in the United States court for the northern district of Florida, said, "These men kept constantly trying to escape after they got here." And in editorially standing by the local industry, the "Florala Times" exclaimed, "Of course we keep bloodhounds to trail down men who jump their contracts!"

Neither newspaper nor corporation realized its complete confession of slavery. That section is immersed in the belief that an employer has a perfect right to hold men to their work. And this without legal process, but with whips, bloodhounds, and brutal overseers.

The ways of it are so devious that description can be made of but the edge of the maelstrom which sucks in a hundred kinds of human labor. Internecine war among the camps adds complication to the illegality. Each well-equipped place has "cruiters" on the road looking up laborers from other camps to bring them in by any means—by allurement, by threat, by arrest. Labor is so precious and so necessary that the getting of it gilds a crime with virtue.

But the negro, who does most of the manual labor of the South, finds it easier to jump his contract with his advance in his pocket and go to the next white man, who will surely give him another advance with no questions asked. Still, if there are questions the negro can answer them. Then, in stalks peonage.

There is a celebrated case of a negro peon in Osceola County who went to work owing thirty dollars, who worked steadily without further advance for three years, and who then still found himself three dollars in debt.

In the last year this slavery has spread. It reached out recently and took a poor Jew from Kishinef; after he had been in a

Florida turpentine-camp he wished he were back with the terrorists in Russia. It climbed into New England, found a sophomore from Dartmouth, and plunged him back into the reality of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One employment agency in New York sends an average of three hundred men a month down to slavery in the turpentine-camps.

No one can say just where this slavery begins and where it leaves off. It has assailed the fair name of Florida, and already sensational publicity concerning it is beginning to shut off the immigration to the extreme South. It is agitating state legislatures; it has aroused the national Department of Justice; if not throttled it may foment the old sectional quarrel. In the words of Governor Broward of Florida, "A similar condition started the first Boer war."

That more than three thousand white laborers have been slaving, under the brutal and heartless peonage system, on railroad construction in North Carolina and Tennessee was shown recently by the testimony of a number of fugitive victims before the United States grand jury at Charlotte, North Carolina. The facts brought out were so harrowing and conclusive that the grand jury indicted the Carolina Construction Company, Mayor Radcliffe of Marion, North Carolina, T. C. Baker, a deputy sheriff, J. C. Porter, a superintendent, and Charles Crawford and a man named Drinkard, two foremen of the company. The charge was conspiracy to commit peonage. The company was fined twelve hundred dollars, which it paid with the understanding that the charges against Radcliffe and Baker be quashed.

The testimony of these fugitives adds another chapter of horrors to the almost unbelievable peonage tyranny which exists in many states. These men were honest, hard-working laborers, seeking a livelihood. Like so many thousands of other workers they fell into the snares of one of the "shark" employment agencies in New York. Enticed to North Carolina on the promise of good treatment and good wages, they speedily faced the realities of slavery. The South & Western Railroad, a branch of Thomas F. Ryan's Seaboard Air Line, is being built from Marion, North Carolina, to Johnson City, Tennessee, by slavery methods. The men were shipped in a batch



CONVICT LABORERS LEASED FROM THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA GUARDED WHILE AT WORK
BY AN ARMED EMPLOYEE OF A ROAD-MAKING CORPORATION

from New York and taken to Altapas, North Carolina, on October 18, 1906, and then marched the next day six miles through the mountains to Spruce Pine, North Carolina. Here they were quartered with negroes in miserable shacks. Bare pine boards were their beds. When they protested Crawford shouted, "Get down and dig in that tunnel or I'll send for the flogger!" The men kept protesting against working under revolting conditions and being forced to do work for which they had not contracted. Crawford's only reply was to point his gun at them and exclaim, "You just march ahead of my mule into that tunnel and no more monkey business."

Headed by William Burke, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a party of the victims escaped the next day. They had not gone a mile before an armed sentinel, in the person of Baker, abruptly halted their flight. Although he had no warrant, Baker arrested them and drove them back to camp. Here was a fine spectacle—American citizens being arrested without warrant, simply because they chose to flee from unendurable conditions! At the camp more indignities were heaped upon them. Thrown into a

hut, they were kept imprisoned for twenty-four hours, with two armed guards stationed at the door. A young laborer, James Pappello, of No. 63 Oliver Street, New York city, was thrown into the shack with them. Pappello had been flogged by a foreman until his body was covered with cuts and bruises. What was his crime? Like the others he had sought to throw off the shackles of peonage slavery.

The next day the prisoners were marched twenty-two miles through deep mud to Marion. As if they were criminals and not free workmen in a free country, they were held in the county jail for seventy-seven hours without a trial. Upon being taken before Mayor Radcliffe they were sentenced to twenty days in the chain-gang. Ball-and-chain attachments were riveted on their ankles to prevent their escape, and they were put to work hammering rocks. Through Burke's ingenuity the victims brought the outrage to judicial attention.

Fugitives are constantly escaping from the slavery camps of the South, and the peonage employment agencies of the North are as busy as ever recruiting victims to replace those who contrive to escape.



The Reverend Robert North

By Mary White Slater

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

TEA was laid in the cool little dining-room of the parsonage nestling against the gray old church like a lonesome chick to a stolid hen-mother. Mrs. North, mutely rebellious, had crowded into a tumbler, as a centerpiece, the earliest garden sweets—pink hyacinths, yellow jonquils, scarlet tulips. To her they were casual, feckless things, to be gathered and massed in hurried indiscrimination after the real duties of the day were done. A long, widowed battle with fortune had left her no time for purely esthetic considerations;

Robert—her boy Robert—loved flowers—that was enough for her.

She saw him coming up the walk, her boy so straight, slender, clerical, and likened him with grim pleasure to Barrie's "Little Minister"—a book she had found time to read because its title held for her an immediate appeal—but not being imaginative she foreboded no Lady Babbie for her son. Hastily adjusting the stiff white cuffs of her black gown, snug, suitable, and constant as the coat of a bird, she hustled importantly to the veranda, to meet in his eyes the quick, telepathic response that flashes between people of the same life-interests.

The face above the black waistcoat but-

toned severely up to the chin was young, clean-shaven, and stern, yet smooth and tender as a choir-boy's. Sensitive lips and nostrils, serious, steadfast brown eyes set deep and a trifle close under the arch of an idealistic forehead, gave his pure countenance a sense of strain. He was pale, and his smile seemed forced as he spoke.

"Well, motherkin, what's for tea?"

He dropped his hat on the hall-seat, and himself into an armchair in the small, darkened parlor. After the outside glare he could scarcely distinguish familiar objects, but caught the white gleam of the re-

freshing tea-table just beyond, as he closed his eyes. A light breeze was stirring the thin muslin curtains of the dining-room, and bearing to his nostrils the sweet breath of the hyacinths. Mrs. North quickly picked up his hat, carefully smoothed and hung it upon its accustomed peg, furtively noting his delicate pallor and shadowed eyes.

"There are creamed asparagus and strawberries, Robbie!"

He opened his eyes as if from a long distance of thought to smile appreciation back at her, whose faded eyes rested upon him with loving gladness, triumphant for his



"THIS CHARMING PAGAN, HOLDING LITTLE OF THE PAST, CLAIMING MUCH FOR TO-MORROW AND NOTHING FOR ETERNITY"



"YOU SEE. YOU REALLY OUGHT NOT TO LIKE A GIRL LIKE ME, MR. NORTH; BUT
YOU DO, DON'T YOU?"

fickle appetite that had lately run to its lowest ebb.

"You can't mean it, mother!" He roused himself into large-eyed protest.

"But indeed I do, Robbie! Grant Greely brought them in fresh from the farm early this morning, the first of the season! I saved the surprise for tea, because I knew you would relish them most after all those long, tedious calls."

She beamed satisfaction upon him, showing perfect rows of white porcelain glistening

with startling newness in the worn old face.

"Tired, boy?" The crust of New England constraint imprisoned her emotions, making her tongue laconic, brusque.

"Dead!" he answered. "It's the sudden heat, I suppose, and this underwear. You shouldn't have insisted on it, mother. I've actually suffered in it this afternoon. It's intolerable. I'll shed it to-morrow."

"Too soon, Robert." She brought the armies of her teeth together with an uncompromising click, her voice full of the hoarse

quality of dominant age. "You must wear it up to the first of May. Better to suffer a little in the heat of the day than to risk the chill of these mornings and evenings. You know very well that the spring weather killed your father."

She busied herself at the tea-table, fumbling vainly with the flowers that somehow interfered with her idea of neatness. "Ugh! Aren't these hyacinths sickening? I wonder you can stand the odor, Robert, if you are tired. Hadn't I better carry them out?"

"If they annoy you, mother." He had again sunk into reverie.

"You had better go tidy up a bit now, Robbie. Tea's about ready, and Clarinda's got to clear up before prayer-meeting. She's so mortally slow I'm afraid I'll have to send her back to the home." Seizing the flowers in a tight grip, she hastened to the pantry passage, where the small orphan, peeping through the chink of the kitchen-door, fled at her approach.

In the tiny bathroom upstairs Robert doused head and throat in cold water, burying his face in the soft lavender-scented towel, dallying absently in the thought that lavender typified his mother, and hyacinths an entirely different kind of woman—one with a seductive, sophisticated loveliness, like—

"Robert!" Mrs. North's voice from the foot of the stairs startled him into the instant obedience of a detected child. "Don't be forever. Tea's on the table. Be sure you put on the clean tie, and bring down the wisp broom. I shall have to brush your hat." She had laid out his fresh white linen and best shoes for the mid-week service. Her love, thoughtful, jealous, coercive, hedged him round.

• That night, in the fuscous shadows of the little, low bedchamber over the parlor, Robert North continued his interrupted thought, lying tensely, rigidly quiet. He could not remember a moment of abandon in the twenty-six years of his life. Harnesssed from childhood before the whip of an insistent purpose, if he wished to indulge in the youthful joy of a waking fancy, he had not the relaxing power—he could only think. Through the door opening into the next room he could dimly see the long, recumbent figure of his mother, the suggestive emaciation of its stark outline bringing the catch of a dry sob to his throat. He had simulated sleep when she stepped softly into

the room a few moments before, to draw over him the light counterpane folded at the foot-board, for she slept but lightly, sensitive to the slightest indications of restlessness on his part. What would she think if she knew that her son, the pulse of her heart, was throbbing in the thrall of a woman—a richly exquisite, hyacinthine woman, with a confounding odor in her petals of a wild sweetness that he loved, in spite of some monstrous imperfection in it; a woman of cosmopolitan training, bewilderingly equipped with brain, heart, beauty, and that ineffable warmth called charm; a gift-bearing woman with maternal hands, visiting the sick, filling her days with the service and beauty of life as she saw it? What if his mother knew that their well-planned series of pastoral visits had been gloriously checked that afternoon by a chance meeting and a country walk with Margaret Maitland? that this was his third excursion into that accidental Eden where Margaret walked radiant—just out the old tunnel road to Nathan Martin's? What if that sleeping ghost, momentarily ready to offer itself up for him, could see this new, naked thing at his heart?

And Margaret—had she guessed that their appointment, lightly, laughingly made, to walk there together again on Monday evening, for the purpose of continuing their argument, held so much for him? He somehow knew that women were wise in these things, and that Margaret, from the wider, higher vantage-ground of experience, might have viewed his callow simplicity. Was it his contrast to men of her kind that gave a zest to her first interest in him, kindling in her a short-lived fire of spring madness, evinced by the warm surge of her blood and the ravishing retreat of her eyes under his? She was no trivial woman, playing the alleged summer game of sex. Was it possible that she, too, out of the sportive centuries that had made them so different, felt between them the vibration of some long-drawn common cord? Whatever she was, she was truth itself. The lint-white of her skin, the red-gold of her hair, the limpid gray of her eyes, the startlingly frank transparency of her entire make-up—He checked himself with an admonishing jerk of the body, and with the enforced stolidity of a nature trained to endure faced the fact that this accidental contact with Margaret Maitland could be but a fleeting point of

The Reverend Robert North

convergence in ways that must lie forever apart, since their lives were in their very nature antipodal—hers light with the joy of mere existence, his weighted with a responsibility of eternal consequence.

The contemplation, too, of his mother's place in his life barred his imaginings. He recalled her first widowed alarm for the ten-year-old boy inheriting the futile poetic temperament of an unhappy father, and her determination to place her son better before the world; how she had again assumed the school-teaching yoke and borne it through years of rigid self-denial, that he might emerge a clean-souled fledgling from a stanch old nest; how she had lived in the grip of one idea, that her second poet should have the equipment of a scholar and clergyman, following in the footsteps of her fathers, so that the pearls of his genius should not be cast before swine.

Yet he sadly realized that even in the achievement of the pastorate of a large and growing church, his first pulpit, his mother was only nervously, uneasily happy. As his self-constituted mentor, she suffered keenly from any errors of his in taste, judgment, or language, as he preached on Sunday mornings before a mixed congregation of equally exacting primitiveness and culture, her nervous, convicting eye making him instantly dry-throated and self-conscious. The beauty of the day was often ruined for both, when, as a consequence, they dragged out miserable Mondays of nerve-prostration and relived mortifications. Her gaunt figure loomed before him in pathetic lonesomeness, torn from the deep-rooted sympathies and appreciations of life-long friends, and transplanted, at her age of fixed idiosyncrasies, as "the minister's mother" under the microscopic criticism of a strange world.

His bosom ached at the sharp edge of the gift of her life to him, a gift that was marred by the fiercely personal mother-love that seeks to control the destiny of its own, having none of the largess of altruism to broaden and sweeten it. He was her all. Was her complete immolation to defeat its own end, prove a misery to herself and a strangle hold upon him? He vigorously disclaimed this last thought as disloyal, impossible. How could it, since he had no desire to pass beyond the limits of their life hitherto?

But Margaret had suddenly, unconsciously shown him the grayness of his life

—its absence of joy. The illuminated moments of his intercourse with her had thrown the rest of his existence into shadow. Happiness had not been an immediate end with him, and the kind that comes unsought to workers of pure motive he knew and earned daily; but the incandescent joy of possessing this one woman, vivid, forceful, sweet, was not for him. And yet, he argued, this was the joy of the common lot, the joy that comes to millions of men of less distinctive training, that beats in the very heart of nature, and by which she schemes hourly, daily successful through the years. By what gray chance did he stand apart, to witness, analyze, and hunger?

Then from its momentary abeyance the steady spirit of the man reasserted itself, holding before him the clear conviction of Margaret's scorn of things sacred and vital to him, recalling her high-bred self-assurance and freedom from bond that goes with natures that have never known the shock of a cross word or the whip-flick of a real trouble, and how, unmothered from birth, she had browsed through a rich world with that scholarly gentleman, her father, both rejecting evangelical tradition, and contentedly accepting the reign of law as their final philosophy. And he, Robert North, the product of generations of consecrated apostleship, was in the thrall of this charming pagan, holding little of the past, claiming much for to-morrow and nothing for eternity—a prismatic creature of brilliant complexities, radiant, restrained, adequate, the late flower of a late century. That there were thousands living, as did she, on the cultured abstractions of a pure, scientific morality, he was aware, but to him and his mother they must lack that sacred essential, the sign of the cross in their forehead. So, even if he had not felt almost walled in celibacy by the gratitude due his mother, he knew himself incapable of treachery to eternal ideals, and that to him personally Margaret must mean the upheaval of these and the submergence of his silences, hitherto so full of satisfying peace. That peace was first to him, though he must miss the one unrestrained joy of the world; God and the souls of men held his inalienable first love.

Thus the strong saint in him inexorably reasoned; the predatory man choked in the grip of renunciation. The room seemed stifling. He tossed off the cover.

"Robbie!" The tall, white ghost glided in. "You haven't slept a wink to-night! I've felt it all along. Why, how you've tossed the counterpane! You need it, too. It's growing chillier every minute."

He mumbled sleepily as she smoothed the cover, tucking it in on both sides with maddening precision. She stood over him a while in anxious mother-brooding, then reluctantly left the room. Before he slept he decided that as a social courtesy he would keep his engagement with Margaret; she would soon be leaving for her accustomed trip to England, and he would have time to adjust himself thoroughly to conditions before he had met her on her return. His latest consciousness was that his life had been one long series of negations, and that this was only one more.

The yellow road stretched before them straight through a tunnel in a green hill, caught in the blue kiss of the sky. Through this cool, gateless barrier of blasted rock smiled the sweet, open country. Behind them, far down the slope of the county road, lay the city—slim spires and stolid furnace-stacks alike resplendent in the sunset. They walked slowly, detached by a yard's breadth, he noting that in the deep shade her skin was like marble, her hair like metal; that something of the wind and sky went with the poise and swing of her, a touch of the elemental, nymphean, sylvan, recalled yet restrained. She was speaking.

"Duty done for the sake of recompense, Mr. North, seems a sordid thing to me—little better than evil for the sake of gain. Human nature is capable of higher ground—of doing good for the sake of good."

"But good is God," he answered with kindled eyes. "You make an abstraction where I see an intelligence. Why should you, of all people, deny to craving human nature the sympathetic personality of God?"

"Because we are children making a child's God—a magnified man—dispenser of rewards and punishments, exaltation for the few, ultimate evil for the many." She smiled at him, shaking her head in charming negation. "Old Nathan's God, for instance, keeps him on tenter-hooks, working on the weakest thing in him—his fear."

"Nathan's God is of Nathan's own measure, of course. But without Him the creature would be a clod. He sets the oaf to thinking, conquering."

"And meantime keeps him suffering, according to your analogy, Mr. North."

"That's the point," he contended warmly. "The seeming injustice of God is the very source of man's sinews of faith. Nathan's disease does not yield because of his righteousness, but Nathan must strive for righteousness, nevertheless."

She was silent a while, lips set in unwanted rigor, eyes cold with dissenting thought. "You and I are forever disagreed in this, I fear," she said with sad, low-toned finality. "Let's drop the subject; it's hopeless, leads us to worse than nowhere." Then, as if her ardent nature hated the chill of a moment's mutiny, she turned to him in appealing conciliation, lips curved in smiles, eyes lighted fresh from the heart, and laying an insistent hand upon his sleeve, said ingenuously, "We're friends in spite of it, aren't we, Mr. North—friends by some deeper law of affinity?"

At this first touch of her, warm in the blushing glory of her unjaded womanhood, his eyes plunged into hers. Then came a swift, primitive heart-surge, a new pulse to his life, the top of the spring in his blood, intoxication in his nostrils. She somehow made joyful the simple fact that they were man and woman on the earth together, giving him his first flashing comprehension of the force that rules, wrecks, and saves the world, and a newly compassionate comprehension of both saints and sinners. Yet even in that vivifying, blinding enchantment the dominant saint in him held him dumb, cautioning that the sweet madness of love's adventure was not for him. He walked on, silent.

When they emerged on the other side of the hill he drew a sigh of mingled pain and pleasure. "It's always new to me—the surprise of this view." As he spoke he vainly sought her vagrant eyes. "It's a burst of heaven after the city's side of the hill."

An ox-team was drawing with slow resignation a heavy-laden cart round a distant bend in the road.

"But you did not come to see the view, Mr. North." There was frost in her voice. "You came—for the sake of the coming."

"You mean that I came to be with you."

If pique at his silence had inflamed her to touch a personal spring in him, she was rewarded by the instant, roughly disconcerting response of a man with no arts but to

keep silent or speak the naked truth; he had thrown wide a window in his soul, making her blink. His eyes still followed the ox-team which was now struggling up a steep incline to the cemetery. They came to a secluded spot off the road.

"Let us sit here," he said quietly. "Walking's pleasant enough, and so is the view, but it's the mere being together that counts, for both of us." He knew that he had come into recklessly close range, but she had seemed to wish it, compel it.

"For both of us?" she parried evenly, touched with the steel of his last words.

"For both of us," he responded gently, with a tactless neglect to enlighten her that he balanced only her curiosity against his love.

"You take a great deal for granted, Mr. North." Her words came clear, incisive, but she looked away. Her face might have been carved in ivory.

"For instance, what?" he asked.

"That you understand me, that I understand you."

"And don't we?" His words fell indifferently. He seemed absorbed in studying the white tenderness of the back of her neck.

"We do not understand each other at all, Mr. North." Her tone was petulant. He could not see her averted face, but watched the slow pink surge from the back of her neck round the cool, little high-set ears, then flood scarlet into the firm oval of her cheek, leaving all else flawless white.

"What is there to understand," he said, with a belated intuition that he must somehow check the forcing of too intimate an issue between them, "beyond the fact that we are friends liking and enjoying each other? Sufficient unto the day, you know, may be even the good thereof."

If there was subtlety in his reply, he had merely blundered into it, for it had come of no reflection. The silence throbbed for both. He was amazed that he should have reached this giddy pitch of words with her, yet trivially conscious of the odor of hyacinths at her breast and his mother's dislike of them; she was rapidly stringing beads of inference. At length she brought brave eyes to his, her face now of a perfect pallor, her voice pitched low.

"It was stupid of me not to have understood so simple a thing. I've made much ado about nothing. But, Mr. North, don't you think we had better be returning? The sun sets suddenly at the last."

"Why so soon?" he replied, a rebellious note in his voice.

She gave him a look of contemplative, hesitant surprise, then, with chafing impatience, said:

"Let's go to see Nathan, then. I feel conscience-stricken to have come all this way without the accustomed visit."

"You are very moody to-day." His voice held gentlest reproach, and he made no move for starting.

"I know," she said, with a little gasp of a laugh. "We don't seem to get on, do we? It's your analytic effect on me—you always make me want to get at the bottom of things. But I'll be as shallow as a soap-bubble from now on. Come, let's be starting back. Haven't you a vestry meeting or choir-practice or something you ought to attend this evening?"

There was an odd strain in her laugh, as she threw the question teasingly.

"You know very well that I have not, or I should not be here."

No smile tempered his abruptness. Hitherto she had delighted in the crisp, salt honesty of his tongue, by its refreshing contrast with the conventional sweets offered by men of her world; but now his words stung, inflamed, then chilled, her. Her voice trickled coldly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. North. I am always forgetting. I think of you as a man like any other, and then remember too late—." She viewed the countryside with renewed interest.

"Remember what?" he promptly demanded.

"That you are oath-bound, you know—poured into an ancient mold. Of course it must make a great difference in your attitude toward things and—people—especially me."

"Especially you?" he questioned mechanically, exquisitely conscious of an impending avalanche, yet witlessly watching her lashes in profile.

Suddenly she turned to him an eager face gone pink, eyes translucent, luminously earnest, with a little twist of a frown between them. "Yes, me—I am so free, unhampered by tradition—all that I should not be in your eyes."

He could have laughed in cynic revelry if laughing had ever been easy to him. Was it possible that she did not know how altogether lovely she was in his eyes at that

moment? He almost suspected her pose as she sat pensive, her babyish, bare elbows resting on flexed knees, her lovesome eyes absorbed in the intensely sweet study of his.

"You see," she gently continued, riveting him by the gathering dusk of a child's sadness in her gaze, and leaning toward him in questioning contemplation, "you really ought not to like a girl like me, Mr. North; but you do, don't you?"

There was sweetest appeal from a forest of bird-notes back in her throat, while her flower face bloomed near, enticing, fragrant, the vivid scarlet point of her short, moist upper lip arching above exquisite little white teeth, irresistible, maddening. For an instant the saint was all man—the first man on the first day. He drew her abruptly to him.

They were far beyond the tunnel and well on their way back into the shadowy town before either spoke. The start had been instant, silent, with the involuntary haste of guilty children facing certain reckoning. A child in the road, a neglected little vagrant of four, tendered Margaret a lank bunch of spring flowers. She stooped to press a coin into the tiny fist, cautioning:

"Run home, baby; it's growing dark. Run home to mother."

They waited to watch the youngster's toddling progress up the road, delayed by many a pause and backward glance at them, until the little figure disappeared through a gateway. The incident relieved the tension. As they continued their walk at a slower pace, Margaret turned to him with a generous impulse of self-reproach.

"It was all my fault, Mr. North. I brought it upon myself; I had no right to put so personal a question. I'm sorry—ashamed—"

"No, it was not your fault." His voice seemed strangely harsh, bitter. "You spoke truly enough—I have no right to like you." He looked her full in the face for an instant, his eyes compelling hers, then turning away with lips strained against the explosive force of his emotion he burst into low, rapid confession. "The kiss was madness. My only excuse—you already know it—I am sick, desperate, with love of you."

She flashed at him a swift, intuitive glance; then her voice fell grave.

"Just the man in you, you mean, Mr. North," she said with conviction.

A few silent seconds held them poised, confronted. When he spoke, he voiced a hopeless sadness.

"Just the man in me, Margaret. God help me!"

When they reached the heavy, wrought-iron gates of her father's mansion, he laid a detaining hand upon the knob. "You leave for Europe soon?" he asked.

"Next week," she answered. "Will you come in? You have never crossed our threshold. Father is in the library—I see by the reading-lamp."

He opened the gate. "No, thank you. I must be going on." He studied her face lingeringly. "I wish you a happy journey. Good-by, Margaret."

His hands gripped hers and their eyes met, the moment limning in the memory of each a lasting image.

"I wish you the best in life," she said simply.

Then he turned away.

"Is that you, Robert?" Mrs. North's querulous voice came from the porch. "What a very long walk you must have taken! You don't use a bit of judgment! Well, now that you are back, I'm glad that you've missed Belle Barton. She's just left—been here all evening talking of nothing but you."

He had come up to the porch step where Mrs. North was braving the evening damp that she might sooner glimpse his return. She looked up at him with a gaunt smile, her old eyes shot with a little gleam of satisfaction.

"I contrived to let the foolish thing know that you do not dream of marrying—not while I live. Do you, Robbie?"

He stooped to draw the light shawl closer about the thin shoulders, looking into her withered face with tender solicitude. "Not while you live, mother—surely," he said soothingly.

As he sat beside her, she noticed how the deepening dusk made his face sink into bleak lines, his eyes into caverns, giving her a glimpse of what he might be when an old man. She even conjured up an old pathetic twitch to his mouth, that had gone with his baby days. Clutching him by the arm, she started up nervously, exclaiming:

"Let's go in, Robbie. I'll measure out some of your tonic—you had better begin it again to-night."

They went into the house together.

The Crucible

By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

Illustrated by J. H. Gardner-Soper

I



HE girl heard the key rasp in the lock and the door open, but she did not turn.

"When I enter the room, rise," directed an even voice.

The new inmate obeyed disdainfully. The superintendent, a middle-aged woman of precise bearing and crisp accent, took possession of the one chair, and flattened a note-book across an angular knee.

"Is Jean Fanshaw your full name?" she began.

"I'm called Jack."

"Jack!" The descending pencil paused disapprovingly in mid-air. "You were committed to the refuge as Jean."

"Everybody calls me Jack," persisted the girl shortly—"everybody."

"Does your mother?"

Her face clouded. "No," she admitted; "but my father did. He began it, and I like it. Why isn't it as good as Jean? Both come from John."

"It is not womanly," said Miss Blair, as one having authority. "Women of refinement don't adopt men's names."

"How about George Eliot?" Jean promptly countered. "And that other George—the Frenchwoman?"

The superintendent battled to mask her astonishment. Case-hardened by a dozen years' close contact with moral perverts, budding criminals, and the half-insane, she plumed herself that she was not easily taken off her guard. But the unexpected had befallen. The newcomer had given her a sensation, and moreover she knew it. Jean Fanshaw's dark eyes exulted insolently in her victory.

Miss Blair took formal refuge in her notes. "Birthplace?" she continued.

"Shawnee Springs."

"Age?"

"Seventeen, two months ago—September tenth."

The official jotted "American" under the heading of nationality, and said,

"Where were your parents born?"

"Father hailed from the South—from Virginia." Her face lighted curiously. "His people once owned slaves."

"And your mother?"

The girl's interest in her ancestry flagged. "Pure Shawnee Springs." She flung off the characterization with scorn. "Pure, unadulterated Shawnee Springs."

But the superintendent was now on the alert for the unexpected. "I want plain answers," she admonished. "What has been your religious training?"

"Mixed. Father was an Episcopalian, I think, but he wasn't much of a churchgoer; he preferred the woods. Mother's a Baptist."

"And you?"

"I don't know what I am. I guess God isn't interested in my case."

The official retreated upon her final routine question,

"Education?"

"I was in my last year at high school when"—her cheek flamed—"when this happened."

Miss Blair construed the flush as a hopeful sign. "You may sit down, Jean," she said, indicating the narrow iron bed. "Let me see your knitting."

The girl handed over the task work which had made isolation doubly odious.

The superintendent pursed her thin lips. "Have you never set up a stocking before?" she asked.

"No."

"Can you sew?"

"No."

"Or cook?"

"No."

"No, Miss Blair," would be more courteous. Have you been taught any form of housework whatsoever?"

Jean looked her fathomless contempt. "We kept help for such drudgery."

"You must learn then. These are things which every woman should know."

"I don't care to learn the things every woman should know. I hate women's work. I hate women, too, and their namby-pamby ways. I'd give ten years of my life to be a man."

Her listener contrasted Jean Fanshaw's person with her ideas. Even the flesh-mortifying, blue-and-white-check uniform of the refuge became the girl. Immature in outline, she was opulent in promise. Her features held no hint of masculinity; the mouth, chin, eyes—above all, the defiant eyes—were hopelessly feminine. Miss Blair's own pale glance returned again and again upon those eyes. They made one think of pools which forest leaves have dyed. The brows were brown, too, and delicately lined, but the thick rope of hair, which fell quite to the girl's hips, was fair. The other woman touched the splendid braid covetously.

"You can't escape your sex," she said. "Don't try."

"But I wasn't meant for a girl. They didn't want one when I was born. They'd had one girl, my sister Amelia, and they counted on a boy. They felt sure of it. Why, they'd even picked out his name. It was to be John, after my father."

"Nature knew best."

Jean gave a mirthless laugh. "Nature made a botch," she retorted.

The superintendent lost patience. "You must rid yourself of this nonsense," she declared firmly; and said again,

"You can't escape your sex."

"I will if I can."

"But why?"

"Because this is a man's world. Because I mean to do the things men do."

"For some little time to come you'll occupy yourself with the things women do."

Jean's long fingers clenched at the reminder. The hot color flooded back. "Oh, the shame of it!" she cried passionately. "The wicked injustice of it!"

"You did wrong. This is your punishment."

"My punishment!" flashed the girl. "My punishment! Could they punish me in no other way than this? Am I a Stella Wilkes, a creature of the streets, who—"

The superintendent raised her hand. "Don't go into that," she warned peremptorily. "If you knew Stella Wilkes in Shawnee Springs—"

"I know her!"

"Don't interrupt me. I repeat, if you know anything of Stella's record, keep it to yourself. A girl turns over a new leaf when she enters here. Her past is behind her. And let me caution you personally not to speak of your life to anyone but myself. Make confidences to no one—not even to the matrons—to no one except me."

Jean searched the enigmatic face hungrily. "I doubt if you'd care to listen," she stated simply; "or whether, if you did listen, you'd believe."

Something in her tone penetrated Miss Blair's official crust. "My dear!" she protested.

The girl was silent a moment. Then, pointblank, "Do you think a mother can hate her child?" she asked.

The superintendent, by virtue of her office, felt constrained to take up the cudgels for humanity. "Of course not," she responded.

"My mother hates me sometimes."

"Nonsense!"

"At other times it's only dislike," Jean went on impassively. "It's always been so. Dad got over the fact that I was a girl. He said he would call me his boy, anyhow. That's where the 'Jack' came from. But mother—she was different. I dare say if I'd been all girl, like Amelia, she could have stood me. She was forever holding up Amelia as a pattern. Amelia would get a hundred per cent. in that quiz you put me through. Amelia can sew; Amelia can embroider; Amelia can make tea-biscuit and angel-cake."

"And what were you doing while your sister was improving her opportunities?"

"Improving mine," came back Jean, with conviction. "Why didn't you ask me if I could swim, and box, and shoot, and hold my own with a gamy pickerel?"

"Did your father teach you those things?"

"Some of them."

The Crucible

"And to affect mannish clothes, and smoke cigarettes with your feet on the table?"

Jean flaunted an unregenerate grin. "You've heard more than you let on, I guess. But you wouldn't have asked the last question if you'd known him. He wasn't that sort. I did those things after—after he went. I didn't really care for the cigarettes; I mainly wanted to shock that sheep, Amelia. Besides, I only smoked in my own room. I had a bully room—all posters and foils and guns. That reminds me," she added, with a quick change of tone. "The woman who comes in here—the matron—took something of mine. I want it back."

"What was it?"

"A little clay bust my father made."

"Was he a sculptor?"

"No, a druggist; but he could model. You'll make her give it back?"

"Is it the likeness of a man?"

"Yes, of dad."

"The matron was right. We allow no men's pictures in the girls' rooms."

Incredulity, resentment, impotent anger drove in rapid sequence across the too mobile face. "But it's dad!" she cried. "Why, he did it for me! I never had a picture. Don't keep it from me; it's only dad."

The official shook her head in stanch conviction of the sacredness of red tape. "The rule is for everybody. Furthermore, you must not refer to men in your letters home. If you make such references they will be erased. Nor will they be permitted in any letter you may receive from your family."

"You'll read my letters?"

"Certainly."

Jean silently digested this fresh indignity. "Then I'll never write," she declared.

Miss Blair waived discussion. "Never mind about the rules now, my girl," she returned, not unkindly. "You will appreciate the reasons for them in time. Go on with your story. Tell me more of your home life."

"It wasn't a home—at least, not for me. I didn't fit into it anywhere after dad went. Mother couldn't seem to understand me. She said I took after the Fanshaws, not her folks, the Tuttles. Thank heaven for that! I never understood her, it's certain. When she wasn't flint she was mush. Her softness was all for Amelia, though. They were hand and glove in everything, and always

lined up together in our family rows. I think that was at the bottom of half the trouble. If mother'd only let us girls scrap things out by ourselves, we'd have rubbed along somehow, and probably been better friends. But she couldn't do it. She had to take a hand for Saint Amelia, as a matter of course. I can't remember when it wasn't so, from the days when we fought over our dolls till the last big rumpus of all."

"And that last affair?" prompted her inquisitor. "What led to it?"

"A box social."

"A box social!"

"Never heard of one? You're not country-bred, I guess. Shawnee Springs pretends to be awfully citified when the summer cottagers are in town, but it's rural enough the rest of the year. Box socials are all the rage. You see, the girls all bring boxes packed with supper for two, which are auctioned off to the highest bidder. The fellows aren't supposed to know whose box they're buying. Anyhow, that's the theory. I thought it ought to be the practice, too, and when I found that Amelia had fixed things beforehand with Harry Fargo, I planned a little surprise by changing the wrapper. Harry bid in the box she signaled him to buy, and drew his own little sister for a partner. The man who bought Amelia's was a bald-headed old widower she couldn't bear. It wasn't much of a joke, I dare say, and Amelia couldn't see the point of it at all. She told me she hated me, right before Harry Fargo himself, and after we came home she followed me up to my room to say it again."

An unofficial smile tempered Miss Blair's austerity. "Go on," she said, with an excess of formality by way of atonement.

Jean's own quick-changing eyes gleamed over the memory of Amelia's undoing, but it was for an instant only. "It was a dear joke for me," she continued soberly. "Amelia was sore. She had a nasty way of saying things, for all her angel-food, and she hadn't lost her voice that night, I can assure you. I said I was sorry for playing her the trick, but she kept harping on it like a phonograph, and one of our regular shindies followed. It would have ended in talk, like all the rest, if mother hadn't chimed in, but when they both tuned up with the same old song about my being a hoiden and a family disgrace, why, I got mad myself, and told them to clear out. When they didn't budge I grabbed a Cuban machete that a

Rough Rider friend had given me, and went for them."

"What did you mean to do?"

"Only frighten them. I never knew till afterward that I'd really poked Amelia's arm. Of course I didn't mean to do anything like that. I swear it."

"And then?"

"Then mother lost her head completely. She tore shrieking downstairs, Amelia after her, and both of them took to the street. First I knew, in came the officer. The rest seems a kind of nightmare to me—the arrest, the station-house cell, the blundering old fool of a magistrate who sent me here. He said he'd had his eye on me for a long time, and that I was incorrigible. Incorrigible! What did he know about it? He couldn't even pronounce the word! What business has such a man with power to spoil a girl's life! He was only a seedy failure as a lawyer, and got his job through politics. That's what sent me here—politics! Mother never intended matters to go this far. I know she didn't, though she doesn't admit it. She wanted to frighten me, but things slipped out of her hands. My God, I can't believe it! I must be dreaming still."

The superintendent ransacked her stock of homilies for an adequate response, but nothing suggested itself. Jean Fanshaw's case refused to fit the routine pigeonholes. She could only remind the girl that it lay with herself to decide whether she would serve out her full term.

"It is possible to earn your parole in a year and a half, remember," she charged, rising. "Bear that constantly in mind."

Jean seemed not to hear. "The shame of it!" she repeated numbly. "The disgrace of it! I shall never live it down."

She brooded long at her window when her visitor had gone, her wrongs rankling afresh from their rehearsal. The two weeks' isolation had begun to tell upon the nerves which she had prided herself were of stoic fiber. Human companionship she did not want. It was the open she craved, and the daily walks under the close surveillance of a taciturn matron had but whetted her great desire.

She had conned the desolate prospect till she felt she knew its every hateful inch. Yonder, at the head of the long quadrangle, was the administration building, whither Miss Blair had taken her precise way. Flanking the court, ran the red brick cot-

tages—each a replica of its unlovely neighbor, offspring all of a single architectural indiscretion—one of which she supposed curiously would house her in the lost years of her durance. Quite at the end, closing the group, loomed the prison, gaunt, iron-barred, sinister in the gathering dusk. This last structure had come almost to seem a sensate creature, a grotesque, sprawling monster, with half-human lineaments which nightfall blurred and modeled. Now, as she watched, the central door, which formed its mouth, gaped wide and emitted one of the double files of erring femininity which were continually passing and repassing. She knew that there were degrees of badness here, and reasoned that these from the monster's jaws must be the most refractory, but they appeared to her no worse than the others. Indeed, as looks went, they were, on the whole, superior. She felt no pity for them, only measureless disgust—disgust for the brazen and the dispirited alike; all were despicable. Her pity was for herself that she must breathe the common air.

Hitherto she had not separated them one from the other. This time, however, she passed them in review—the hard, the vicious, the frankly animal, the merely weak; till, coming last of all upon a brunette face of garish good looks, she shrank abruptly from the window. For the first time since her arrival she glimpsed the girl whose name had been a byword in Shawnee Springs, the being who at once symbolized and made concrete to Jean the bald, terrible fact of her degradation. Till now she had gone through all things dry-eyed—manfully, as she would have chosen to say—but the sight of Stella Wilkes plumbed emotional depths in the womanhood she would have foresworn, and she flung herself, sobbing, upon her bed.

II

So the little secretary found her. Miss Archer was born under a more benignant star than her superior, and habitually tried in such quiet ways as a wise grand vizier may to leaven the ruling autocracy with kindness. She told Jean that she had come to transfer her to the regular routine, bade her bathe her eyes, and made cheerful talk while she collected her few possessions. They crossed the quadrangle in the wintry dusk,

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turning in at a cottage near the prison, just as Jean was gripped by the fear that the monster itself would engulf her. At the door-sill she felt a hand slip into hers.

"Be willing, dearie, and seem as cheerful as you can," counseled her guide. "I'm anxious to have you make a good first impression here in Cottage No. 6. It's immensely important that you stand well with your matron. Everything depends upon it."

Jean melted before her friendliness. "I wish I could be under you," she said impulsively. "This place wouldn't seem—what it is."

She framed this wish anew when she faced the matron herself in the bleak cleanliness of the hall. This person was a variant of the superintendent's impersonal type, and a slavish plagiarist of her mannerisms. A bundle of prejudices, she believed herself dowered with superhuman impartiality; and now, in muddle-headed pursuit of this notion, she promptly decided that an offender so plainly superior to the average ought, in the fitness of things, to receive less consideration than the average. Jean accordingly went smarting to her room.

Happily, she was given little time to think about it. The incessant round which, day in and day out, was to fill her waking hours, caught her into its mechanism. A querulous bell tapped somewhere, her door, in common with every one in the corridor was unlocked, and she merged with a uniformed file which, without words, shuffled down two flights of stairs and ranged itself about the tables of a desolate dining-hall. Whereupon the matron, who had taken her station at a small table laid for herself and another black-garbed official, raised her thin voice and repeated,

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord!"

An unintelligible mumbling followed, which, by dint of strained listening at many ensuing meals, Jean finally translated,

"And Thou givest them their meat in due season."

Thirty-odd chairs forthwith scraped the bare floor. Thirty-odd appetites attacked the food heaped in coarse earthenware upon the oilcloth. Jean fasted. Hash she despised; macaroni stood scarcely higher in her regard; while tea was an essentially feminine beverage which, of principle, she had long eschewed. This eliminated every-

thing save bread, and it chanced that her share of this staple was of the maiden baking of a young person whose talents till lately had been devoted to picking pockets.

Jean surveyed the room. It shared the naked dreariness of the corridors; not a picture enlivened its terra-cotta wastes of wall. Another long table, twin in all respects to her own, occupied with hers the greater part of the floor space; but there remained room near the door for two smaller tables, the matron's, which she had remarked on entering, and one occupied by five favorites of fortune, whose uniform, though similar to the general in color, resembled a trained nurse's in its striping, and was further distinguished by white collars and cuffs. This table, like the matron's, was covered with a white cloth and boasted a small *jardinière* of ferns.

The matron's voice was again heard. "You may talk now, girls," she announced. "Quietly, remember."

A score of tongues were instantly loosed. The newcomer was astounded. How had they the heart to speak? It was strange table-talk, curiously limited in range, straying little beyond the narrow confines of the reformatory world. A girl opposite said, "One year and five months more!" and set afoot a spirited comparison which criss-crossed the board from end to end, and reached its climax in the enviable lot of her whose release was due in thirty-seven days.

"Ain't you hungry?" said a voice at Jean's side.

Jean rounded upon a girl perhaps a year her senior. Her tones were gentle, with a certain lisping appeal, and her face, if not strong, was neither abnormal nor coarse. Outside a refuge uniform she would readily have passed as pretty.

"I couldn't stomach it myself, at the start," she went on, without waiting for an answer, "but I got used to it. We all do. Why, the days I work in the laundry I'm half starved."

Jean stared. "They make you do laundry work?"

"Sure. We all take a turn. Everything on the place is done by the girls, you know—washing, cooking, tailoring, gardening, and a lot besides."

Her auditor relapsed into gloomy silence, a new horror added to her plight.

"I'm next door to you upstairs," pursued the new acquaintance, in her deprecating

way. "My name is Amy Jeffries. What's yours?"

Jean gave it after a moment's debate.

"Jean Fanshaw's a nice name," commented Amy sociably.

Dreading further catechizing, Jean struck in with a question of her own. "Why have those girls over there a better uniform and a table to themselves?" she demanded.

"They're high grade."

"What does that mean?"

"Six months without a mark." Amy Jeffries cast a look of envy upon the group at the side table. "I'd like awfully to be high grade. It must seem like living again to sit down to a tablecloth. I should like the cuffs and collars, too. I just love dress."

Jean was reminded of something. "Tell me how I can get out of here in a year and a half," she requested. "Somebody said it could be done."

Amy smiled wanly. "I wanted to know, too, when I was green. I could just see the guard holding the gate open while I sailed off the grounds! It was a beautiful dream."

"Why couldn't you do it?"

"Marks," said Amy sententiously. "Parole in eighteen months means a perfect record right from the beginning. I thought I'd try for it, but, mercy, I've never even made high grade! Once I came within six weeks of it, but I let a dress go down to the laundry with a pin in it."

"They mark for a little thing like that?"

"My stars, yes! For less than that—buttons off, wrong apron in the recreation-room, and so on. I got my first mark for wearing my hair 'pomp.' They won't stand for it here. They want to make us as hideous as they can."

A lull threw the remarks of one of the girls into unsought prominence. "Jim was a swell-looker," she was saying, "and a good spender—"

"Delia!" The matron was on her feet, leveling a rebuking finger at Jim's biographer. "You know better. Leave the room at once. All talking will cease."

The culprit scuffed sulkily out, and no further word was uttered till the end of the meal, when, at a signal, all rose and the matron observed in pontifical tones,

"Thou openest Thy hand!"

The file tramped up the two flights which it had come down, and scattered to its rooms. For twenty minutes Jean sat in darkness and dejection. Then the fretful

bell clamored again, the doors yawned as before, the silent ranks re-formed, and the march below stairs was repeated. Their destination proved to be the recreation-room. In a dwelling this chamber would have been shunned. Here, compared with such other parts of the cottage as Jean had seen, it seemed blithesome. Potted geraniums made grateful oases of the windowsills. An innocuous print or two hung upon the walls.

As the girls found seats, the matron handed Jean a letter. "You'll be allowed to answer it next week," she said. "All letter-writing is done upon the third Friday of the month."

The girl took the missive with burning face. The envelope was already slit. The letter itself had undergone inspection, and five whole lines had been expunged. But her anger at this tampering lost itself in the unspeakable bitterness which jaundiced her to the soul as she read.

JEAN:

I hope this will find you reconciled to your cross, and resolved to lead a different life. After talking over this great affliction with our pastor, and taking it to the Lord in prayer, I have come to feel that His hand guides us in this, as in all things. I cannot understand why I have been so chastened, but I bow to the rod. If your father were alive, I should consider it a judgment upon him for his lax principles in religious matters. I never could comprehend his frivolous indifference. I am sure I spared no effort to bring him to a realizing sense of his impiety.

Amelia takes the same view that I do of all that has happened. She has not felt like going out, poor sensitive child, but . . . (The hand of the censor lay heavy here. Jean readily inferred, however, that Amelia's retirement had its solace.) The first storm of the winter came yesterday. Snow is six inches deep on a level, and eggs are high.

Your devoted mother,

MARCIAS FANSHAW.

The matron was reading aloud from a novel which her audience found absorbing. Jean could give it no heed. What were the imaginary woes of Oliver Twist beside her actualities!

The hands of a bland-faced clock crept round to bedtime. The reader marked her place, and, after a moment's pause, began the first line of a familiar hymn. Jean hated hymn-singing out of church. It had depressed her even as a child, while later it evoked choking memories of her father's

funeral. So she set her teeth till they made an end of it.

Suggestive also of her father and of vespers services to which they had sometimes gone together, after a Sunday in the fields, were the words presently repeated by the forlorn figures kneeling about her; but she heard them with mute lips and in passionate protest against their personal application. These tawdry creatures might confess that they had erred and strayed like lost sheep, if they would. She was not of their flock. The things she had left undone did not prick her conscience. The things which she ought not to have done were dwarfed to peccadilloes by the vast disproportion of their punishment.

III

Life in a reformatory is an ordeal at its doubtful best. It approximated its noxious worst under the martinet whom Cottage No. 6 styled "the Holy Terror." The absolutism of the superintendent was at least founded upon a sense of duty; her imitator's was based upon whim. Jean's chimera of parole after eighteen months was promptly dissipated. Disciplined at the outset for breaking a rule of which she was not aware, her obedience became thenceforth a captive's. Scrubwoman, laundress, seamstress, kitchen-drudge—all rôles in which fate, as embodied in the matron, cast her—were one in their odiousness. At times only the fear of the prison deterred her from open mutiny.

She learned presently that there was an inferno lower even than the prison. One day, while clearing paths after a heavy snowfall, she saw a girl dragged past, handcuffed and struggling, her head muffled in the brown refuge shawl but audibly and fluently blasphemous notwithstanding. Jean recognized Stella Wilkes.

Amy, who was working near, said in a furtive undertone:

"I heard she'd cut loose again. She'll get all that's coming to her this time."

Jean eyed the nearest black-clad watcher before replying. "But she's in prison, anyhow," she commented, with Amy's trick of the motionless lips. "She can't get much worse than she has already."

"Can't she, though! It's the guardhouse this trip."

Jean questioned and Amy answered till

the matron's approach stopped communication. It was a lurid saga of the days before the state abolished corporal punishment, handed down with fresh embellishments from girl to girl. The air was full of such bizarre folk-lore, she discovered—tales of superintendents who failed to govern; of matrons, wise and foolish; of delirious riots and hairbreadth escapes. Amy Jeffries was always the channel which conveyed these legends to Jean's willing ears. From all others she held herself aloof. Amy alone seemed a victim of injustice like herself. Jean invited no confidences, and made none; but bit by bit, as the winter passed, the story of this pretty moth whose world, more than her pleasure-loving self, seemed out of joint, pieced itself together. It was a common story, too hackneyed to detail, though it signified the quintessence of tragedy to its narrator. Of itself, it struck no kindred chord in Jean. Its passions, its temptations, its sin were without glamour or reason; but she divined that nature, rather than Amy, had wrought this coil, and that, after the fashion of a topsyturvy universe, one was again expiating the lapse of two.

The coming of spring at once brightened and embittered Jean's lot. Outdoor work was no hardship, and she entered upon this dear toil with a zest which nothing indoors had inspired. But she knew—and here was the pang—precisely what was transpiring out there in the forest which all but touched the refuge boundary. With a heartache she visualized the stir of shy life in pond and tree-top.

The call of the woods rang most insistent when she lay in her iron cot at twilight, for bedtime still came as in the early nights of winter, now the hour when the play of the outside world had just begun. She could glimpse the bit of forest from her narrow window, and in fancy made innumerable forays into its captivating depths with rod or gun. It was these imaginary outings, ending always behind locks and bars, which first set her thoughts coursing upon the idea of escape.

There were precedents galore. The undecurrent of reformatory gossip was rich in these picaresque adventures. But, cleverly planned as some of them had been, daringly executed as were others, all save one ended in commonplace recapture. The exception enchanted Jean's interest. Amy Jeffries had rehearsed the tale one day.

"I never knew Sophie Powell," she prefaced; "she skipped before I came. But they say she was something on your style—haughty-like and good at throwing a bluff. I heard that the men down at the gatehouse nicknamed her 'the empress-out-of-a-job.' What she was sent here for, I can't say. She was as close-mouthed as you. Well, as I say, Sophie had a way with her, and knew how to play her cards. She got high grade within a year and worked her matron for special privileges. The matron let her have the run of her room a good deal, for Sophie knew to a T just how she liked everything kept; and she wasn't over-particular about locking Sophie's door, which was handy to her own. One spring night, earlier than this, I guess, for it was still dark at supper, she played up sick. She timed her spasms for an hour when the doctor was generally busy at the hospital, and let the matron fuss over her with hot-water bags till the supper-bell rang. Then the matron went downstairs, leaving the door open to give poor Sophie more air. As soon as she heard the dishes rattle, the invalid got busy. She hopped in next door, pinched the matron's best black skirt and a swell white-silk shirt-waist she kept for special, grabbed a hat and veil and a long cloak out of the wardrobe and the big bunch of house-keys from a hiding-place she'd spotted, tiptoed downstairs and let herself out."

Jean drew a long breath. "But the guards?" she put in.

"She only ran into one—the easy mark at the gate."

"The gate!"

"Sure. Sophie didn't propose to muss her new clothes climbing a ten-foot fence. She marched over to the gatehouse, bold as brass, handed in her keys as she'd seen the matrons do, and was out in no time. Why, the guard even tipped his hat—so he said before they fired him. That was the most comical thing about it all."

Jean threw a glance over her shoulder. "Go on," she said eagerly. "How did she manage outside? That's the part I want to hear."

"Then came smoother work still. Sophie hadn't a cent—she missed the matron's purse in her hurry—but she had her nerve along. She streaked it over into town, and asked her way to the priest who comes out here twice a month for confession. She banked on his not remembering her, for she

wasn't one of his girls; and he didn't. His sight was poor, anyhow. Well, she told him she was a Catholic and a stranger in town, looking for work, and that she'd just had a telegram from home saying her mother was dying. She pumped up the tears in good style, and put it up to him to ante the carfare if he didn't want her heart to break. It didn't break."

The fugitive bulked large in Jean's meditations. It occurred to her that possibly the needless rigor of her own treatment in Cottage No. 6 might originate in her chance resemblance to Sophie Powell. She wondered how it fared with the girl; whether she had had to make her way unbefriended; to what she had turned her hand. Was she, perhaps, living a blameless life, respected, loved, in all ways another personality, yet forever hag-ridden with the fear of recapture? She did not debate whether such freedom was worth its cost.

A bit of refuse crystallized her resolve. She spied it toward the end of her day's toil—a large, rusty nail half protruding from the loam—and knew it instantly for the tool which should compass her release. Her mind acted on its hint with extraordinary lucidity, and her fingers were scarcely less nimble. Not even Amy at her side saw her slip the treasure trove into the concealing masses of her hair. From that moment till the bolts were shot upon her for the night she was absorbed in her plans.

To duplicate Sophie Powell's exploit was, of course, out of the question. Her own door was never left unlocked; the Holy Terror's graceless clothes, for all practical uses, might as well hang in another planet; while even were these impossibilities surmounted, she could scarcely hope to hoodwink the men at the gate. She must secure a disguise somehow, but she cheerfully left that detail to chance. To escape was the main thing, and if by a rusty nail she might cross that bridge, surely she need borrow no trouble lest her wits desert her afterward.

A tedious-toned clock over in the town struck twelve before she dared begin her attempt. The watchman had just gone beneath her window on his hourly round, and with the cessation of his slow pace upon the gravel the peace of midnight overlay everything. For almost two hours thereafter Jean labored with her rude implement at the staples which held the woven-wire barrier before her window. The first staple came

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hardest, but she had pried it loose by the time the watch repassed. In a half-hour more she had freed enough of the netting to serve her end, but she deferred the great moment till the man should again have come and gone. It was a difficult wait, centuries long, and anxiety began to cheat and befool her reason.

Then the clock struck twice in its deliberate way, the measured footfall recurred, and her brain cleared. Five minutes later she bent back the netting and calculated the distance to the ground. She judged it some sixteen or eighteen feet, all told, or a sheer drop of more than half that space as she would hang by her finger-tips. There could be no leaving a telltale rope of bel-cloutes to dangle.

She tossed her brown shawl to the ground first, and noted, with some oddly detached segment of her mind, that it spread itself on the sward in the shape of a huge bat. A romping girlhood steadyng her nerves, she let herself cautiously over the sill, and for an instant hung motionless, her eyes below. Then, gathering momentum from a double swing, she suddenly relaxed her hold, cleared the danger-point, and alighted, uninjured and almost without sound, upon the springing turf.

IV

For a moment Jean crouched listening where she fell. No sound issuing from within, she caught up her shawl and stole quickly toward the point where she planned to scale the high fence which still shut her from freedom. There was no moon, but the night was luminous with starshine, and she hugged the shadows of the cottages. These buildings shouldered one another closely in most part, but she came presently to a gap in the friendly obscurity, where a site awaited a structure for which the state had vouchsafed no funds. It was bare of any sort of screen whatever, and lay in full range of the gatehouse beyond.

Nor was this all. Drifting round the last sheltering corner came the reek of a pipe. Jean's heart sank. After all, the trap! Then second thought told her that a foe in ambush would not smoke, and she gathered courage to reconnoiter. Across the quadrangle she made out the motionless figure of the watch. He was plainly without suspicion. He had completed his circuit and was lounging

against a hydrant, his idle gaze upon the stars.

So for cycling ages he sat. Yet but a quarter of an hour had lapsed when the man knocked the ashes from his pipe, yawned audibly, and turned upon his heel. The instant the door of the gatehouse swallowed him, Jean sped like a phantom across the open ground, skirted the hospital, the tool-sheds, and the hotbeds, and plunged into the recesses of the garden. All else was simple. The high fence had no terrors. Her scaling-ladder was a piece of board; the asperities of the barbed wire she softened with her shawl. When the town clock brought forth its next languid announcement she was resting on a mossy slope a mile or more away.

She made but a brief halt, for the east, toward which she set her face, was already paling. It was no blind flight. She struck for the hills deliberately, since behind the hills ran the boundary of another commonwealth. All fellow-runaways whose stories she knew had foolishly held to the railroad or other main traveled ways, and, barring the brilliant Sophie, had for that very reason come early to disaster. Jean reasoned that they were, in all likelihood, city girls whom the woods terrified. Their stupidity was incredible. To fear what they should love! She took great breaths of the cool fragrance. She could not get her fill of it.

Nevertheless, it was not her purpose to quit the tilled countryside utterly. She hoped first to compel clothing from it somehow—clothing, and then food, of which she began to feel the need. The fact that she must probably come unlawfully by these necessaries gave her slight compunction. In some rose-colored, prosperous future she could make anonymous amends. She haunted the outskirts of three farm-houses but without success.

It was too late now for foraging, and Jean took up her eastward march, avoiding the highways and resorting to hedgerows, stone walls, or briars where the woods failed. As the day grew she saw farm-hands pass to their work, and once, in the far distance, she caught the seductive glitter of a dinner-pail. She was ravenous from her long fast, and nibbled at one or two palatable wild roots which she knew of old. They seemed flavorless to-day, almost sickening, in fact; and her fancy dwelt covetously upon the resources of orchard, garden, and

field that the next month but one would lavish.

Noon found her beside a lake well up among the hills. She knew the region by hearsay. People came here in hot weather, she remembered. Somewhere alongshore should stand log-camps of a species which urban souls fondly thought pioneer, but which snugly neighbored a summer hotel where ice, newspapers, scandal, and like benefits of civilization could be had. These play-houses were, as yet, tenantless, of course—and foodless; but the chance of finding some cast-off garment, possibly too antiquated for a departing summer girl, but precious beyond cloth of gold to a fugitive in blue-and-white check, buoyed Jean's spirits and lent fresh energy to her muscles.

She had followed the vagrant shore-line for perhaps a mile when two things, assailing her senses simultaneously, brought her to an abrupt halt. One was the smell of frying bacon; the other was a baritone voice which broke suddenly into the chorus of a rollicking, popular air. Jean wheeled for flight, but, beguiled by the bacon, which just then wafted a fresh appeal, she turned, cautiously parted the undergrowth, and beheld a young man swaying in a hammock slung between two birch trees. He held in his lap a book into which he dipped infrequently, singing meanwhile; and his attention was further divided between a crackling spider and a fishing-rod propped in a forked stick at the water's edge. Jean viewed his methods with disapproval. It was neither the way to read, sing, fry bacon, nor yet fish.

Possibly some such idea suggested itself to this overversatile person, for he presently rolled out of the hammock and centered his talents upon the line, which he began to reel in as if the mechanism were an amusing novelty. The stern critic in the background perceived the hand of an amateur in the re-baiting, and predicted sorrier bungling still when he should essay the cast. Her gloomiest forebodings, however, fell far short of the amazing event. She expected the recklessly whirling lead to shoot somewhere into the foliage, but nothing prepared her for its sure descent upon herself. There was no disentangling that outlandish collection of hooks at short notice, and she did not try. But neither could she break the line. The bushes separated while she struggled, and a vast silence befell.

Jean straightened slowly. "You're a prize angler," she said.

The young fellow's bewilderment gave way to an expansive smile. "I quite agree with you," he admitted. "I ought to have a blue ribbon, or a pewter mug, or whatever they give the duffer who lands the biggest catch. Let me help you with those hooks. I hope they haven't torn your dress?"

Then the blue-and-white check drew him. The girl's eyes had held him first; next, her brows; afterward, her contrasting hair. The uniform compelled his gaze to significant details—the shawl, the coarse shoes.

Jean flushed under his scrutiny, and busquely declined his help.

"No, but let me," he urged, and so humbly that she relented.

"I know more about these things than you do," she said. "Do you know you're trying several kinds of fishing with one line?"

"Oh, yes," he smiled. "You see, I haven't a notion what sort of fish frequent these waters, and fish vary a lot in their tastes. I couldn't make up my mind which bait to use, and so I spread a kind of lunch-counter for all comers."

This was too much for Jean's gravity. The fisherman was unruffled by her laughter. In fact, he laughed with her.

"Is it so preposterous as all that?" he asked. "I didn't know but I'd hit on something new. This tackle doesn't belong to me; it's the other fellow's."

Jean's glance shot past him. The man saw and understood.

"We planned to camp together," he explained, "but a telegram overtook him on the train. It was highly inconsiderate in a mere great-grandmother to pick out just this time for her funeral. I look for him tomorrow or the day after."

Jean's dress was freed at length, and she stooped to pick up her shawl. The young man stooped also. She thanked him, and after a little pause added,

"The least you can do is to say nothing."

"About seeing you?"

"Yes."

"You're from the other side of the county?"

"Yes."

"You're from the——" He hesitated.

"From the House of Refuge," stated Jean, looking him squarely in the face.

His own gaze was as direct. "But not

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that sort," he commented softly, as if thinking aloud—"not that sort."

Jean, boy-like, offered her hand. "Thank you," she said simply. "You're quite right. That's exactly why I'm running away. Good-by."

"Don't go!" He detained her hand, his face full of sympathy and perplexity. "I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. It would be hard lines for a fellow, but when I see a girl!"—his eyes added, "And such a girl!"—roaming the country like a homeless—"

"Hobo," supplied Jean.

He reddened guiltily. "Hang it all!" he ended. "I can't stand it. You hit the nail on the head when you told me that the least I can do is to say nothing. But I trust that isn't all I can do. I want to help."

The girl's eyes misted. "You have helped; you believe in me."

"Who wouldn't?" His bearing challenged the world.

"Several people. My family, for instance; most of the officials back there at the refuge. But never mind that."

"No," agreed her new champion. "Never mind that. Let's face the future, the practicalities."

Jean complied with dispatch. "Your bacon is burning," she announced.

He led the way to his camp, and together they surveyed the charred ruin in the spider. Jean could have devoured it as it lay.

"And it's my first warm meal," lamented the camper tragically—"my first warm meal after five days of canned stuff! The other fellow, you know, was to be cook as well as fisherman."

Jean promptly mastered the situation. "Clean that spider while I slice more bacon," she directed, rolling up her sleeves. "If you have potatoes, wash about a dozen."

The victim of a canned diet flung himself blithely into the work, but halted suddenly, halfway to the water, and brandished the spider in air. "Not a mouthful unless you'll eat, too," he stipulated.

Jean gave a happy laugh. "Perhaps I can be pressed," she conceded.

With a facility which would have amazed the refuge, and with a secret pride in her new knowledge which she had little dreamed she could come to feel, Jean set the bacon and potatoes frying, evolved a plate of sandwiches from soda crackers and a tin of sardines, discovered a jar of olives which its

owner had forgotten, and arranged the whole upon a box-cover laid with a napkin.

They said little during the meal, for both were famished; but while they washed the dishes together by the shore Jean, under questioning, sketched the story of her flight. Her listener's ejaculations gained steadily in vigor, till ultimately, moved by a startling thought, he dropped the plate he was polishing.

"Look here!" he cried. "Have you had a wink of sleep?"

"I got in an hour about the middle of the forenoon."

"One hour out of thirty!"

"It was enough."

"I'll sling the hammock anywhere you say."

"I was never more wide awake. There are too many things to think out and plan."

"Take the hammock, anyhow," he urged. "You can plan and rest, too."

She let herself be so far persuaded, and he brought pillows from the tent. As she let herself relax, she first realized how weary she had become, and closed her eyes that she might taste the full luxury of rest.

The shadows had lengthened when she woke. Her companion sat with his back to a tree-trunk as before, but she perceived that he had stretched a bit of canvas to screen her from the slanting sun.

"It was best all round," he said, as she sprang up reproachfully. "It did you good and gave me leisure to think. I felt sorrier than ever while you lay there, smiling and dimpling in your sleep, like a child."

"I despise that dimple," avowed Jean.

"You despise it!"

"It's so—so feminine."

"Of course it is; that is no reason for abusing it."

"I think it's a mighty good reason. A dimple will be a great handicap in my life."

"Great Jupiter!" said the young man softly. "Why, some girls I know would give—; but we can't discuss dimples, just now, can we? What I began to say, before you took my breath away, was that I think I've solved the clothes problem. You know there's a town about ten miles to the north—the county seat—and it occurs to me that if I set out to-night, I can be back here early in the morning with everything you need. I don't believe they'll suspect me, even if they have happened to read that a refuge girl has escaped. I can buy the skirt



Drawn by G. H. Gardner-Soper

"I HEARD SHE'D CUT LOOSE AGAIN. SHE'LL GET ALL THAT'S COMING TO HER THIS TIME!"

The Crucible

in one store, the hat in another, and so on, pretending they're for my sister—or my wife."

Jean's refractory dimple deepened. "Make it your mother," she advised. "Wives and sisters prefer to do their own shopping."

"Very well, then. If you will jot down the measurements and other technicalities, I'll manage it somehow. As for money," he added, perceiving her falter, "I will take care of that, too, if you'll allow me."

Jean swallowed a lump. "You're a brick," she said huskily. "I'll pay you back with the first money I earn."

The "brick" received her praise with a change of color appropriate to his title. "Any fellow would be—be glad to help, you know," he stammered. "And you needn't feel that you must hurry to pay up, either. Wait until you're well settled among your friends."

"My friends! I have none."

"No friends!" He stared blankly. "Of course I realized that you could hardly go back home, but I took it for granted that there must be some place—somebody—"

"There isn't."

He sat down abruptly, bewildered with the complexities which beset an apparently simple situation. Jean herself began to entertain some misgiving. For the moment his opinion epitomized the world's.

"Where do you mean to go?" he asked.

"Across the state line first; then to New York."

"New York!"

"Yes; to find work."

"I'm from New York."

"Are you?" She brightened wonderfully. "Then you can tell me where to find work. I'm willing to do anything at the start, but by and by I want to get into some good business. Women are succeeding in business on all sides nowadays. Why do you look so hopeless? Don't you think I can get on?"

"How can I answer you! If there were only some woman to whom I might take you. I've a sister, but—"

"But she wouldn't understand?"

"No, she wouldn't understand. Neither do you understand," he went on anxiously. "To be a stranger in New York, homeless, friendless, without work, the shadow of that place over there dogging your steps; with you what you are—trustful, unsuspecting, open as sunlight— Oh, I daren't advise you."

Jean was awed, but not downcast. "I'll risk it," she replied stoutly.

Twice he opened his lips to speak, but rose instead and paced among the trees. Finally he confronted her. "Why not go back?" he asked.

Jean widened her eyes upon him. "Go back! Go back to the refuge?"

"Yes. Why not go back and see it through? No, no," he entreated, as her lip curled. "Don't think I'm trying to squirm out of my offer. That stands. It's you I'm considering. Remember that no matter how much you may make of yourself those people over there will have the power to take it from you. Should you marry—"

"I shall never marry."

"Should you marry—ah! you will—they can shame you and the man whose name you bear. Could you stand that? After all, isn't the other way better?"

She shook her head. "You don't realize what you ask. I can't go back. I can't. You don't know."

"I suppose I don't," he admitted.

"I'd rather run the risk—the risk of their finding me, the risk, whatever it is, of New York. As for friends"—she smiled upon him radiantly—"well, I'll have you."

"Yes," he promised. "You'll have me."

He accepted her decision, and at once made ready for his tramp across the hills. At parting he reminded her that to him she was still nameless.

"I'm not sure myself," she laughed. "I'll need a new name in New York!"

"But now?"

"Well, then—Jack."

"To offset the dimple, I suppose. Is it short for Jacqueline?"

"No; just Jack."

Jean's knight errant looked back once before the tree-boles shut her wholly away. She had dropped upon a log and was facing the blue reach of the lake. This was about six o'clock in the evening. At nine she had not shifted her position. It was perhaps an hour later when she sprang up abruptly, lit a candle which he had shown her in arranging for the night, and hunting out a pencil and paper, wrote a hurried note which she pinned to the tent-flap.

There were but two lines in all. The first thanked him. The second ran,

"I've gone back to see it through."



SOME POOL-ROOM HABITUÉS AND THE LAW'S REPRESENTATIVE WHO WINKS AT GAMBLING

The Pool-Room Spider and the Gambling Fly

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN WHICH THE PLAIN FACTS ABOUT THE MEN AND METHODS OF THE HORSE-RACING TRUST AND ITS NEFARIOUS TRAFFIC ARE FEARLESSLY TOLD BY AN EXPERT

By Josiah Flynt

Author of "Powers that Prey," etc.



T has been said that the pool-room may be likened unto a spider's web. Thespider catches the fly; the pool-room catches the Sucker. If you like, call the pool-room the spider's den. In my opinion it would be better to call it the noisy retreat of Suckers. In this retreat there is the notorious Partition.

There was once a man who tried to take a photograph of what goes on behind the Partition in a pool-room. He came to grief. Behind the Partition in a pool-room is supposed to have that sacredness which belongs to the altar in a Greek church, for instance, where no woman may tread. What did "The" Allen let the New York public know about what went on behind the Partition? What do they let you know anywhere—I do not care where the pool-room is—of the web behind the Partition? There is that strange spider's den where the flies are caught. In a way, the flies know they are going to be caught, but they persist in their willingness to give the spider a chance.

The pool-room as it exists in New York city is more or less of a distinct type. Before Mr. Jerome seriously got after the pool-rooms I have been told that there were not less than two thousand of these wise institutions in the metropolis. I grant that this was during the height of the racing season, and before there had been any real row about racing. They were all over New York. Lamp-posts would have been ashamed to compete with them. Furthermore, there was a ridiculously small amount of precaution taken by the pool-room people. They would go uptown, downtown, on the East Side, and on the West Side, all over the town, but they seemed to know what they were doing. You could find a pool-room up in Harlem; you could find one in the middle of the town; and, for that matter, you could go way downtown and there was your pool-room—the spider's den, the place where the Suckers inevitably get caught.

I was talking with a friend at Forty-third Street and Broadway, one day, not long ago, and I said: "I want to get down a bet. Where shall we go?"

"Come along with me," he replied.

We walked up Broadway two blocks, turned into Forty-fifth Street, and stopped at No. 146. The house was one of the conventional old-fashioned, stone New York houses. To all appearances it was vacant. A beggar came along, and said: "You wouldn't help a fellow out, would you? I am just after losing my last hunch over in a crap game. I am busted."

This casual meeting struck me as being very suggestive of how the sheep are shorn in a pool-room, but, nevertheless, my friend and I went up the steps leading to the spider's den. In the second-story bow window there was a "To Let" sign. Dingy shades drawn tightly screened the windows. The door at the top of the steps had evidently been closed for months. Rubbish and papers, deserted cats, and all that goes to make up that look of an empty house added to the evidence.

The windows of the basement floor were protected by iron gratings. We went under the street steps to the basement door, where my friend knocked. The door-bell—one of those old-fashioned things that you pull and pull and pull—was out of order. His knock was answered without delay, and the door swung open a few inches. A man about twenty-five years old, well-dressed, Jewish in type, looked through the opening. The look that he and my friend exchanged was sufficient to make good for our entrance into that particular spider's den. There were also some words in the undertaking. "He's all right," my friend said. The young man accepted this statement as truth, but I could not help giving him that look which anyone who knows anything about criminal life is bound to give to a man in a crooked business.

You may travel the world over, but you can never get away from that look. At times it is worse than looking at your appetite.

We climbed some stairs leading to the parlor floor of the Dope Shop in question. On reaching the first landing we met a second guard, somewhat different from the one below. This fellow was heavy, red-faced, and brutal looking.

He was a perfect type of the gambling-house "chucker out," but he knew my friend by sight, and nodded. He looked me over pretty carefully, as had the man below, but my friend gave a nod, and I was freely passed into the spider's den.

We went to the front of the house, and entered what had been, in the days of its respectability, the parlor of the place. I could see some evidences of the former magnificence of this conventional, old stone-front house. The fireplace, with its white-marble mantelpiece, had above it a mirror, the gilded frame of which had lost much of its ancient luster. The chandeliers were bronzed, but black-

ened by neglect. There were the two regular front and back parlors, separated by heavy sliding-doors, which, when pushed back, made of the two rooms what you might call a small hall. In these rooms the roulette wheel and that little busy thing, the ball that goes with it, were heavily at work. The "Klondike" game was also going on. These were diversions, my friend told me, while the Suckers were waiting for returns about their bets on the Ponies.

There were about a hundred men in the room. Nearly all of them were smoking, and the place was stiflingly close. As has been said, all the windows were carefully



THE "MAN HIGHER UP" IN THE POOL-ROOM TRAFFIC

screened, and all the light came from gas-jets. Twenty to thirty chairs were scattered about. Across the rear part of the back parlor extended a Partition almost to the ceiling. As far as I could see, there was no entrance through this Partition from the front. Cut into it, however, were two small holes not more than six inches large, with narrow shelves at the bottom. We had passed two guards in getting into this place. Among the hundred or more men inside there seemed to be not fewer than a dozen holding some badge of authority. These men seemed to be acting in the capacity of floor-walkers, or general-utility men, if they can be dignified with that name. Two or three of them were busy in shifting large pasteboard cards that hung in a row on the walls. These cards were about the size usually used by Bookmakers at Race-tracks, and the names of the horses were printed on them.

The interest of the crowd was evidently fastened on the races at Bennings. On a table in the front room were files of New York newspapers containing the Dope Sheet. Every man in the crowd carried and studied either this printed Dope, or personally-kept records of Past Performances of the horses on which he bet. Nothing less than five dollars was accepted as a bet. On that particular day I had invested fifty cents in a paper which declared that it gave all the selections of the best handicappers in New York. From this paper I had chosen the one best bet of the Dopester who, my sporting friends told me, was the best in the business.

Not long after going into this Dope House I heard a voice behind the Partition giving the names of the jockeys and their weights in the first race at Bennings. I wondered. Then followed the odds on the horses, re-

ceived over the 'phone. I had never seen the 'phone employed in this way before. I noted that the original prices did not appear against the horses after the card had been hung up. I found out, also, that it was a common practice to "shave" the prices from the time they reached the pool-room. As far as I could see, most of the "shaving"

was done in the "place" and "show" prices. In one particular case I remember that a poor old Pony whose price had come in as eight to five a "place" appeared on the card six to five. This gave me pause in any gambling inclinations that I might have inherited or acquired.

This shaving of prices in the pool-room may seem to the uninitiated to be a small matter. On the contrary, it is a matter of great importance. Let us take a case. On the Eastern Race-tracks the prices against the horses are so manipulated as to make what is called among the turfites a fifteen-per-cent. book. In other words, if the fifteen-per-cent. book is made, the Bookmaker, keeping his book well balanced, will keep fifteen dollars out of every hundred and fifteen dollars taken in by him on a given race, no matter which horse wins. This Bookmakers' percentage table is a matter of simple arithmetic. If two horses started in a race, their chances for winning being



THE ONCE WELL-TO-DO MERCHANT "GONE BROKE" THROUGH POOL-ROOM GAMBLING

equal, each horse's percentage in the book would be fifty. But this would allow no profit to the Bookmaker, as all that he had taken in on the losing horse would have to be paid out on the winning horse. But let us say that three horses are started, two of them being posted at even money and the third at three to one. What would be the total of this man's book? One hundred and twenty-five per cent. And the Bookmaker would get twenty-five dollars out of every hundred and twenty-five he had taken in,

regardless of which horse won. But if the third horse was posted at two to one, instead of three to one, his profit would be thirty-three dollars out of every one hundred and thirty-three taken in on all the horses. This is what is called "shaving" the prices, and is a very brief explanation of the profit in it. Besides being a source of direct profit, the practice produces an indirect profit by virtue of the fact that it prevents many men who "play on the limb"—that is, play horses to run second or third—from accepting the "place" and "show" prices, and forces them to play the horses "straight." In New York city there is less shaving of prices than in most spiders' dens in the United States. This is probably because the betting public in New York is so in touch with the Eastern Race-tracks that it protests more strenuously against taking anything less for its money than it could get within the race-track enclosures.

But to return to our pool-room. As soon as the card on the first Bennings race had been hung up, the money began to be pushed through one of the small windows. No man behind the Partition could be seen. Each bettor wrote on a slip of paper the name of the horse he wished to play, the amount he wished to bet, and the position—first, second, or third—in which he was playing the Pony to finish. This slip, with the money, was handed in at one of the windows. A hand took the money and the slip with it—a hand as innocent of work-stains as that of the girl who toils not. It was decorated with a diamond. It was the kind of hand that spins the ball in the roulette wheel, that slides the cards out of a faro-box, and does sleight-of-hand tricks at a poker-table.

These white hands in gambling life are made just as much of as are the diamonds in the shirt-bosoms. They are hated by every man who loses money by them. Take my friend, the hobo, in many ways an innocent fellow. What does he think of those white hands? Take our Sister of Sorrow, the woman of the street. What does she think of those white hands? Well, I do not wish to criticize those white hands right here. Perhaps they are the smallest hands, and in some ways the cleanest, in the whole pool-room business. But never forget how they quietly take in your money through that little window.

After fifteen or twenty minutes of bet-

ting, a person in the employ of the house, apparently one of the more-important ones, sang out, "They're off at Bennings!" It was a mile race. The positions of the Ponies running first, second, and third, at the quarter, at the half, at the three-quarters, and in the stretch were called out with a nasal twang by one of the men behind the Partition. The moment the cry, "They're off!" was given, the interest of the crowd had become tense. The rustling of the Dope Sheets and the eager, speculative gossip of the players were stopped. As the calls came over the wire and were sung out into the room, there was the silence that tells of an uncontrolled passion and the foolishness of a racing-mad crowd.

It may be that some of the wayfarers in Dopeland seek these pool-rooms for the purpose only of enjoying this sharp one- or two-minute thrill. Look at your crowd. How can anyone tell that the prosperous business man, tired of home life, tired of his whole existence, does not go to this pool-room? Go all the way down from the prosperous business man to the confirmed opium-fiend. Take the lowest of the low in our big cities; give them all the foul-smelling and revolting circumstances that are imaginable; make them live in barrels on the East Side; put them in the vilest hole that you can think of, yet they do not tally as passionate fiends with the bettors on the Ponies.

I must tell one more story about my experiences in Dopeland. Inveigled by a paper, published in Chicago and called "Racing Form," inveigled also by the Illinois Central Railroad Co. and its abettors, on the 20th of last November, a friend and I were pushed, made to wait on the disposition of others, yanked about in the good Chicago way, and finally reached the Van Buren Street station of the Illinois Central Railroad. There we heard a man say,

"All aboard for the racing train!"

We got aboard the train, which carried about a hundred passengers. We alighted at Ninety-fourth Street, on the south side, where there was a muddy field to be crossed. On the train no tickets were collected by the Illinois Central Railroad Co. Obscure individuals passed through the train and said: "Tickets, gentlemen. Tickets."

The journey across that muddy field I can



THE *EAGLE*, A BOAT OPERATED BY THE OWNERS OF THE *CITY OF TRAVERSE* TO CARRY PASSENGERS TO THE POOL-ROOM BOAT. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A CROWD OF BETTORS DISEMBARKING AFTER THE *EAGLE* HAD BEEN CHASED TO SHORE BY A FIRE-TUG CARRYING CHICAGO POLICE. THE SECOND BETTOR IN THE LINE SCREENED HIS FACE TO PREVENT IDENTIFICATION BY HIS EMPLOYERS

never forget. Here were a hundred men literally running like fools. No pickpocket trying to make "a get away" could "sprint" better than did some of these men. The field crossed, the foolish hundred were pulled onto a tugboat. As I was helped over the chasm between terra firma and the tugboat, another obscure individual handed me back one of the three sections of the ticket bought at Van Buren Street, and told me to look out for it, "because you may go broke and will need it in getting home."

The tugboat steamed out into Lake Michigan where it is difficult to know, unless you are an expert navigator, where Illinois ceases and Indiana begins. Then it curved around and approached a lake steamer called the *City of Traverse*. This is a Dope House that, it is alleged, cost fifteen thousand dollars. It is an ordinary boat, such as you would meet in ordinary lake travel. There is a syndicate of people behind this

boat in Chicago. One of them is a man by the name of "Bud" White. I tried to get a photograph of him. Without doubt his photograph is to be got just as a common criminal's is to be got. It was at my request that a newspaper photographer, who knew all about the game, tried to get his photograph. It is said that he is a slippery man to photograph. All right. Let us consider his life. He has been a gambler from boyhood. He is a sleek-looking individual whom the criminal hates more than he hates the policeman. He lives out in North Chicago. As all gamblers do, he asks out of life this pleasant diversion as a retreat when he leaves his gambling-place.

"Bud" White is not only a confessed gambler, but he will walk up to you in the streets of Chicago any day and meet you as a gambler. This man, with other men behind him, is responsible for that pathetic imposition on human things called the *City*

of Traverse. But he has the reputation of being a good "family man." What is a good "family man"? Is "Bud" White a good one? He won't drink with you; it is possible he won't smoke with you; yet he will do everything else to get other people's money playing the Ponies. When he goes home to his wife from the boat which I have described, what does he say to her? Can he discuss his "business" with her? What she can say to her children I hardly know. To tell them that their father is a gambler would seem to me to come hard.

Another good "family man" called "Al" Adams committed suicide in New York not long ago. Public opinion practically forced him to do it. He had a family of children. Two of the boys went to Harvard College, and the other children found their account in their way. It was said of this man that he "loved" his family. But he made his millions out of the pennies of the poor.

I have taken these men as mere examples. They fall well within the purview of things, and seem to me to be representative of what happens when a man makes up his mind that he is going to make money out of the "sport of kings" as conducted in a pool-room.

I cannot help taking one more example of the good "family man" in the pool-room business.

A large number of the New York pool-rooms have incorporated themselves as "clubs." In the applications for charters the purpose of the "clubs" has been set forth as "Pleasure and Literary Profit." The only literary element discoverable is the book made on the Races by the gamblers. All of which reminds me of that notorious and hoary-headed sinner, "The" Allen, at 80 Sixth Avenue, New York, who runs a "club" known as the "West End Club." Here Allen has fought the police, year in and year out. He is the man who has probably done more than any other man in New York city to make the spider's den an attractive place. His whole outfit constitutes one of the crookedest aggregations that this country has ever known. His brother "Wes" was a burglar. About "The" himself there are so many suspicions in the criminal world that it is almost a question what he has not been game enough to do.

Now, here is another so-called good "family man." The newspapers publish every now and then stories about his kindness to the poor. They say that "The" will

do all kinds of friendly acts for those who are in distress. They say that the poor respect him. They say that he likes to go home to his wife, put on his slippers, and be a "family man."

"The" Allen is no better than "Bud" White. He has an adopted daughter. When he puts his slippers on, and perhaps talks with that adopted daughter, what does he say? Does he tell her about his business in the "West End Club" where he has been bleeding Suckers with every ounce of energy that was in him? Mrs. Allen, it is true, knows about "The's" deviltries. There is no doubt that she knows it because she lives within a stone's throw of the notorious "West End Club."

Here is a little story about Mrs. Allen.

A certain person wanted to rent of her an apartment in her house in Eighth Street. It was a good housewife who did not know about the spiders' dens that exist in New York city. There was an apartment to be let in Mrs. Allen's house. This apartment suited the good housewife, and she told her husband about it. The husband was of an inquiring nature, and he said to his janitor, "What do you know about that place down the street?" mentioning the number of Mrs. Allen's home. The janitor replied, "Why, that's 'The' Allen's home."

This gentleman of the inquiring nature decided that he did not care to have his wife or his children mixed up with anything that Mrs. Allen or "The" Allen was doing. So he notified Mrs. Allen that any arrangement made by his wife about the apartment should be overlooked.

What did our good friend, the pool-room man's wife, do? She sued in true pool-room style. The gentleman sued was a lawyer. He pleaded his own case. The case went against him, on account of some technicality. Mrs. Allen was in the courtroom. As the foreman of the jury passed by her, he said,

"Well, Mrs. Allen, you had your friends with you to-day, sure!"

There you have Mr. Allen and his wife. This matter is in the legal records, excepting that significant suggestion to Mrs. Allen on the part of the foreman of the jury. But where can you find on the part of Mr. Allen or Mrs. Allen in this case a good "family man" or an honest woman?

The pool-room spider never allows money to escape. In the total of two thou-

sand pool-rooms in New York city, fifty were for women exclusively. In these rooms social caste was unknown. The betting fever has no favorites. The woman of wealth and social standing mingles with women of the half-world and with shop-girls without the brushing aside of skirts that would have refused contact anywhere else. Inside the pool-room there is an intimacy among these women, born of a common passion for gambling. These rooms were often conducted under a "stall," or a pretense of legitimate business. They were "button - factories," "millinery - shops," "dressmaking-parlors," and other establishments—but in reality pool-rooms.

As I have said, the New York pool-room is rather a distinct type. In the West the word "pool-room" means many things. At Hot Springs it means a magnificently appointed hall resembling the office of a stock-broker, with its polished brass railings,



THE EX-JOCKEY WHO, THOUGH HE KNOWS
THE POOL-ROOMS ARE CROOKEDLY CON-
DUCTED, CONTINUES TO LOSE HIS
MONEY IN THEM

LOUISVILLE		2	3-4 MILE	Ge. Post
70	44	1 PENINSULE	98	70 724
72	5	2 WESTERN	96	725
10	4	3 MEET	101	
10	4	4 MINOT	104	52
10	5	5 RED GAUNTLET	107	210
6	W GORDON	HO		
7	TIMOTHY MEN	104		
8	MISS LIDA	101		
9	ROBERVAL	96	2070	
10	MERCHANT	104	1852	
11	GRACE LARSEN	93	10 #2	
12	S MINCEMEAT	93		
13	SIG RUFFEN	98		
14	STILL ALARM	104	15810	
15	ZIPANGO	96		

RACING SHEET, USED IN THE POOL-ROOMS,
SHOWING NAMES OF HORSES AND JOCKEYS,
THE FIRST AND SECOND TRACK BET-
TING, AND THE FIRST AND SECOND
POOL-ROOM BETTING

velvet carpets, blackboards, sideboards, and other accessories for the comfort of the gambling rich. In other cities west of New York, the pool-room may be located in a store-building in the heart of the city. Usually it is in the rear of a saloon. In Chicago, however, there is no pool-room of the kind familiar to the New Yorker. Instead, Chicago has the handbook. The handbook is known to New York also, but only at times when the authorities happen to be making betting in a pool-room risky for the players who are not looking for a "ride in the wagon."

In the first article of this series I referred to the close relationship between the pool-room and the handbook. The word "handbook" is used to describe those books made without the apparatus necessary in the pool-room proper. A pencil, a pad of paper, and



IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CASINO, ONE OF NEW YORK'S FAMOUS THEATERS, A POOL-ROOM IS CONDUCTED. IT WAS IN OPERATION WHEN NEARLY EVERY OTHER POOL-ROOM IN THE CITY WAS CLOSED LAST DECEMBER

the memory of the Bookmaker are all that is required. The handbook, in the beginning, was a child of necessity. When the police raid the wide-open pool-room, bettors and Bookies are driven into the street. But Dopeland is a land of resource, and the bettors are a collection of Suckers. They are willing to make their bets on the curbstone, in saloons, in cigar-stores, or in any other makeshift place where there is a man with a book. In New York, where the handbook has not been such a necessity to the betting public as in Chicago, there has been so much "welching" as to bring it into disrepute. In most cities the handbook is a distinct gambling institution; it is the walking pool-room.

The handbook business has furnished some graphic examples of the speed with which the Suckers part with their money at the racing game. I know a lad who was check-boy in a Chicago hotel. He heard Dope talk until he made up his mind to mix in the game. He made a connection with a gambling syndicate, and began to take bets from the guests and hotel employees. Then

he saw the profit, and decided to back the book himself. Starting on a "shoe-string," he made fifty thousand dollars in two years. Mont Tennes, a Chicago handbook man, made ninety thousand dollars last year from his string of books.

The pool-room in many parts of the country is an enormous, barnlike building, near some big city, and equipped with telegraph wires and other apparatus. The operation of such a room requires the connivance of a railroad company and the county authorities. Special trains must be run, and the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney must be "good fellows."

It seems worth while, in this story, to take up the troubles of two men who came to grief in Chicago. They were men who should have known better than to go into the spider's den. One of them went into it. This is what happened.

There was, a few years ago, in State Street, Chicago, a group of men such as is now to be found in every big city. These men were and are confidence men, making

a specialty of Suckers in Dopeland. Some of them are criminals; many of them are incipient criminals; all are people who respect nothing. They will "con" you out of the last dollar you have got, they will pick your pocket, they will bunco you, and, I am sorry to say, they will also hold you up. This is a hard thing to say, but it is the truth.

It is unfortunate to have to tell the story of a man who was reached by the claws of the State Street crowd. It is unfortunate to tell any story about a man who has made a fool of himself. But let me tell the story of one Charles Hering, who made the mistake of allowing this crowd to get hold of him. Word came to this group one day that the cashier of the Milwaukee Avenue bank was "soft." In Dopeland a "soft" thing is either a Pony that is considered certain to win, or a fool that has plenty of money and parts with it easily. In tracing the villainous intricacies of Dopeland it is interesting to note the manner in which it was discovered that Hering was a "soft thing."

Bookmakers are "rounders." They know the shadows of a city better than they know its sunshine. They live on men's foibles, and therefore haunt the shadows where these foibles are most visible. Your "sure-thing man," looking for Suckers, sees nothing more desirable than was Hering. Hering was the cashier of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank. He is now in prison. The president of the bank is also in prison. As regards the president of the bank and his connection with the Race-tracks I can say nothing. Of his cashier it must be said that he was most definitely connected with the pool-room business. He was in Dopeland. He had learned to play the Ponies. How, why, when, is too long a story. But just listen to what he did. He began to read horse, talk horse, and think horse. He began to play. He knew nothing of racing. His first bets were small, tossed out in a careless, just-for-fun way. The scouts from the State Street group that had discovered and enmeshed him then turned touts. Hering had to be at the bank. They offered suggestions and carried "stable information" concerning "good things." As an accommodation to Hering, also, they carried his bets downtown for him. Then even this became unnecessary, for Hering made arrangements to telephone his bets. His

name "went" at the saloon where the group "hung out," for any amount he wanted to bet. The group knew that his other hand was in the strong-box containing the savings of twenty-two thousand hard-working people. While he "cashed" some big bets, he lost more than he won. That was the reason the bank failed and part of the savings of the depositors was lost.

The bank's president was of the same clay. He allowed Hering to learn some of the secrets of his private life. Then Hering stole all he wanted to play the Races, and the president did not dare bring him to book. The cashier went ahead and, some months later, had to confess that he was a thief. He was a thief. Why? Because he had played that miserable knowledge of "percentage" in gambling, which is supposed to ring true. There is no pity to be exercised for a man who makes this mistake, who robs his bank, who destroys his home—but there is to be said about it this, Where was the horse?

"I've gambled on horses, and I have hoped that some of the dogs would come home," several cashiers have often said. They send Dope notes over the 'phone to the effect that they will bet on races, say, at City Park. They may easily be the "men higher up," and they may easily be the men lowest down.

In thinking this whole thing over, as regards this preliminary look, it seems to me that common sense ought to play some part in the game. It is none of my business to interfere with those men and women who care to play the Ponies, but it is my right to say that the game is a losing game in any way it may be taken up. Give the jockeys a chance—all right. Give the trainers a chance—all right. Out comes your horse, and runs into a perfect defeat. What are you going to say about this? Men and women who do such things are, without doubt, what are called in our common, everyday parlance, "Suckers."

The world that plays the Ponies is a sorrowful world. But when you look it all over there is also something comic about it. Certainly it was funny to me to see the way that foolish hundred in Chicago ran across that muddy field and made for the *City of Traverse*.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, my travels in Dopeland have thus far excited principally my sense of wonder.



Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson

"THE MIGHTIEST MONARCH KNOWN"

("*The Passing of the Grizzly*")

The Passing of the Grizzly

By Joaquin Miller

Author's Note.—Fremont speaks in his memoirs of seeing a great number of huge grizzlies, male and female, together with their cubs, feeding sociably together under the oaks near Santa Barbara in the early Forties; but I think this rather exceptional. However, that was before my time, and I never saw this valley bear. I knew only the solitary beast far up the mountain near the snow-line. He always seemed to me to be not at all gregarious, but a lover of solitude. And he was a much smaller animal than those of the valley, if we are to credit early travelers. The last old bear of the Sacramento Valley was killed on the Bidwell ranch. He had but one good leg left and was nearly blind, but he died at his guns. Counting the lead in his brave old hide he weighed something more than a ton. The California Indians considered the grizzly as their earliest ancestor, and would not raise a hand against him, on any account. When one of their number was killed by this bear they burned the body where it lay, the women smearing their faces with pitch and ashes and wailing piteously as they piled a mound of stones. These very numerous mounds were mostly in the ravines and arroyos, and have nearly disappeared under the hands of the gold-hunters, but may still be seen on the high mesa in the chaparral. Let us call them monuments to this mute and half-human king of beasts.

NOT tiger-like, not lion-like,
Not like the sudden avalanche,
But slow, mute, careless where to
strike,
He, silent, leaves his fate to chance,
And from his coign of ice and snow
He takes his broken trail below.

And woe betide the red man's fare
Across his path of chaparral!
A single blow, and high in air
He hurls him, heedless of his fall,
And keeps his torn nose pointed straight
For fat herds toward the Golden Gate.

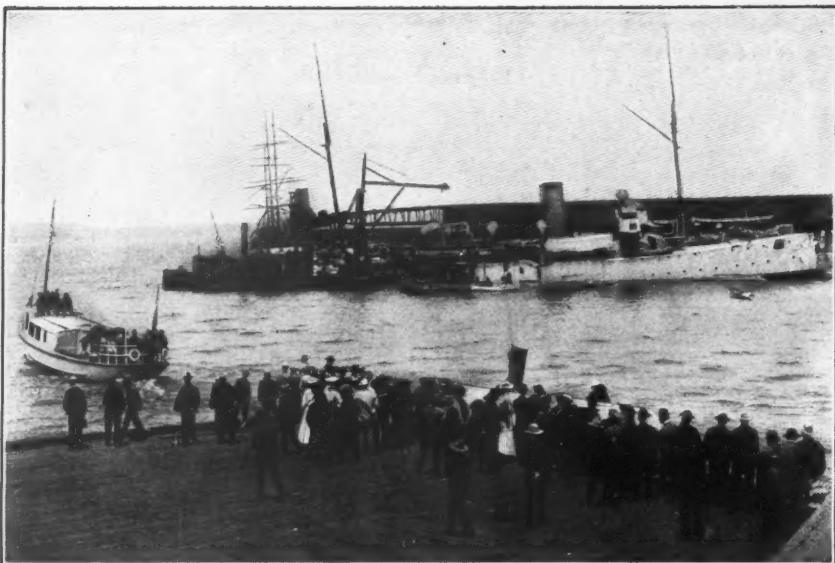
And there in rank wild oats all day,
While great bulls circle, bellowing,
He toys with poppies, as at play,
As heedless, quite, of everything.
More near! More near! A single blow
And he has laid the sleekest low!

The herds are not, the king is not,
The mourners have no more to say,
Save through a mound to mark the spot
Where once a red man missed his way:
Mute mound of stone, ambushed, alone,
Where passed the mightiest monarch known.

Squat on his haunches, heedless still
Of circling tails tossed wild in air,
The huge king slowly feasts his fill,
Then turns him home. Take care! Take
care!
The nursing, spouse, are still unfed,
And red the snow shall be, how red!

And madly now mad bulls pursue
This prehistoric, hairiest man!
He falters, falls, what next to do
But die as only Samson can!
Not so! Not so! Another blow--
A black bull shouldered for the snow!

High up the winding, wildest trail,
Where died a red man all alone,
Some black-faced women weep and wail,
And heap the warning mound of stone.
The king of kings keeps on his way
Nor deigns to look on such as they.



U. S. S. BENNINGTON DOCKED AT SAN DIEGO AFTER THE DISASTER

The Growth of Caste in America

THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF SNOBBERY IN
OUR PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL LIFE, AND THE RESULTING EFFECT
UPON AMERICAN NATIONAL TRAITS AND CHARACTER

By Charles Edward Russell



N the morning of Friday, the 21st of July, 1905, the boilers exploded on the United States gunboat *Bennington*, then at anchor in the harbor of San Diego, California, and in the resulting destruction sixty officers and men were killed and forty-nine were wounded. Practically without precedent in a navy of the most splendid traditions, the disaster hurt and humiliated the country, none the less pained because the blow was taken in silence. Boilers do not explode without gross neglect or gross incompetence. The mere fact is an unanswerable

indictment of some one, and for the first time the nation felt doubt of that arm of its defense of which it had always felt surest.

The approximate cause of the catastrophe on the *Bennington* was the mishandling of the steam-making apparatus. The real cause was something else, and to see what it was we shall have to go into a minor chapter of our history, very instructive on its own account and illustrative of the profound changes that work on unobserved around us.

Before 1899, and almost as far back as the introduction of steam, the American naval service had two branches, the line and the staff. Line officers were the navigators and executives that stood on the

bridge and gave orders; staff-officers were the engineers. In the Naval Academy a certain proportion of the cadets were trained for the engineering division, and as the importance of steam increased and steam-machinery became more intricate, the engineering course necessarily grew more extensive and elaborate, until for those that followed it, technical engineering studies overshadowed all others. When they had been graduated the engineer cadets passed into the engine-room of a war-vessel, where they spent years in gaining practical mastery of their specialty while they slowly climbed to the rank of chief engineer.

For line and for staff-officers the actual grades and relative salaries were the same, and the policy of the government was to make the officers in both divisions feel that they were on equal footing and equally valuable and honorable in the service. At first this went well enough, but after some years a feeling grew up in the line that the staff-officers were not quite of their own order, and among the staff-officers that they were not justly treated. True it is that the opportunities for popular glory and spectacle were greater for line officers, but not the opportunities for real advancement; so that now it is impossible to find any substantial basis for the feeling on either side except in the one great fact that the staff-officers were much nearer to work. The engine-room of an ocean-steamer is a hot place and likely to be a greasy. It is heavy with oily odors, and deafening with the thunder of great machines. Irresistibly the atmosphere of such a place suggests toil and grimy mechanics. But very different is the cool,

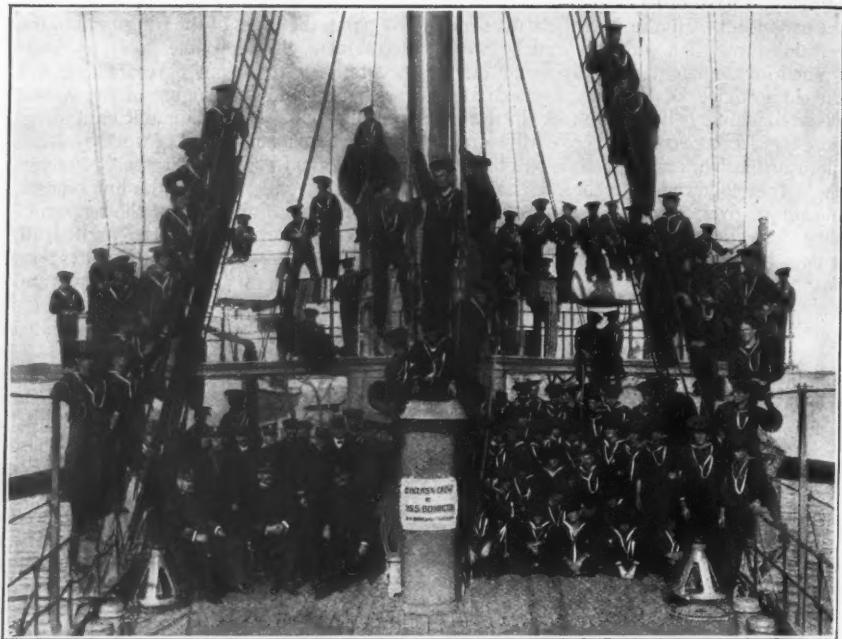
airy bridge, spick and span, glistening with new paint, the brass of the wheel and of the instruments gleaming like gold, no noise except the low, far-off, agreeable hum of the engines and the singing of the waves, over all a deliberate and dignified authority, and nowhere a suggestion of work, which is the traditional badge of disgrace. Perhaps it was not wonderful that the line officers, the more direct inheritors of the renown of Truxtun, Decatur, Stewart, and Hull, thought of themselves as a little better than the engineers, and that the engineers felt and resented the slight.

But in later years other and deeper causes contributed still more to these troubles. Social life came to be a great thing in the navy. I am not saying whether the true business of naval officers is to handle ships or to dance cotillions, but any observer will testify that at least the second term of the proposition has had full attention. The navy became very much interested in questions of social precedence and etiquette. On foreign stations it was found that the officers of

British ships, as the representatives of British society, refused to associate on equal terms with the "engineers and mechanics" of the staff. These were, in English eyes, workmen; they were of the machine-room and the stokehole; they were of castes that in England are fixed upon the lower steps of the pyramid. For some reason impossible to fathom, but certainly not of historical foundation, the American navy at present pays profound heed to British naval opinion; and to be ostracized in foreign ports and contemned by officers of another service grew to be a grievous burden to the young gentlemen of the staff. Moreover,



THE BENNINGTON BEACHED IN SAN DIEGO HARBOR JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF JULY 21, 1905



From a photograph taken shortly before the disaster

OFFICERS AND CREW OF U. S. S. BENNINGTON. THE DEATH AND WOUNDING OF OVER ONE HUNDRED OF THESE MEN WERE DUE PRIMARILY TO THE INSIDIOUS INTRODUCTION OF THE CASTE IDEA INTO THE AMERICAN NAVY

it must be remembered that a large part of what in America we call society ostentatiously takes its cue from England; and it began to be not alone in foreign lands that the assistant engineers were despised. In British opinion the organization of our navy was socially defective. That the staff-officers were equally trained with line officers, that they were graduates of the same school, and that they bore the same relative rank made no difference. Their place in the engine-room bore the fatal and indelible stamp of work and use; in England no gentleman is an engineer; hence there can be no gentlemen engineers anywhere. With the years and the changing conditions in our country the complaints grew, and at last, after a long agitation, the system was altered.

•By the navy-personnel bill, passed in 1899, the American navy was reorganized on the British model. The staff was abolished, all officers were relieved from the stigma and disgrace naturally connected with any such greasy title as "engineer," and provision was

made that all cadets should study engineering, so that all should be equally competent to navigate a vessel or to direct the engines. The suggestion of work was obliterated. If a lieutenant were in charge of an engine-room at sea, no one ashore need know it. When he stepped upon the club veranda at Hongkong it was as lieutenant, not as engineer.

Under these changes, the engineering course at the Academy was necessarily curtailed, and the old system by which a man spent years in an engine-room, mastering his calling by the sure tuition of practice, was ended. An Annapolis graduate was now expected to be able to step from the bridge to the engine-room, or from the engine-room to the bridge, and to be as efficient in one place as in the other. And meantime the toilsome posts around the engine-room, the unhandsome, working positions formerly filled by staff-officers learning their business, were relegated to hired mechanics and persons of the lower orders.

Now, marine steam-engineering has become one of the most complicated, involved, and difficult of modern vocations. You can no more master it from books than you can master electricity by reading about Franklin's kite.

When you consider that an ocean-steamer like the *Deutschland* or the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* has more than three hundred separate engines, all fed from one boiler center; that the resulting complications of steam-pipe, valve, and gear seem to reach the limit of even expert comprehension; and that in some ways the engine-room of a great war-vessel is worse than that of a merchantman, you will see that when a young gentleman with only a theoretical knowledge of engineering steps from the bridge to the management of the engines, he undertakes quite a task. Hardly any two of our war-vessels are engined alike. A man might have a perfect theoretical knowledge of the machinery of the *Texas*, and be utterly lost in the engine-room of the *Ohio*; he might scarcely know the location or significance of a single valve.

But the new system, pure product of caste, went into effect, and the blowing up of the *Bennington* was its first perfect fruit. A young ensign, bookishly educated in engineering, and trained to be "equally efficient in either position," stepped from the bridge to the engine-room, and tried the experiment of cutting out the steam-gage and plugging up the safety-valve—and all those lives paid the penalty.

Of a modern ship the engine-room is the nerve-center and heart and life. Things may go wrong elsewhere and the vessel proceed; nothing must go wrong with the vessel's heart. Better to have incompetence on the bridge than in the engine-room. On the bridge incompetence has charts and quartermasters and lights and luck; in the engine-room it has nothing but its own limitations. If the engineers do not know their business, they do not know it, and the result is a fatal disease of the vessel's heart—so delicate, so easily disarranged, so subject to a thousand indispositions! In a sea-fight a vessel without competent engineers would be shorn of seventy-five per cent. of her efficiency; nothing would remain but the mere chance of fortune and a possible preponderance of strength. She could neither steam out of harm's way, if that were necessary, nor pursue a maneuvering or a fleeing foe.

To those that had watched the progress of the new system in our navy the *Bennington* disaster was no surprise. In the Far East, where the world's navies are under the minute scrutiny of all men, the air is rife with stories of the incompetence of the young cadets to whom we have entrusted the vital parts of our fighting-machines—stories of engines that could not be started, of engine-rooms foul with grease and dirt, of magnificent new ships all but ruined and made worthless by gross mishandling. Until seven years ago we had the best engineering corps in the world. Now the only engineers we have are those that survive from the old system, and fifteen years from now we shall not have one of these; there will not be an engineer in the navy. How terrible then would be the emergency confronting us in the event of war only those know that understand what modern engineering really is. For, having no merchant marine and therefore no such sources of trained supply as England has, there would be no place in this world to which we could go for men to handle our ships; and without competent engineers the navy would be at the mercy of any third-rate power.

Do you think this is exaggerated? Not a word of it. Ask any of the old navy men. Ask the engineers on any merchantman plying the Pacific. Ask the men that have seen some of the recent amazing and unreported achievements of our young gentlemen just from the bridge. Ask anybody that knows the shaft-tunnel from the water-gage.

I have taken the time and space to tell this story because it illustrates two fundamental truths.

The first is the insidious advance of the caste idea, so that it is under the tent and fully at home among us before we know it. And the second is that in whatsoever shape it come caste makes always for national weakness.

And beyond even these is a sobering indication of the profound revolution that has been wrought in our ideas, ideals, and habits of thought by the concentration of wealth and power.

We may be sure that the line officers that looked down upon the engineers and the staff-officers that thought the engine-room too suggestive of work were not unique in their day and generation. We may be sure

The Growth of Caste in America

that what they thought and felt and did was only the reflex of a general tendency. We may be sure that they only exhibited compendiously the changes that have been at work through our whole social structure. I shall cite here several simple facts that are further instances of these changes; and so subtle is this evolution, and so insidious, that while these facts are perfectly well known to most of us, and no one can deny or assail them, there is scarcely one among us that has not tried to escape the only conclusion that can be drawn from them. Rather had we admit anything else; instinctively we turn away from that or seek to disguise it with another name. And yet, in its bald, naked reality, without disguise or veneer, nothing else is so important to us, if we are not to walk the old way to the perdition of which India and Whitechapel are the symbols.

The spirit that prompted the navy-personnel bill is not confined to the navy. We have seen as much of it, and in a shape as detestable, in the army. Within the last eight years we have seen a determined and all but successful effort to close the avenues of army promotion so that hereafter no man might be able by any merit or exertion to rise from the ranks, but must belong to the officer caste if he were to hold high office. Some of the ablest American commanders began as enlisted privates; there must be no more of that, no more teamsters like Lawton nor corporals like Miles coming to be general officers. We have seen that proposition deliberately urged and almost made effective; and we have not looked upon it as strange or revolutionary or essentially Hindu. We have seen an officer boycotted, persecuted, driven from the army because he married a sergeant's daughter—married, that is to say, out of his caste; and it has occurred to none of us that if he had been a Hindu and had done the same thing, he could not have been hounded more relentlessly nor have been more thoroughly ostracized by the members of the caste that had expelled him. We have seen an officer of the United States army make a vulgar disturbance in a theater because the seat he had purchased happened to be near the seat of one of lower caste, a sergeant, to wit; and none of us has cared to reflect that in India for a high-caste man to be similarly offended it would be necessary that the low-caste man should touch him or address

him. We have seen officers of the United States army uphold their right to ignore salutes by low-caste privates; and none of us has cared to reflect that even in India army officers would not inflict upon their subordinates an affront so grave. Shall any man that can recall the affection between General Thomas and his men, or the tears and caresses with which old soldiers greeted General Logan, think there has been no change here?

And the infection is not only in the navy and army, not by a great deal. In the last few years we have seen in commercial life the developing of a class of men that, on the testimony of the President of the United States, are immune against the operation of laws that poor men fear. It is true; no man may deny it. In July, 1904, one hundred and twenty-seven men of our lower castes were brought before a United States judge in a western state charged with contempt of court in violating an injunction that forbade them to step over an imaginary line in the public highway. And these men were punished for their contempt. And in April, 1903, at Chicago, another United States judge had issued an injunction forbidding sixteen high-caste citizens to violate a statute of the country, framed to prevent them from robbing the public. And for two years thereafter these sixteen high-caste citizens continued every day to violate the law and to violate also the injunction forbidding them to violate the law. And when after great effort by a conscientious public officer they had been indicted for violating the injunction and robbing the public, it was discovered that high-caste citizens could not be punished because they were members of corporations, and they went free. But nobody ever found anything of that kind to protect the low-caste men dragged to court for contempt, nor for violating laws nor for violating injunctions. It is true. We do not like to admit it, we hate to have anybody refer to it, and we think it is better not discussed; but it is exactly and literally true, just as I have told it.

And meantime, beyond denial and whether we like it or not, we have seen a huge caste grow up utterly dependent upon another caste for daily bread and for life itself. We have seen the dependent castes become more dependent, and the employing caste become more powerful and more

autocratic. Who shall deny it? We have seen the employment and therefore the existence of two million men dependent upon the will of seven sitting in an office in Broadway. We have seen the tradesman caste slowly turning into a servant class dependent upon the same seven or some other. We have seen the caste lines strengthen upon the tradesmen and workmen and bind them fast, so that hereafter they shall have no more chance to escape from the caste pit than they might have in India. It is true. We have seen the power exerted from No. 26 Broadway become literally greater than the power exercised by any absolute monarch in the world, a power over men's employment and bread and ways of life, over the laws that guide them, and subtly over the newspapers that inform them and the schools and colleges that educate their children. It is true. We do not like to think of it, but it is true. We have seen this power pass laws and choose public officers and defy courts and dominate the government, and all these things have been part and parcel of the development of the times.

Part of it? They are the development. Inevitably, always, everywhere, such things accompany the breeding of the caste idea. There never was caste in any corner of the globe without them. Class divisions are solely a matter of concentrated power: they have no root but in one form or another of autocracy. It is not normal for one man to abase himself before another, nor to proclaim his own inferiority, nor to crawl in the dust to another such piece of clay as himself. When he does these things he does them from compulsion. It is not normal for one man to ride upon another's neck. When he does so he does so because in some way he has obtained the power to do so. Wherever about this world caste has existed, it has kept exact measure with coercion; it has been an exact index of the power of the powerful and the weakness of the weak. To this there never has been and never will be an exception. Caste is simply this, that the man that by reason of power stands at the top extorts homage from those below him; and in the degree that those below him share his power, for the obeisance they must make they soothe their pride by exacting obeisance from others. And nowhere in this world has caste been able to make head when

power was reserved in the hands of the people.

These are obvious truths, are they not? Nobody denies them. Then let me call your attention to the next great fact.

The growth of caste in this country has kept pace, step for step, with the growth of political corruption and of the power of political bosses that have largely usurped the place of the people's will.

Consider for a moment. Who ever wanted Mr. Platt to be senator from New York? The people of the state? Not one in one million of them. Who ever wanted Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania, or Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, or Mr. Carmack of Tennessee, or any one of ten thousand other men foisted upon us in public life? What did the people have to do with choosing any of these misfits? How much are the people consulted about the make-up or actions of their legislatures? How much do they really have to say as to who shall govern them? Who desires the senatorial services of Mr. Bailey? What do the people know about any of these men? Who fills out the party tickets in the big cities?—and in the small, for that matter? Who decides who shall be mayor of Baltimore and who shall be clerk of Skowhegan? And who are the bosses and machine-managers and slate-writers that have thus taken out of the people's hands the power of government? Where do they come from? Who gives them the means to effect these revolutions? The corporation caste; nobody else. In every case, without exception, everywhere, they are maintained by corporation power; always the funds wherewith they support the machines and perform their tricks are supplied from corporation coffers. They are the servants of the "immune" caste, they are kept in power by the Brahmins of America—and by nobody else.

And it is not only in corrupt politics that the ramifications of this insidious thing are visible; it is in clean politics as well. Not long ago in England fifty-one labor men were elected to Parliament. How many labor men are in the American Congress? How many could you send there? Imagine a cooper like Will Crooks laying down his tools and going to Washington to make laws. The lawyer caste and the corporation caste and the Brahman caste would cover him with ridicule and thrust him out of doors. The mere fact that he worked with

his hands would be enough. Last fall some workingmen in Indiana thought they ought to be able to do there what workingmen had done in England, and they nominated a workingman for Congress. Instantly all the higher castes combined against him; Republicans and Democrats lost sight of their differences before the awful threat of a workingman in Congress; all other hands were joined to throttle that demon. Look in the records: it is all there. In a thriving Scotch town of my acquaintance (Kirkintilloch, if you wish the name) one of the most active members of the town council is an iron-moulder working daily at his trade. Even in Carlsbad the man in the council that plans all the improvements and leads in all the progress is a shoemaker with a shop six by ten feet. Any iron-molders or shoemakers in your city council? I think not. There used to be such things in the old days before the corporation caste and the boss caste became powerful, but you will not find them now. You do not like to think of it, and you will not admit it, and even now you are telling yourself that it is not so; but just look around you and see. Who is the alderman from your ward? Who selected him? To whom does he owe allegiance? How do you think he compares with the iron-moulder of Kirkintilloch that every night when work is done takes off his leather apron and scrubs his hard hands and sits down to study soberly the condition and needs of his town, which men of his kind have made a clean model? Suppose that iron-moulder should move over to your town and some one should nominate him for alderman, would you vote for him—so long as he worked with his hands and was a member of Iron Molders' Union No. 29? Well, then, am I right? And after all, is it not wholesome to admit the whole sour-faced truth, and meet it squarely in the road?

And it is not in politics alone nor in public life alone. The whole social structure is affected by it. Within the last twenty-five years we have seen the beginning and the rapid growth of a class that, by mere reason of the possession of wealth, is set apart from and above the rest of the community. We do not like to say much about it, but we know that this class (with singular lack of originality) slavishly apes the manners, customs, dress, and exclusiveness of the noble classes abroad, and too obvi-

ously regards itself as constituting a corresponding caste here. We have seen the doings and movements of this class chronicled with a kind of feverish zeal as if of real importance to mankind; and we have seen the members of this class take themselves with profound seriousness and even pomp. Most of the founders of this our pursy aristocracy having arisen (by dint of shrewdness, a callous conscience, or something worse) from the ranks of the plain toilers, they have mind at times upon their ascent and the original doctrines of American faith; but experienced travelers and observers have declared that not in the circuit of the earth is a class more arrogant and more supercilious than the second generation of our new rich. In these, only a few years of idleness have bred the supreme contempt for labor and use that is the invariable basis and sign of caste distinctions; so that we have here an opportunity to observe the golden pyramid in the making and these gentlemen as its skilled artificers—on purely European lines. We know perfectly well in our hearts what this means; but we do not like to talk much about it, nor to ask ourselves by what possibility an aristocracy can be squared with the fundamental principles of a republic.

Nor is it any negligible matter of social etiquette. The whole system of education, public and private, is tainted with it. Too many American colleges are schools of snobbery and reaction. You know it and I know it, but we go out in the back yard and be sure that nobody hears us before we acknowledge it. Almost every college man goes forth with well-defined ideas concerning the high level of the college caste and the low level of others; if he has learned nothing else he has learned that. The public schools have long ceased to emphasize the significance of the American Revolution as a protest against the coercion of men. College professors eulogize force and empire and the strong arm, and sneer at republics. I can give a list of instances to any one that is interested. Or ask your children, see what they say. About every American university cluster the fraternity houses, and every fraternity house is at once a symbol and a nourisher of caste. Only students of the Brahman caste are admitted to this fraternity, only students of the Rajput caste to that. It is true; ask your son, if he be in college. Below the lowest fraternity

caste are the pariahs or "barbs," and these are never allowed to forget their inferior and outcaste state. Ask your son if all the fraternity castes do not unite to prevent the "barb" caste from obtaining any of the class offices or student positions. You will find it is so. And then look back to the free democracy of your own college days, when you never thought whether your nearest classmate were of your caste or another, and see if you think that all these things have come to be without a profound and startling change in our social conditions.

And it is not in education alone. Our literature reeks with it. The prevailing tone of American fiction (so far as it deals with such matters) is of half shame at our early history and apology for the rude, blunt men that stood out for equality and nationality. Look back over the American historical novels of the last fifteen years and see if this is not true of the most of them. We seem to be rather sorry that we abolished slavery or won the War of 1812 or made that row against oppression. In our literature and elsewhere the trend of our comments now is that the form of government makes no particular difference; the republic has no particular mission on earth; monarchies and absolutism are not half as bad as they used to be painted.

And it is not in our books alone. Half of the newspapers of the country are engaged in pluming themselves on the fact that they are high-class publications, that they are read by the better classes, that they appeal to the better element, that their circulation has "quality." Look at them, see if it is not so. And we have been so inoculated by the caste virus that we think this is rather an admirable thing, and accept it with joy. And none of us stops to think that, the newspaper being an enlightening agency and a power for civilization, the normal boast for a newspaper proprietor should be that his newspaper is read by the poorest people, by the least enlightened, by those that need it most, by those that have had the least and not the greatest opportunities. True, is it not? Every word of it. And how many newspaper proprietors do you know that seem to take pride in the thought that their newspapers circulate in the slums, and brighten the dark corners of earth?

And it is not alone in what we read. We have seen questions of caste precedence

profoundly agitate social life in the nation's capital, and eclipse all other questions whatsoever, so that it made more difference whether a Supreme Court justice preceded a senator than whether millions of men were oppressed, or whether other millions had enough to eat. We have seen an invitation to eat food with the President, a hired man of the nation, called a "command," as if it emanated from a king—a "command" that was imperative and took precedence of all other business whatsoever. We have seen the royal box introduced in the theaters of Washington. We have seen certain newspapers refer to a call upon the President as being "admitted to the presence." We have seen in the White House the introduction of such absurd ceremonials and formalities as hardly now obtain in any royal court in Europe, until foreign visitors gasp and not unnaturally inquire if this is a republic.

And this is not all we have seen, not yet. We have seen the United States assisting a great empire to crush two little republics, and we have acquiesced in that startling reversal of our traditional policy because we understood that the republics were peopled by very inferior fellows and the empire was inhabited by choice but rather sudden friends of ours. We have seen the appearance of an organized demand for a change in our system of government so that we shall have a perpetual president, "after the English system," as one newspaper puts it. We have seen the President instructing the electors of a state as to how they should vote. We have seen him again and again exercising powers and functions never delegated to him by the Constitution, never contemplated in any previous era of our history, and never known except in autocracies. And we have not protested against these manifestations, but have applauded them, and felt that they were exactly in line with the tendencies of our age and what we ought to expect; although they are also the tendencies that have universally heralded the downfall of republics, and although history is buoyed everywhere with warnings as to what these things mean.

Shall we think all these developments are sporadic and insignificant? Hardly. Think back a little and remind yourself of others. In the last few years we have heard the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence denounced in public

meetings, and have seen it habitually sneered at and mocked by leading newspapers. We have seen a grand jury obliged to indict two members of the wealthy class couple the indictment with humble apologies for thus disturbing their betters. We have seen repeated efforts to secure "workingmen's cars" on the elevated railroads of New York so that high-caste persons need not be contaminated by riding in the same car with men that work with their hands. We have seen men dressed like mechanics excluded from some churches and shown into gallery corners in others. We have seen a man ejected from the Metropolitan Museum of Art for no other reason than because he wore the clothes of a working-man. We have seen novels and plays written to ridicule the idea of equality become among the most popular works of the day. We have seen the American railroads introduce (somewhat disguised) the class divisions of Europe. We have seen a railroad advertise that only first-class passengers are allowed to use its favorite train.

And finally I come to the most potent and sinister of these illustrations. We glanced some pages back at the huge class of the employed. Consider for a moment what is the state therein. With the destruction of opportunity caused by the concentration of capital, workingmen now almost universally find themselves in a class to which for life they are hopelessly consigned. What chance has a man working in, let us say, a shoe-factory of Haverhill to become an independent proprietor? The mere suggestion sounds like humor, does it not? What chance has he ever to be anything but just what he is? What chance has a young man that becomes an operative in any factory to be anything else, to better his condition, to increase his income, to get a better home and better surroundings and more time for self-culture, to change by one iota the straight lines of his caste? What chance? And his children and his children's children—what chance for them? Take a young man going now into one of the mills of the steel trust. What will he be in thirty years, or forty? Looking at it calmly and impartially, and without considering whether these conditions are good or bad, is there any possibility that in forty years of steadfast endeavor (supposing him so long to escape the dangers and diseases of his trade) he can be anything but exactly

what he is now? And his children again—what about them? What is the use of providing schools for them or trying to teach them anything of the sweetness and joy of life led under happier conditions, when we know perfectly well that if they live they will be what their fathers are now, machines that stand for hours turning back and forth a bit of steel? No one tries to educate the Sudras of India; no one tries to educate the hooligans of London. I suppose, for instance, you know what becomes of the children of coal-miners. All go into the mines, as soon as they can work. The fourth generation is now picking slate in the accursed anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. Once a coal-miner, always a coal-miner. The brand of the caste is burned deep. Year by year the lines draw closer. And now neither they nor their children have any more opportunity to escape from their caste pit than the street-cleaners of Bombay have to escape from theirs.

Over this caste the insecurity of employment hangs as the peril of death. What was it we said of the immunity and power of the high castes in France of the good old days? Then, have you ever studied the potentialities of the black list in America? Let me tell you something about it. In 1892 the "New York Herald" sent me to investigate conditions in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. As what I found seemed so strange and anomalous in a republic that the bald statement of it would be thought fantastically improbable, the "Herald" desired some documentary evidence to lay before the public. I had collected in my travels a great store of miners' monthly bills showing that some of them, when their kind, indulgent employers had ceased from robbing them, had sometimes as much as sixteen or eighteen dollars to show for a month's work. As we had gathered by this time a fair understanding of the kind of power we were attacking, we desired not to reveal any source of our information; but at last, on the miners' suggestion, we printed something like facsimiles of six of the bills. I mean that while the bills revealed the manner of the robberies and the amounts thereof (the things most important to show), names and dates and places were carefully concealed. This was done at the "Herald's" insistence, to protect the miners, and seemed to all of us, miners included, to provide

absolute security. By what means the coal companies penetrated the disguise is to this day unclear to me. Perhaps, as the miners believed, detectives had watched and noted the men with whom I talked. If the discoveries were made by searching the books, the labor involved must have been prodigious. But however the names may have been secured, within a week of the publication of the bills the men that furnished them were discharged from the different collieries at which they had been employed. No attempt was made to conceal the reasons. They were told they were dismissed for giving information to the "New York Herald." They were not only dismissed, but they were immediately blacklisted at every mine in all three anthracite regions, so that it was impossible thereafter for them to get work on any terms. So late as 1897 these men were still on the black list.

But note that the coal companies that thus exercised over their employees the power of life and death were without exception persistent violators of laws that seemed to be powerless against them. They were in reality railroad companies, although the law of Pennsylvania strictly forbade railroad companies to engage in coal-mining. They all operated at their mines the ingenious and profitable swindle known as the "company store," although the law of Pennsylvania strictly forbade such stores. They all worked little children in their mines, although the law of Pennsylvania strictly forbade child labor in or about mines. Against all these laws the gentlemen operating these companies were immune.

Of course they were immune. Where in this country is corporation crime regarded in the same light as other crimes? Or where is a corporation on a level with individuals before the law? The captain of the *General Slocum* could be convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; the directors of the company that owned the *General Slocum* and were responsible for her rotten condition, did you ever hear that they were or could be punished? Law for the captain, plenty of it; but no law for the high-caste directors. Immunity! What else do you expect but immunity for a corporation? At South Chicago, the Illinois Steel Company, a part of the steel trust, owns a great tract of land whereon are situated its rolling-mills and

factories, and in that area the company acknowledges no authority but its own. It will not admit to that area policeman, nor constable, nor coroner. Ordinarily, if a man is killed on that territory, the coroner holds no inquest, the police make no report. If a man is injured there, he cannot be taken to any public hospital; the company has a hospital of its own on its territory, the injured man goes there whether he wishes to go or not, and no authority can make any investigation into the manner of his wounding. It may have been criminal, he may have been assaulted; that makes no difference. The Illinois Steel Company takes care of that; it has its own laws, its own jurisdiction. In the midst of the United States, it is an independent principality wherein the laws that apply to the rest of us do not exist.

And in all this it has proceeded only a little farther than other corporations of its class. We have seen in Chicago a corporation seize the public streets, and successfully resist every attempt to oust it. We have seen in New York a gas company doing and exercising rights and privileges years after all its franchises had expired. These things are so common we scarcely give them a thought. Almost every city and town in the United States can duplicate them, and, as a matter of coldest fact and not of speculation, for every punished violation of the law by burglar, thief, pickpocket, highwayman, and assassin there are by the corporations of America one hundred violations of the law that are never punished, and no one dreams of punishing them.

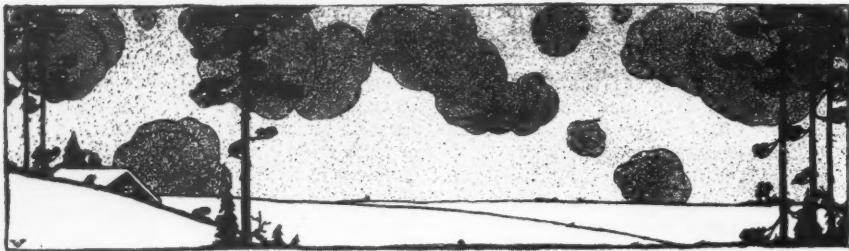
Can we be sure that conditions among us differ so very much from conditions in old France before 1789? One class immune against the law's operation is very much like another such class, by whatsoever name it may chance to be called. The power to prevent a man from earning his bread does not seem on close examination very different from the power to put him to death by more sudden and less painful means. Consider that so late as 1901 several hundred men that took part in the Chicago railroad strike of 1894 were still blacklisted, with names, descriptions, and full particulars, by every railroad in the United States. Consider also that while it was easy to send to jail men engaged in leading that strike, every railroad company that

A Vestal

urged on their prosecution, and every other railroad in the country, was at that time, and has been since, in daily violation of the statutes of the United States, and that none of these lawbreakers was ever brought to punishment. That there should be one class exempt from the operation of the law that bears upon all others is and has ever been the essence of caste. No such class had ever appeared in this country previous to the present generation; and will you reflect upon the powerful lawbreakers that now go free?

But no man may look about him and fail to see the widening divisions of class and class, the walls arising to close in the less fortunate, the growth of the system that in the end crushes initiative, stops

progress, destroys hope. Caste is the product of concentrated power, and for power wealth is but the modern alias. The thing within remains exactly the same. In the old days men established caste with the sword; now they establish it with wealth. We look at the imperial coronation celebrations with which we now inaugurate a president, and the day seems far off when Jefferson rode alone to the Capitol, tied his horse to a paling, and strode in to take his oath. And vast as seems that change, it is only typical of a general movement of which the ultimate goal is the maharajah's golden palace on one side and on the other the horrors of the reeking and pestilential alleys of Bombay.



A Vestal

By Charlotte Becker

YEAR after year she waited for the guest
 Who never came; with tender, wistful art
 She builded him a temple in her heart,
 Hung with the dreams that were her loveliest,
 And all the sweet, frail fancies she possessed,
 Then guarded fast its door, that none impart
 The mockery that sways the world's gay mart
 Unto the shrine her dearest gifts had blest.

Yet, though she tended but an empty place,
 So fair her life was ordered, so immune,
 For unknown Love's sake, from fear's harbingers,
 That those who looked upon her glowing face
 Felt its contentment, like some happy tune,
 Brighten the way of lives more dowered than hers!

"Just Meat"

By Jack London



E strolled to the corner and glanced up and down the intersecting street, but saw nothing save the oases of light shed by the street-lamps at the successive crossings. Then he strolled back the way he had come. He was a shadow of a man, gliding noiselessly and without undue movement through the semidarkness.

Also he was very alert, like a wild animal in the jungle, keenly perceptive and receptive. The movement of another in the darkness about him would need to have been more shadowy than his to have escaped him.

In addition to the running advertisement of the state of affairs carried to him by his senses, he had a subtler perception, a *feel*, of the atmosphere around him. He knew that the house in front of which he paused for a moment contained children. Yet by no willed effort of perception did he have this knowledge. For that matter, he was not even aware that he knew, so occult was the impression. Yet, did a moment arise in which action, in relation to that house, were imperative, he would have acted on the assumption that it contained children. In the same way he knew that no danger threatened in the footfalls that came up the cross-street. Before he saw the walker he knew him for a belated pedestrian hurrying home. He came into view at the crossing, and disappeared up the street. The man who watched noted a light which flared up in the window of a house on the corner, and as it died down he knew it for an expiring match. This was conscious identification of familiar phenomena, and through his mind flitted the thought, "Wanted to know what time." In another house one room was lighted. The light burned dimly but steadily, and he had the feel that it was a sick-room.

He was especially interested in a house across the street in the middle of the block. To this house he paid most attention. No matter which way he looked, nor which way he walked, his looks and his steps always returned to it. Except for an open window above the porch there was nothing unusual about the house. Nothing went in or came out; nothing happened. There were no lighted windows, nor had lights appeared and disappeared in any of the windows. Yet it was the central point of his consideration. He returned to it each time after a divination of the state of the neighborhood.

Despite his feel of things, he was not confident. He was supremely conscious of the precariousness of his situation. Though unperturbed by the footfalls of the chance pedestrian, he was as keyed up and sensitive and ready to be startled as any timorous deer. He was aware of the possibility of other intelligences prowling about in the darkness—intelligences similar to his own in movement, perception, and divination.

Far down the street he caught a glimpse of something that moved, and at once knew it was no late home-goer, but menace and danger. He whistled twice to the house across the street, and faded away shadow-like around the corner. Here he paused and looked about him carefully. Reassured, he peered back around the corner, and studied the object that moved and that was coming nearer. He had divined aright; it was a policeman. He went down the cross-street to the next corner, from the shelter of which he watched the corner he had just left. He saw the policeman pass by, going straight on up the street. He paralleled his course, and from the next corner again watched him go by; then he returned the way he had come. He whistled once to the house across the street, and after a time whistled once again. There was reassurance in the whistle, just as there had been warning in the previous double whistle.

"Just Meat"

Soon he saw a dark bulk outline itself on the roof of the porch, and slowly descend a pillar. Then it came down the steps, passed through the small iron gate, and went down the sidewalk, taking on the form of a man. He that watched kept on his own side of the street, and moved on abreast to the corner, where he crossed over and joined the other. He was quite small alongside the man he accosted.

"How'd you make out, Matt?" he asked.

The other grunted indistinctly, and walked on in silence a few steps.

"I reckon I landed the goods, Jim," he said.

Jim chuckled in the darkness, and waited for further information. The blocks passed by under their feet, and he grew impatient.

"Well, how about them goods?" he asked. "What kind of a haul did you make, anyway?"

"I was too busy to figger it out, but it's fat. I can tell you that much, Jim—it's fat. I don't dast to think how fat it is. Wait till we get to the room."

Jim looked at him keenly under the street-lamp of the next crossing, and saw that his face was a trifle grim and that he carried his left arm peculiarly.

"What's the matter with your arm?" he demanded.

"The little cuss bit me. Hope I don't get hydrophobia. Folks gets hydrophobia from man-bite sometimes, don't they?"

"Gave you a fight, eh?" Jim asked encouragingly.

The other grunted.

"You're harder'n hell to get information from," Jim burst out irritably. "Tell us about it. You ain't goin' to lose money just a-tellin' a pal."

"I guess I choked him some," came the answer. Then, by way of explanation, "He woke up on me."

"You did it neat; I never heard a sound."

"Jim," the other said with seriousness, "it's a hangin' matter. I fixed 'im. I had to; he woke up on me. You an' me's got to do some layin' low for a spell."

Jim gave a low whistle of comprehension. Then, "Did you hear me whistle?" he asked suddenly.

"Sure. I was all done, an' was just comin' out."

"It was a bull, but he wasn't on a little bit. Went right by, an' kept a-paddin' the hoof outa sight. Then I come back an'

gave you the whistle. What made you take so long after that?"

"I was waitin' to make sure," Matt explained. "I was mighty glad when I heard you whistle again. It's hard work waitin'. I just sat there an' thought an' thought—oh, all kinds of things. It's remarkable what a fellow'll think about. And then there was a darn cat that kept movin' around the house an' botherin' me with its noises."

"An' it's fat!" Jim exclaimed irrelevantly and with joy.

"I'm sure tellin' you, Jim, it's fat. I'm plumb anxious for another look at 'em."

Unconsciously the two men quickened their pace; yet they did not relax from their caution. Twice they changed their course in order to avoid policemen, and they made very sure that they were not observed when they dived into the dark hallway of a cheap rooming-house downtown. Not until they had gained their own room on the top floor did they scratch a match. While Jim lighted a lamp, Matt locked the door and threw the bolts into place. As he turned, he noticed that his partner was waiting expectantly. He smiled to himself at the other's eagerness.

"Them search-lights is all right," he said, drawing forth a small pocket electric lamp and examining it. "But we got to get a new battery. It's runnin' pretty weak. I thought once or twice it'd leave me in the dark. Funny arrangements in that house. I near got lost. His room was on the left, an' that fooled me some."

"I told you it was on the left," Jim interrupted.

"You told me it was on the right," Matt went on. "I guess I know what you told me, an' there's the map you drew."

Fumbling in his vest pocket, he drew out a folded slip of paper. As he unfolded it, Jim bent over and looked.

"I did make a mistake," he confessed.

"You sure did. It got me guessin' some for a while."

"But it don't matter now," Jim cried. "Let's see what you got."

"It does matter," Matt retorted. "It matters a lot—to me. I've got to run all the risk. I put my head in the trap while you stay on the street. You got to get on to yourself an' be more careful. All right, I'll show you."

He dipped loosely into his trousers pocket, and brought out a handful of small dia-

monds which he spilled out in a blazing stream on the greasy table. Jim let out a great oath.

"That's nothing," Matt said with triumphant complacence. "I ain't begun yet."

From one pocket after another he continued bringing forth the spoil. There were many diamonds wrapped in chamois-skin that were larger than those in the first handful. From one pocket he brought out a handful of very small cut gems.

"Sun-dust," he remarked, as he spilled them on the table in a space by themselves.

Jim examined them. "Just the same, they retail for a couple of dollars each," he said. "Is that all?"

"Ain't it enough?" the other demanded in an aggrieved tone.

"Sure it is," Jim answered with unqualified approval. "Better'n I expected. I wouldn't take a cent less than ten thousan' for the bunch."

"Ten thousan'?" Matt sneered. "They're worth twic't that, an' I don't know anything about joolery, either. Look at that big boy!"

He picked it out from the sparkling heap, and held it near to the lamp with the air of an expert weighing and judging.

"Worth a thousan' all by its lonely," was Jim's quicker judgment.

"A thousan', your grandmother!" was Matt's scornful rejoinder. "You couldn't buy it for three."

"Wake me up! I'm dreamin'!" The sparkle of the gems was in Jim's eyes, and he began sorting out the larger diamonds and examining them. "We're rich men, Matt; we'll be regular swells."

"It'll take years to get rid of 'em," was Matt's more practical thought.

"But think how we'll live—nothin' to do but spend the money an' go on gettin' rid of 'em!"

Matt's eyes were beginning to sparkle, though somberly, as his phlegmatic nature woke up. "I told you I didn't dast think how fat it was," he murmured in a low voice.

"What a killin'! What a killin'!" was the other's more ecstatic utterance.

"I almost forgot," Matt said, thrusting his hand into his inside coat pocket.

A string of large pearls emerged from wrappings of tissue-paper and chamois-skin.

Jim scarcely glanced at them. "They're

worth money," he said, and returned to the diamonds.

A silence fell on the two men. Jim played with the gems, running them through his fingers, sorting them into piles, and spreading them out flat and wide. He was a slender, wizened man, nervous, irritable, high-strung, and anemic—a typical child of the gutter, with unbeautiful twisted features, small-eyed, with face and mouth perpetually and feverishly hungry, brutish in a catlike way, and stamped to the core with degeneracy.

Matt did not finger the diamonds. He sat with chin on hands and elbows on table, blinking heavily at the blazing array. He was in every way a contrast to the other. No city had bred him. He was heavy-muscled and hairy, gorilla-like in strength and aspect. For him there was no unseen world. His eyes were full and wide apart, and there seemed in them a certain bold brotherliness. They inspired confidence; but a closer inspection would have shown that they were just a trifle too full, just a shade too wide apart. He exceeded, spilled over, the limits of normality, and his features told lies about the man beneath.

"The bunch is worth fifty thousan'," Jim remarked suddenly.

"A hundred thousan'," Matt said.

A long silence ensued, to be broken again by Jim. "What the devil was he doin' with 'em all at the house? That's what I want to know. I'd 'a' thought he'd kept 'em in the safe down at the store."

Matt had just been considering the vision of the throttled man as he had last looked upon him in the dim light of the electric lantern; but he did not start at the mention of him.

"There's no tellin'," he answered. "He might 'a' been gettin' ready to chuck his pardner. He might 'a' pulled out in the mornin' for parts unknown, if we hadn't happened along. I guess there's just as many thieves among honest men as there is among thieves. You read about such things in the papers, Jim. Pardners is always knifin' each other."

A queer look came into the other's eyes. Matt did not betray that he noted it, though he said,

"What was you thinkin' about, Jim?"

Jim was a trifle awkward for the moment. "Nothin'," he answered. "Only I was

thinkin' just how funny it was—all them jools at his house. What made you ask?"

"Nothin'. I was just wonderin', that was all."

Silence settled down, broken by an occasional low and nervous giggle on the part of Jim. He was overcome by the spread of gems. It was not that he felt their beauty; he was unaware that they were beautiful in themselves. But in them his swift imagination visioned the joys of life they would buy; and all the desires and appetites of his diseased mind and sickly flesh were tickled by the promise they extended. He builded wondrous, orgy-haunted castles out of their brilliant fires, and was appalled at what he builded. Then it was that he giggled; it was all too impossible to be real. And yet there they blazed on the table before him, fanning the flame of the lust of him, and he giggled again.

"I guess we might as well count 'em," Matt said suddenly, tearing himself away from his own visions. "You watch me an' see that it's square, because you an' me has got to be on the square, Jim. Understand?"

Jim did not like this, and betrayed it in his eyes; while Matt did not like what he saw in his partner's eyes.

"Understand?" Matt repeated, almost menacingly.

"Ain't we always been square?" the other replied, on the defensive, what of the treachery already whispering in him.

"It don't cost nothin' bein' square in hard times," Matt retorted. "It's bein' square in prosperity that counts. When we ain't got nothin', we can't help bein' square. We're prosperous now, an' we've got to be business men—honest business men. Understand?"

"That's the talk for me," Jim approved; but deep down in the meager soul of him, and in spite of him, wanton and lawless thoughts were stirring like chained beasts.

Matt stepped to the food-shelf behind the two-burner kerosene cooking-stove. He emptied the tea from a paper bag, and from a second bag emptied some red peppers. Returning to the table with the bags, he put into them the two sizes of small diamonds. Then he counted the large gems, and wrapped them in their tissue-paper and chamois-skin.

"Hundred an' forty-seven good-sized ones," ran his inventory; "twenty real big

ones; two big boys and one whopper; an' a couple of fistfuls of teeny ones an' dust."

He looked at Jim.

"Correct," was the response.

He wrote the count out on a slip of memorandum-paper, and made a copy of it, giving one slip to his partner and retaining the other. "Just for reference," he said.

Again he had recourse to the food-shelf, this time emptying the sugar from a large paper bag. Into this he thrust the diamonds, large and small, wrapped it up in a bandanna handkerchief, and stowed it away under his pillow. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and took off his shoes.

"An' you think they're worth a hundred thousan'?" Jim asked, pausing in the unlacing of his shoe and looking up.

"Sure," was the answer. "I seen a dance-house girl down in Arizona once, with some big sparklers on her. They wasn't real. She said if they was she wouldn't be dancin'. Said they'd be worth all of fifty thousan', an' she didn't have a dozen of 'em all told."

"Who'd work for a livin'?" Jim triumphantly demanded. "Pick an' shovel work!" he sneered. "Work like a dog all my life, an' save all my wages, an' I wouldn't have half as much as we got to-night."

"Dish-washin's about your measure, an' you couldn't get more'n twenty a month an' board. Your figgers is 'way off, but your point is well taken. Let them that likes it, work. I rode range for thirty a month when I was young an' foolish. Well, I'm older, an' I ain't ridin' range."

He got into bed on one side. Jim put out the light, and followed him in on the other side.

"How's your arm feel?" Jim queried amiably.

Such concern was unusual, and Matt noted it and replied:

"I guess there's no danger of hydrophobia. What made you ask?"

Jim felt in himself a guilty stir, and under his breath he cursed the other's way of asking disagreeable questions; but aloud he answered:

"Nothin'; only you seemed scared of it at first. What are you goin' to do with your share, Matt?"

"Buy a cattle-ranch in Arizona, an' set down an' pay other men to ride range for me. There's some several I'd like to see askin' a job from me, damn 'em! An' now

you shut your face, Jim. It'll be some time before I buy that ranch. Just now I'm goin' to sleep."

But Jim lay long awake, nervous and twitching, tossing about restlessly, and rolling himself wide awake every time he dozed. The diamonds still blazed under his eyelids, and the fire of them hurt. Matt, in spite of his heavy nature, slept lightly, like a wild animal alert in its sleep; and Jim noticed, every time he moved, that his partner's body moved sufficiently to show that it had received the impression and was trembling on the verge of awakening. For that matter, Jim did not know whether or not, frequently, the other was awake. Once, quietly, betokening complete consciousness, Matt said to him: "Aw, go to sleep, Jim. Don't worry about them jools. They'll keep." And Jim had thought that at that particular moment Matt was surely asleep.

In the late morning Matt was awake with Jim's first movement, and thereafter he awoke and dozed with him until midday, when they got up together and began dressing.

"I'm goin' out to get a paper an' some bread," Matt said. "You boil the coffee."

As Jim listened, unconsciously his gaze left Matt's face and roved to the pillow beneath which was the bundle wrapped in the bandanna handkerchief. On the instant Matt's face became like a wild beast's.

"Look here, Jim," he snarled, "you've got to play square. If you do me dirt, I'll fix you. Understand? I'd eat you, Jim. You know that. I'd bite right into your throat, an' eat you like that much beef-steak."

His sunburned skin was black with the surge of blood in it, and his tobacco-stained teeth were exposed by the snarling lips. Jim shivered and involuntarily cowered; there was death in the man he looked at. Only the night before that black-faced man had killed another with his hands, and it had not hurt his sleep. And in his own heart Jim was aware of a sneaking guilt, of a train of thought that merited all that was threatened.

Matt passed out, leaving him still shivering. Then hatred twisted his own face, and he softly hurled savage curses at the door. He remembered the jewels, and hastened to the bed, feeling under the pillow for the

bundle. He crushed it with his fingers to make certain that it still contained the diamonds. Assured that Matt had not carried them away, he turned toward the stove with a guilty start. Then he hurriedly lighted it, filled the coffee-pot at the sink, and put it over the flame.

The coffee was boiling when Matt returned, and while he cut the bread and put a slice of butter on the table, Jim poured out the coffee. It was not until he sat down and had taken a few sips of the coffee that Matt pulled out the morning paper from his pocket.

"We was way off," he said. "I told you I didn't dast figger out how fat it was. Look at that."

He pointed to the head-lines on the first page. "SWIFT NEMESIS ON BUJANNOFF'S TRACK," they read. "MURDERED IN HIS SLEEP AFTER ROBBING HIS PARTNER."

"There you have it!" Matt cried. "He robbed his partner—robbed him like a dirty thief."

"Half a million of jewels missing," Jim read aloud. He put the paper down and stared at Matt.

"That's what I told you," Matt said. "What in blazes do we know about jools? Half a million!—an' the best I could figger it was a hundred thousan'. Go on an' read the rest of it."

They read on silently, their heads side by side, the untouched coffee growing cold; and ever and anon one or the other burst forth with some salient printed fact.

"I'd like to seen Metzner's face when he opened the safe at the store this mornin'," Jim gloated.

"He hit the high places right away for Bujannoff's house," Matt explained. "Go on an' read."

"Was to have sailed last night at ten on the *Sajoda* for the South Seas—steamship delayed by extra freight——"

"That's why we caught 'im in bed," Matt interrupted. "It was just luck—like pickin' a fifty-to-one winner."

"*Sajoda* sailed at six this morning."

"He didn't catch her," Matt said. "I saw his alarm-clock was set at five. That'd given 'im plenty of time, only I come along an' put the kibosh on his time. Go on."

"Adolph Metzner in despair—the famous Haythorne pearl necklace—magnifi-

"Just Meat"

cently assorted pearls—valued by experts at from fifty to seventy thousand dollars."

Jim broke off to swear vilely and solemnly, concluding with, "Those damn oyster-eggs worth all that money!" Then he licked his lips and added,

"They was beauties an' no mistake."

"Big Brazilian gems," he read on.

"Eighty thousand dollars—many valuable gems of the first water—several thousand small diamonds well worth forty thousand."

"What you don't know about jools is worth knowin'," Matt smiled good-humoredly.

"Theory of the sleuths," Jim read.

"Thieves must have known—cleverly kept watch on Bujannoff's actions—must have learned his plan and trailed him to his house with the fruits of his robbery—"

"Clever, nothing!" Matt broke out. "That's the way reputations is made—in the noospapers. How'd we know he was robbin' his pardner?"

"Anyway, we've got the goods," Jim grinned. "Let's look at 'em again."

He assured himself that the door was locked and bolted, while Matt brought out the bundle and opened it on the table.

"Ain't they beauties, though!" Jim exclaimed, at sight of the pearls; and for a time he had eyes only for them. "Accordin' to the experts, worth from fifty to seventy thousan' dollars."

"An' women like them things," Matt commented. "An' they'll do everything to get 'em—sell themselves, commit murder, anything."

"Just like you an' me."

"Not on your life," Matt retorted. "I'll commit murder for 'em, not for their own sakes, but for what they'll get me. That's the difference. Women want the jools for themselves, an' I want the jools for the women an' such things they'll get me."

"Lucky that men an' women don't want the same things," Jim remarked.

"That's what makes commerce," Matt agreed—"people wantin' different things."

In the middle of the afternoon Jim went out to buy food. While he was gone, Matt cleared the table of the jewels, wrapping them up as before and putting them under the pillow. Then he lighted the stove, and started to boil water for the coffee. A few minutes later, Jim returned.

"Most surprisin'," he remarked. "Streets an' stores an' people just like they always

was. Nothin' changed. An' me walkin' along through it all a millionaire. Nobody looked at me an' guessed it."

Matt grunted unsympathetically. He had little comprehension of the lighter whims and fancies of his partner's imagination.

"Did you get a porterhouse?" he demanded.

"Sure, an' an inch thick. It's a peach. Look at it."

He unwrapped the steak and held it up for the other's inspection. Then he made the coffee and set the table, while Matt fried the steak.

"Don't put on too much of them red peppers," Jim warned. "I ain't used to your Mexican cookin'. You always season too hot."

Matt grunted a laugh, and went on with his cooking. Jim poured out the coffee, but first he emptied into the nicked china cup a powder he had carried in his vest pocket wrapped in a rice-paper. He had turned his back for the moment on his partner, but he did not dare to glance around at him. Matt placed a newspaper on the table, and on the newspaper set the hot frying-pan. He cut the steak in half, and served Jim and himself.

"Eat her while she's hot," he counseled, and with knife and fork set the example.

"She's a dandy," was Jim's judgment, after his first mouthful. "But I tell you one thing straight: I'm never goin' to visit you on that Arizona ranch, so you needn't ask me."

"What's the matter now?" Matt asked.

"The Mexican cookin' on your ranch 'd be too much for me. If I've got hell a-comin' in the next life, I'm not goin' to torment my insides in this one. Damned peppers!"

He smiled, expelled his breath forcibly to cool his burning mouth, drank some coffee, and went on eating the steak.

"What do you think about the next life, anyway, Matt?" he asked a little later, while secretly he wondered why the other had not yet touched his coffee.

"Ain't no next life," Matt answered, pausing from the steak to take his first sip of coffee, "nor heaven, nor hell, nor nothin'. You get all that's comin' right here in this life."

"An' afterward?" Jim queried, out of his morbid curiosity, for he knew that he looked upon a man who was soon to die. "An' afterward?" he repeated.

"Did you ever see a man two weeks dead?" the other asked.

Jim shook his head.

"Well, I have. He was like this beef-steak you an' me is eatin'. It was once steer cavortin' over the landscape. But now it's just meat. That's all—just meat. An' that's what you an' me an' all people come to—meat."

Matt gulped down the whole cup of coffee, and refilled the cup. "Are you scared to die?" he asked.

Jim shook his head. "What's the use? I don't die, anyway. I pass on an' live again."

"To go stealin', an' lyin', and snivelin' through another life, an' go on that way for ever, an' ever, an' ever?" Matt sneered.

"Maybe I'll improve," Jim suggested hopefully. "Maybe stealin' won't be necessary in the life-to-come."

He ceased abruptly, and stared straight before him, a frightened expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" Matt demanded.

"Nothin'. I was just wonderin'" — Jim returned to himself with an effort—"about this dyin', that was all."

But he could not shake off the fright that had startled him. It was as if an unseen thing of gloom had passed him by, casting upon him the intangible shadow of its presence. He was aware of a feeling of foreboding. Something ominous was about to happen. Calamity hovered in the air. He gazed fixedly across the table at the other man. He could not understand. Was it that he had blundered and poisoned himself? No, Matt had the nicked cup, and he had certainly put the poison in the nicked cup. It was all his own imagination, was his next thought. It had played him tricks before. Fool! Of course it was. Of course something was about to happen, but it was about to happen to Matt. Had not Matt drunk the whole cup of coffee? He brightened up and finished his steak, sopping bread in the gravy when the meat was gone.

"When I was a kid—" he began, but broke off abruptly.

Again the unseen thing of gloom had fluttered by, and his being was vibrant with premonition of impending misfortune. He felt a disruptive influence at work in the flesh of him, and in all his muscles there was a seeming that they were about to begin to twitch. He sat back suddenly, and as

suddenly leaned forward with his elbows on the table. A tremor ran dimly through the muscles of his body. It was like the first rustling of leaves before the oncoming of wind. He clenched his teeth. It came again, a spasmodic tensing of his muscles. He knew panic at the revolt within his being. His muscles no longer recognized his mastery over them. Again they spasmodically tensed, despite the will of him, for he had willed that they should not tense. This was revolution within himself, this was anarchy; and the terror of impotence held him as his flesh gripped and seemed to seize him in a clutch, chills running up and down his back and sweat starting on his brow. He glanced about the room, and all the details of it smote him with a strange sense of familiarity. It was as though he had just returned from a long journey. He looked across the table at his partner. Matt was watching him and smiling. An expression of horror spread over his face.

"My God, Matt!" he screamed, "you ain't doped me?"

Matt smiled and continued to watch him. In the paroxysm that followed, Jim did not become unconscious. His muscles tensed and twitched and knotted, hurting him and crushing him in their savage grip. And in the midst of it all, it came to him that Matt was acting queerly, that he was traveling the same road. The smile had gone from his face, and there was in it an intent expression, as if he were listening to some inner tale of himself and trying to divine the message. Matt got up and walked across the room and back again, then sat down.

"You did this, Jim," he said quietly.

"But I didn't think you'd try to fix me," Jim answered reproachfully.

"Oh, I fixed you all right," Matt said, with teeth close together and body shivering. "What did you give me?"

"Strychnin."

"Same as I gave you," Matt volunteered. "It's a bad mess, ain't it?"

"You're lyin', Matt," Jim pleaded. "You ain't doped me, have you?"

"I sure did, Jim; an' I didn't overdose you, neither. I cooked it in as neat as you please in your half the porterhouse. Hold on! Where're you goin'?"

Jim had made a dash for the door, and was throwing back the bolts. Matt sprang in between, and shoved him away.

"Drug store," Jim panted. "Drug store."

"Just Meat"

"No, you don't. You'll stay right here. There ain't goin' to be any runnin' out an' makin' a poison-play on the street—not with all them jools reposin' under the pillow. Savve? Even if you didn't die, you'd be in the hands of the police, with a whole lot of explanations comin'. Emetics is the stuff for poison. I'm just as bad bit as you, an' I'm goin' to take a emetic. That's all they'd give you at a drug store, anyway."

He thrust Jim back into the middle of the room, and shot the bolts into place again. As he went across the floor to the food-shelf, he passed one hand over his brow and flung off the beaded sweat. It splattered audibly on the floor. Jim watched agonizedly as Matt got the mustard-can and a cup and ran for the sink. He stirred a cupful of mustard and water and drank it down. Jim had followed him, and was reaching with trembling hands for the empty cup. Again Matt shoved him away. As he mixed a second cupful, he demanded:

"D'you think one cup'll do for me? You can wait till I'm done."

Jim started to totter toward the door, but Matt checked him.

"If you monkey with that door, I'll twist your neck. Savve? You can take yours when I'm done. An' if it saves you, I'll twist your neck, anyway. You ain't got no chance, nohow. I told you many times what you'd get if you did me dirt."

"But you did me dirt, too," Jim articulated with an effort.

Matt was drinking the second cupful, and did not answer. The sweat had got into Jim's eyes, and he could scarcely see his way to the table, where he got a cup for himself. But Matt was mixing a third cupful, and thrust him away, as before.

"I told you to wait till I was done," he growled. "Get outa my way."

Jim supported his twitching body by holding on to the sink, the while he yearned toward the yellowish concoction that stood for life. It was by sheer will that he stood and clung to the sink; his flesh strove to double him up and bring him to the floor. Matt drank the third cupful, and with difficulty managed to get to a chair and sit down. His first paroxysm was passing. The spasms that afflicted him were dying away. This good effect he ascribed to the mustard and water. He was safe at any rate. He wiped the sweat from his face,

and, in the interval of calm, found room for curiosity. He looked at his partner.

A spasm had shaken the mustard-can out of Jim's hands, and the contents were spilled upon the floor. He stooped to scoop some of the mustard into the cup, and the next spasm doubled him up on the floor.

Matt smiled. "Stay with it," he urged. "It's the stuff all right. It's fixed me up."

Jim heard him, and turned toward him a stricken face, twisted with suffering and pleading. Spasm now followed spasm till he was in convulsions, rolling on the floor and yellowing his face in the mustard.

Matt laughed hoarsely at the sight, but the laugh broke midway. A tremor had run through his body. A new paroxysm was beginning. He arose and staggered across to the table, and clung to it, filled with the horror of going down to the floor.

Jim's paroxysm had passed, and he sat up, weak and fainting. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and groans that were like whines came from his throat.

"What are you snifflin' about?" Matt demanded, out of his agony. "All you got to do is die, an' when you die you're dead."

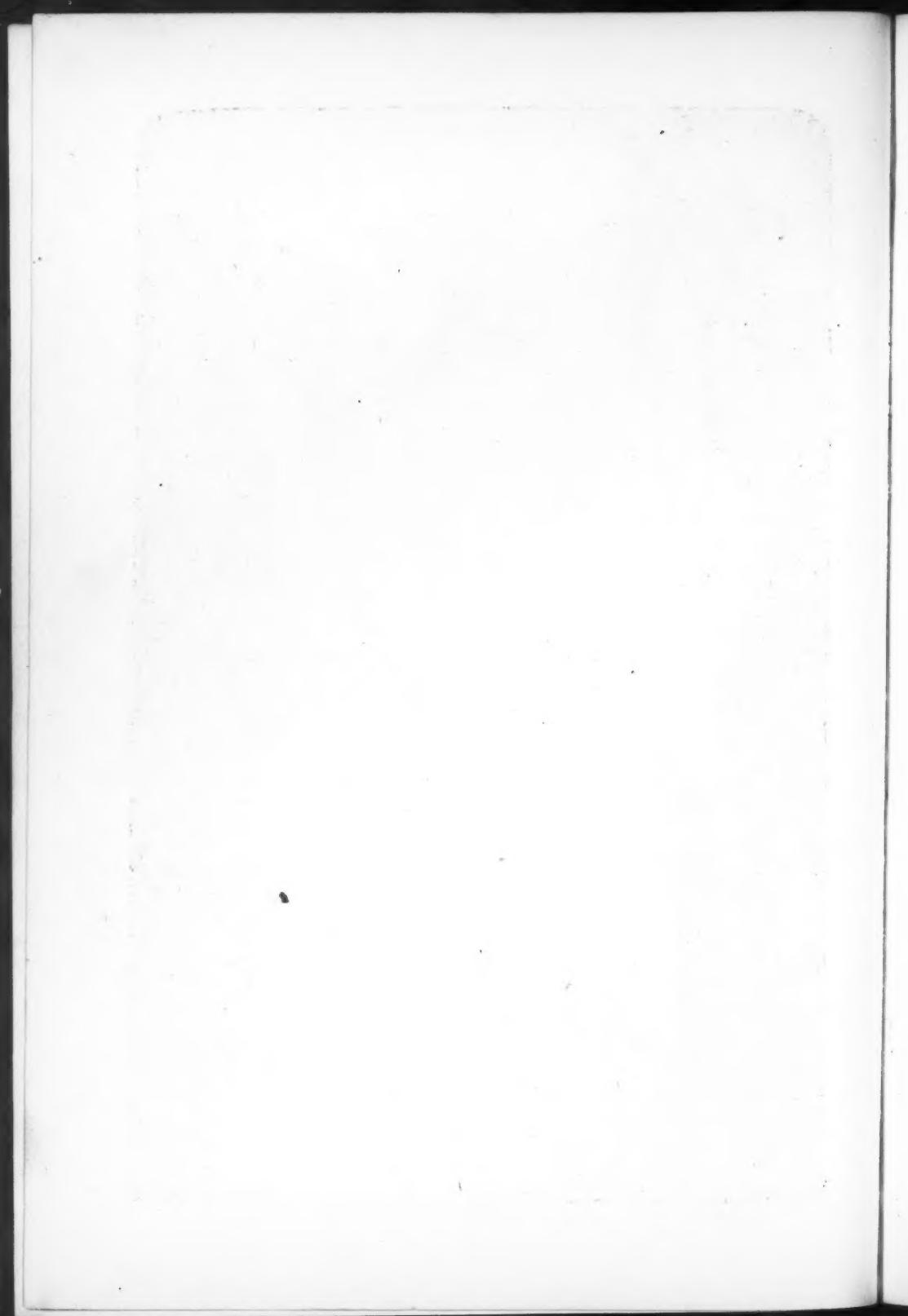
"I—ain't—snifflin'—it's—the—mustard—stingin'—my—eyes," Jim panted.

It was his last successful attempt at speech. Thereafter he babbled incoherently, pawing the air with shaking arms till a fresh convolution stretched him on the floor.

Matt struggled back to the chair, and, doubled up on it, fought with his disintegrating flesh. He came out of the convolution cool and weak. He looked to see how it went with the other, and saw him lying motionless. He tried to soliloquize, to be facetious, to have his last grim laugh at life, but his lips made only incoherent sounds. The thought came to him that the emetic had failed, and that nothing remained but the drug store. He looked toward the door, and drew himself to his feet. There he saved himself from falling by clutching the chair. Another paroxysm had begun. In the midst of it, with his body flying apart and writhing and twisting back again into knots, he clung to the chair and shoved it before him across the floor. The last shreds of his will were leaving him when he gained the door. He turned the key and shot back one bolt. He fumbled for the second bolt, but failed. Then he leaned against the door, and slid gently to the floor.



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The Truth About Christian Science

By the Earl of Dunmore

Charles A. Murray, seventh Earl of Dunmore, born in 1841, is a prominent Scotch peer and baron of the United Kingdom. He served with distinction in the British army and was for many years a lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. He is also a noted hunter and traveler and has published several books on India and Central Asia. With his family he is a firm believer in the principles of Christian Science, and the following article explains the reasons for his faith. He has been most influential in the spread of Christian Science throughout Great Britain where it is now making relatively greater progress than in America, and one of his daughters, Lady Victoria Murray, is a Science practitioner in Manchester, England. Lord Dunmore spends much of his time on his magnificent estate of nearly eighty thousand acres in Inverness-shire, Scotland.



VERY political and religious movement of any consequence has invariably become an important factor in the making of the world's history; and just as every political movement has had its head, so in like manner has every religious movement had its leader, from the days of Moses to those of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

There is no doubt that every circumstance connected with religion is being more diligently investigated to-day by deep thinkers of both sexes than it ever was before. This is nothing more nor less than the spiritual activity of the human mind making itself felt in its research for that truth which elevates human thought and purifies human aspirations. Consequently when the most important religious movement that mankind has witnessed since the foundation of Christianity itself, namely, Christian Science, was revealed to the world, it was at the same time divinely decreed that the revealer of this great truth should be a woman, devout, unselfish, and with a spiritual understanding of those laws which relate of Christ and his teachings as found in the Bible—a woman whose loving, self-sacrificing nature should be ever prominent before the world, as an example for everyone to follow. Thus was Mrs. Eddy's mission ordained to be a mission of love in the true spiritual acception of the term, and that she has conscientiously ful-

filled and is still nobly fulfilling that mission has been amply demonstrated, during the whole of her ministry, not only to her immediate followers, but to the world at large.

The first proof vouchsafed to me of the healing power of Christian Science came in the summer of 1892, in Kashmir. My wife, who was at that time a great sufferer from a spinal complaint, and had not been able to put her feet to the ground for a number of years, was literally snatched from the jaws of death, through reading the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy. This book had been lent to her by a lady who, like herself, had left India in the hot weather for the more congenial climate of Kashmir.

The English doctors in Kashmir not only declared my wife's case a hopeless one, but went so far as to warn her of the sentence of death. There was no Christian Science practitioner in the country, and Christian Science, in the year 1892, was so little known outside of the United States and Canada that none of my family had ever heard of it before. Still, there was the book, and she studied it diligently, and by dint of that study she learned that there was no necessity for her to die, that there is but one life, and that life is eternal. She also learned that mortal mind as expressed by her physicians had no power to make any law that should condemn her to die. She learned that she was governed by spiritual and not by material laws, and that her body was

sustained by spirit and not by matter. She was able, through the study of "Science and Health," to realize the truth of being, to know that God is love, that he is indeed a loving Father, who never ordained that any of his children were to die. *And she lived!*

That was my first experience of the healing power of Christian Science, and I have had many experiences since. The next one was my own case. When I joined the Christian Science Church I had been suffering for four years with an ailment which one of the leading surgeons in London told me was incurable. I was unable in consequence to take any violent exercise. As soon, therefore, as I realized what Christian Science meant, I put myself unreservedly in the hands of a member of my family, and after five weeks' treatment was completely healed. This took place nine years ago. Two years after I was healed I had occasion to be medically examined in Scotland, by a doctor attached to an insurance company, in whose office I was about to take out a life-policy, and when I called his attention purposely to the fact that I had suffered a physical ailment and been healed of it, he made a minute examination of me, and declared most emphatically that there was absolutely no trace of it, and asserted, in the same manner that the London surgeon had done, that such a malady was incurable. On another occasion a surgeon, a perfect stranger to me, having heard of my case, came to my house in London and asked leave to examine me, which I, in the interests of Christian Science, permitted him to do. He also pronounced me perfectly sound in that respect, and it was not until I had shown him a letter, written to me by the London surgeon referred to, on the subject of my ailment, that he would believe that I had ever suffered from such a malady. That letter is still in my possession. I may add that I have not touched a drop of medicine nor called in a doctor for the past ten years, and the same can be said by other members of my family for the past fourteen years.

It is not, however, for the physical benefits alone that I have received from Christian Science, that I am so grateful. It is rather for the great change it has brought about in my home and in my everyday life. To enlarge upon this subject is not possible, nor is it desirable, because there are often incidents and episodes in a man's life far too

sacred to lay bare before the eyes of the world, however anxious he might be to give the world the benefit of his experience in that direction. Suffice it to say that, so far as I am personally concerned, I can affirm that I never knew the meaning of real happiness until I became a Christian Scientist. Amusements, relaxations, tastes, and pursuits that seemed to me in the old days the only things that made life worth living, I now know had never the true ring of happiness about them; they afforded me but a spurious kind of satisfaction, which I, in my ignorance of what life really means, mistook for happiness. The world that one day appeared to me so full of what I mistook for happiness and joy would the very next day appear to me to be gloomy and miserable, full of doubt and discord; whereas to-day there is no shadow of uncertainty over the world as revealed to me in Christian Science, but a lasting sense of peace, sunshine, happiness, and love. Even money troubles can have no power to disturb the equanimity of the Christian Scientist, once he has brought himself to realize that God—and not man—is the source of all supply.

Christian Science teaches us to depend upon God for everything. It defines the relationship between God and man, showing man to be inseparable from his Creator. It defines God as the one Infinite Mind, and man as the infinite reflection of that Mind. Like all exact sciences, Christian Science rests not on theory for the evidence of its truth, but rather on proof, and it must be and is supported by indisputable demonstration. Notwithstanding the fact that the proof consists of the healing, yet the healing itself, to quote Mrs. Eddy's words, is but "the bugle-call to thought and action in the higher range of infinite goodness." I say this because I believe there is a very prevalent idea that Christian Science is simply a newly discovered healing process for physical ailments, and has little or no ethical side to it at all; and it is that erroneous idea which raises so much antagonism in the minds of those people who talk about it as the new religion, the new faith-cure, little knowing that, so far from being a new religion, it is in reality the oldest Christian religion in the world, inasmuch as it is simply a clear understanding of the religion of Christ, the practice of which was carried on nearly two thousand years ago by Jesus himself. The students of Christian Science

soon learn that the healing of physical ailments is but a very small part of the Christian Science whole.

There is one more personal experience I feel constrained to give, not so much as a manifestation of the healing power of Christian Science for physical ailments, but more as proof of its efficacy to overcome and destroy that most subtle of all the emotions, namely, *fear*.

It happened in 1899, in one of the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, where I was living at the time, being personally interested in some mines. I was about two hundred and fifty miles from the so-called capital of the island, and was preparing to return there on important business, when the little steamer which put in to take me brought the news of a severe outbreak of the plague at the capital. The captain of the steamer strongly urged me not to think of going; my mining staff said, "Stop up here at the mines, where you will be quite safe," and fear whispered in my ear, "Stop here; why go down and take the plague and die?" I certainly felt strongly inclined to stop where I was, for fear of the plague had taken possession of me. Still, I knew that duty called me to headquarters. In a state of pitiable indecision I went back to my little bungalow at the mines, and the first thing that caught my eye was "Science and Health," lying on the table. A small accusing voice seemed to whisper within me, "Are you a Christian Scientist or a coward?" I knew which I was at that moment, and I knew it was fear I had to fight, fear of getting the plague and dying, for recovery in a case of the plague was rare. I took the little book off the table, and it seemed to open itself quite naturally at the following paragraph: "Fear is based on false beliefs about life and health, and is also undoubtedly propagated and sustained by the universal but erroneous supposition that sickness, pain, and disease are an institution of God, and that man is powerless to protect himself against them. But here Christian Science comes in and shows how man can obtain the mastery over both pain and disease, and just in proportion as he gains this understanding, so will he gradually lose all consciousness of fear and be able to say with the evangelist, 'There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear.'"

After reading and digesting this I had a severe struggle with my fear, and by evening

had it quite beaten, and went on board the steamer with those beautiful words of the Ninety-first Psalm ringing in my ears: "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

The next day the plague broke out on board the little steamer, and for four days and nights I was shut up in that plague-stricken ship, whose crew of Chinamen nearly all took the disease and mostly died in a few hours. Again I turned to Christian Science for help, and this time knew no fear. For seven weary months after this I was forced to live in that plague-stricken town, with people whom I knew dying all around me. We were completely cut off from the outside world, Australia, the nearest continent, being sixteen hundred miles away, and sending no ships to the island till the plague had died out. I am quite sure that had it not been for Christian Science I could never have gone through those terrible seven months.

There are thousands of people no doubt who are in utter ignorance of the great debt of gratitude that mankind owes Mrs. Eddy for her unwearied labors for the regeneration and salvation of humanity. And there are also, on the other hand, thousands of people who cannot plead ignorance of the splendid work she has accomplished in the world, but who still seek some sign—skeptics who still desire some convincing proof that she herself practices the love and Christian forbearance which she preaches. To these I would simply say, study for yourselves the events of the past few weeks, and you will get your answer, and find your proofs of Mrs. Eddy's Christian-like forbearance in refraining from administering any well-earned rebuke, or making any bitter replies to the cruel and unprovoked attacks made upon her by her enemies, showing thereby that she implicitly follows in the footsteps of him "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." By this, her patient, long-suffering, and dignified silence, Mrs. Eddy has gained the respect of that portion of the civilized world which knew her not before, and she has earned the additional love and increased veneration of her many followers, followers who would fain emulate her

The Truth About Christian Science

example had they sufficient spiritual understanding to enable them to love their enemies as she does. Mrs. Eddy is so spiritually minded herself that she is able to bless them that curse her, and do good to them that despitefully use her and persecute her.

We learn from the most authentic source that even as a child she was imbued with a spiritual consciousness rare to find in one so young; that at a comparatively early age she studied natural philosophy, logic, and moral science. A few years afterward she became a candidate for membership in a Congregational Church, the pastor and members of which believed in the doctrine of predestination. Against this terrible creed the child protested, declaring she could never join the church if adherence to this doctrine was an essential of membership. She was, however, together with her protest, finally accepted as a member, and she remained a member of that church until she discovered Christian Science and founded a church of her own. It was in 1866 that this discovery came about. It was occasioned by an accident, a fall considered fatal, from which she recovered by relying unreservedly upon God.

Reasoning from cause to effect, Mrs. Eddy felt certain that there must be a divine law somewhere back of this healing, and feeling impelled to find it out for herself, she retired from the world for a period of three whole years, during which time she gave herself up entirely to a search of the Scriptures, in order to find (in her own words), "The Science of Mind that should take the things of God and show them to the creature and reveal the great curative Principle—Deity." She declares that the Bible was her only text-book, that it answered all her questions as to how she was healed, "but the Scriptures had for her a new meaning, a new tongue, their spiritual signification appeared, and she apprehended for the first time their spiritual meaning, Jesus' teaching and demonstration, and the Principle and rule of spiritual science and metaphysical healing—in a word, Christian Science."

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the results gained during those years of retirement, because when they came to an end Mrs. Eddy was not only able to present to mankind the science of being, but was in a position to announce the glad tidings

which were destined to revolutionize the world, namely, that she had demonstrated beyond all doubt the principle she had discovered.

Such has been the rapidity of the growth of this science that, notwithstanding the comparatively short time that has elapsed since its foundation, there are to-day in America, Canada, Australia, England, France, Germany, and Holland, nine hundred and ninety-five Christian Science organizations holding Sunday services. Some thousands of duly qualified practitioners are doing noble work among the sick, while as for these latter who have benefited by the practice of Christian Science, it was authoritatively stated at the World's Congress of Religions in 1894 that more than one million cases of disease had been healed by Christian Science up to that date, many of these cases having been previously pronounced incurable by the medical profession.

It is but a short time since I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing for some time with Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View, Concord, New Hampshire. (And I am sure my readers will forgive me if I state here, for the benefit of the skeptics, that it positively was the same Mrs. Eddy that I have known so certainly for eight years. There is but one Mrs. Eddy in the world.) Directly I saw her I was much struck with her healthy and vigorous appearance, and I watched her as she got out of her carriage and noticed how firmly she walked up the steps into the hall.

When I was ushered into her study she rose without any effort to greet me, and conversed with me on various subjects, and I was as much struck with the extreme vigor of her mind as I was with her extraordinary memory, for she recalled to my remembrance incidents which took place eight years ago, when I first went to Concord to visit her. I have had the pleasure of seeing her several times since that date, 1898, and I never saw her looking better than she looked the other day. Mrs. Eddy is as vigorous and healthy as any woman of half her age, and she takes a keen and lively interest in all the leading subjects of the day. The amount of work she gets through in one day is almost incredible, writing, as she does, all her own letters without glasses, and finding time to go up- and downstairs to attend to her household arrangements.

The Guest of the Ghetto

By Bruno Lessing



To understand and sympathize with the perturbation of the congregation Anshei Sinie—the organization that controlled the religious fortunes of the chosen people of the little town of Wilton, which lies not far from the metropolis—it is necessary that you should know this, one of the oldest traditions (you may call them superstitions) of the children of Israel: When a new cemetery is opened it is desirable that a very old person shall be the first to be buried there. Because it will follow that all the others who are buried there will also die at an old age. But if, through mischance, the first to be interred in the new ground should be of tender age, it is an omen that most of the community will die young.

The new cemetery had been dedicated and consecrated in proper *kosher* fashion. But the community of Wilton was young, and, on looking around them, the elders of the congregation found, to their dismay, that the community was exceedingly healthy and, furthermore, that the only prospects of death lay in unforeseen accidents which might befall the very youngest as probably as the oldest. Which condition of affairs presented a pretty howdado. Koshel, the wealthy butcher, threatened to leave the community if a young person should happen to be the first to shuffle off the mortal coil. Koshel was going to take no chances. And as Koshel was paying the rent of the synagogue and half the salary of the chazan, the departure of Koshel meant serious loss. Then it was that Moische Abramovitch—long will his name be remembered in the congregation Anshei Sinie—proposed the scheme which solved the problem.

"New York," said he—"Nev Yo-ark" was what he really called it—"is full of

poor, old Jews who are living on charity and who have one foot in the grave. Why can we not take the oldest and most decrepit of these, bring him out here to Wilton, and support him in comfort until he is good enough to die and bring everlasting good luck to our cemetery?"

The elders were dumfounded. The simplicity and the utter completeness of the suggestion robbed them of the power of speech. They looked at Moische and simply gasped. It was as if you had suddenly discovered that a member of your own family was a Napoleon. And then, when the shock had passed, they burst into loud murmurs of joyous approbation.

Now you may not believe all this that follows, but nevertheless it is true. I have a suspicion that all the good stories that ever were told were based, more or less, on truth, and that the most admired flights of human imagination are hardly ever more than exaggerations of actual experiences. But this every member of the congregation Anshei Sinie will vouch for.

Moische Abramovitch, Schlome Megilow-sky, and Dowidl Schamesohn were appointed a committee of three to ransack the Ghetto of New York for the oldest, most decrepit, and poorest son of Israel, and, when they had found him, to lure him to Wilton with assurances that he could spend his remaining days in peace and comfort. The committee returned with Zeitl Cohen.

"On der first day uf der month"—on state occasions Koshel invariably spoke in English—"he iss der guest uf me. On der second day he iss der guest uf Moische Abramovitch. On der t'oid day he lifs mit Chaim Hyman. On der fourt' day Ezra Buchbinder hass der honor." And as it was quite a large congregation Koshel had no difficulty in apportioning Zeitl through the thirty-one days of the month. When Koshel announced that the Widow

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Schoenberg and her son were to provide for Zeitl on the thirteenth day of each month, Moische Abramovitch grinned. Moische, you see, was superstitious.

Then arose Zeitl. "Brothers," he croaked. Zeitl was sixty years old and nearly blind. His form was so emaciated that you could have counted most of the bones in his body. His skin was the color of old parchment. His hair was snowy white; his beard grew in disconnected patches. He was very deaf. His voice was feeble and squeaky, as if from lack of practice. "Brothers," he said, in trembling Yiddish, "it is good of you to bring me here into the pure country air to spend the rest of my days. But before I can accept your kindness it is necessary that I tell you what the doctor in the hospital said to me. 'Zeitl,' he said, 'you are an old man, and you cannot live long. But the worst thing that you can do—and it will surely shorten your days—is to change the habits that you have had all your life. You are accustomed to smoke a pipe all day long. Keep this up. You are accustomed to drink a pint of schnapps every day—not very much at a time, only one swallow, but it amounts to a pint before you go to bed. Whatever happens, keep this up.' Brothers, I leave myself in your hands."

Koshel nodded significantly to Moische Abramovitch, who promptly grasped Zeitl firmly by the collar, and led him out of the room. Then the congregation Anshei Sinie went into executive session.

"Brudders," said Koshel, "I know vot kind uf a feeling you haf. But vunce I had an uncle vot vas terrible old, unt der doctor said der same t'ing to him: he must drink unt smoke just like he used. So I know he iss telling der truth."

Schlome Megilowsky shook his head. "Not by me," he said. "Coffee unt dinner unt supper—yes. But a pipe unt schnapps—ven I don't even haf dem for myself, v'y should I haf dem for a man vot iss only waiting to die?"

But once more Koshel came to the front. "Brudders," said he, "der good must be taken mit der bad. Der consequences iss dot der bad must be taken mit der good. Vot does a pipe unt a pint of schnapps cost? Twenty cents. Iss der good luck for all uf us not better as twenty cents? Sure. Let us not be stingy. If Brudder Megilowsky vill not gif der

poor man schnapps unt tobacco, I gif it for him, twice, t'ree times, twenty times."

Murmurs of approbation silenced the budding objections of others. And then, by unanimous vote, it was decided that Zeitl was entitled to his daily allowance of tobacco and schnapps.

It being the sixth day of the month it fell to Schlome Megilowsky to act the host to Zeitl. It was but a short walk to Schlome's home, but he almost had to carry his guest the whole distance.

"I haf not walked for a long time," said Zeitl feebly. On the way home Schlome carefully deposited his guest upon the sidewalk, and stopped to purchase a pint of schnapps. To his delight he found a variety which cost only ten cents a pint.

"Here," he said, "iss your tam schnapps." Zeitl took a long drink from the bottle, and rose to his feet with amazing alacrity. "It makes out uf me a new man," said he.

Schlome explained the situation to his wife, and after carefully laying his guest upon a sofa and covering him with shawls went about his day's work. When he returned he found Zeitl sitting on the porch, cheerfully smoking a pipe and whittling a stick of wood for Schlome's youngest boy.

"How do you feel?" asked Schlome, quite affably.

"Fine!" said Zeitl. "Better as I haf felt in a year. It iss fine air vot you got here. I haf a terrible appetite."

And Schlome observed, to his dismay, that Zeitl's voice had taken on a stronger and more resonant tone. The next morning he informed his guest that it was Dowidl Schamesohn's turn to provide for him that day.

"I vill take you to his house," he said.

"Oh, it iss much better dot I go by myself," said Zeitl. "Tell me vare it iss unt I find it. I feel like taking a long walk to-day—I feel so strong."

Schlome told him where Dowidl lived and Zeitl went off whistling.

"Here comes the *schnorrer*" (beggar), said Dowidl to his wife.

"Peace be with you!" said Zeitl cheerily. "Is breakfast ready?"

Dowidl and his wife gazed at each other in dismay. "Has not Schlome provided for you this morning?" they asked Zeitl.

"Oh, yes," responded Zeitl, seating him-

self in a comfortable armchair. "I had coffee and bread. But it is a long walk, and the air is so fine that I am terribly hungry again."

They brought him another breakfast and a pipe and tobacco, and for four hours Zeitl loafed in glorious comfort. Then he went for a short stroll, and returned with another appetite.

"How are you feeling?" asked Dowidl, upon his return that evening.

"In twenty years," replied Zeitl, in English, "I haf not so good felt. I could climb a whole mountain unt eat a hundred *pfannekuchen*" (pancakes).

"Dere iss some coal in der yard vot you can carry in der cellar," suggested Dowidl hopefully.

Zeitl shook his head. "I am a old man. I haf not long to lif. Der doctor said I should take life easy. Do you sometimes haf *pfannekuchen* for supper?"

"Good riddance," said Dowidl to his wife the next morning, as the guest departed. But his wife smiled. "He is not so bad. He is very good-natured. While you were away he was singing a lot of funny songs." Then, after a pause, "Do I look fifty years old, Dowidl?"

"Sure you do. You're fifty-four."

She tossed her head indignantly. "Zeitl says I don't look a day over forty."

Somehow or other the women folk seemed to take to Zeitl. After a hearty meal the old man, reclining in a comfortable chair with a pipe in his mouth, would exert himself to pay pleasant compliments to his hostess. There are men born to do these things gracefully; to say exactly the right, airy nothing that soothes a woman's soul; to instill, by look or intonation, a world of meaning into the most commonplace flattery. Zeitl was one of these. When he told Mrs. Ginsberg, who weighed fully two hundred and forty pounds, that she seemed to be growing slimmer, he told it in a way that warmed Mrs. Ginsberg's heart. This despite the fact that he had never laid eyes upon Mrs. Ginsberg before.

A week passed quickly, and Zeitl's girth began to increase. Then the wrinkles in his face began to fade away, and his beard seemed to grow more symmetrical and less scraggy. The parchment-like hue of his countenance slowly changed to a healthy pink glow. His sight improved, and his eyes grew clearer and brighter.

And the stout cane upon which he used to lean so heavily he began to swing quite jauntily as he walked. Upon the thirteenth of the month he came to the Widow Schoenberg. He found Moische Abramovitch there, red in the face and quite perturbed. But Moische grinned when the *schnorrer* appeared.

"Peace be with you!" exclaimed Zeitl. And then, gazing long and intently at the widow's face, he removed his battered hat and made a profound bow. "Age," said he, "salutes Beauty!"

The widow beamed with pleasure, and Moische's countenance fell in discomfiture.

"Mr. Abramovitch," said Zeitl, "when the congregation meets again, will you be so kind as to tell them that I need a new suit of clothes?"

Moische gasped. "Clothes?" he cried. "Pipes, schnapps, food; what else do you want? A horse and carriage? A diamond ring?"

"For shame!" broke in the widow. "Of course he needs clothes. A gentleman cannot wear such clothes."

"Gentleman?" gasped Moische. "Oy! oy! oy!" And, incapable of speech, he fled.

"A little bird whispered to me," said Zeitl, with a winning smile, "that you make the best *pfannekuchen* in Wilton. Can it be true?"

On the following morning Zeitl set forth to spend the day with the Aaronsons, but at noon he returned to visit the Widow Schoenberg.

"Just to pay my respects," he explained. "The Aaronson *pfannekuchen* are too soft."

The Widow Schoenberg threatened to disrupt the entire congregation unless a new suit of clothes was forthcoming for Zeitl, and it ended—because a contest between a widow and a congregation could not end otherwise—in Zeitl getting the suit of clothes. Koshel himself took Zeitl to the tailor and to the haberdasher, and selected apparel which he thought would be appropriate for an antiquated pauper. But Zeitl showed surprising stubbornness. He knew exactly what he wanted. "I get it or I don't get it," he said, in emphatic English. "Dot iss der question. If I get it I stay here unt die some day. If I don't get it I go back to lif in Nev Yo-ark."

"But a red necktie!" exclaimed Koshel;

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"dot iss not'ing for a old man. Even I am too old for dot. My little boy hass a red necktie on Shabbas."

"He iss a smart boy if he iss like his papa," said Zeitl. "I vant a red necktie."

On the following Shabbas morning the congregation Anshei Sinie collapsed *en masse*. Zeitl, arrayed in the full glory of a frock coat, with a flaming red scarf, his white beard neatly trimmed, had waited for the whole congregation to gather before making his triumphant entry. And then, smiling to right and to left, he strode blithely down the aisle. Upon his head rested the most resplendent silk hat which the congregation Anshei Sinie had ever beheld.

"Vare did you get it?" whispered Moische hoarsely, pointing to the shining hat.

"Dot iss a present from a lady frent," replied Zeitl.

Moische gazed at him in bewilderment. "Hass—hass dot fool Vidow Schoenberg been so silly as to buy you a silk hat?" he stammered.

"Mister Abramovitch," said Zeitl, with great hauteur, "remember dot you are speaking uf a lady. It iss better to shut up!"

It was perhaps two months after Zeitl came to Wilton to die that the congregation Anshei Sinie held a special meeting to consider his case. The meeting had been called at the instigation of Moische Abramovitch, who had a grievance.

"Dot man," said he bitterly, "iss a humbug. Eiry day he gets fatter unt healt'ier. Der odder day he came to my house. Does he take vot ve gif him? Does he eat bread unt milk unt t'ings vot iss good for old men who vant to die? Fool dot I vas! He tells my sister to make *pflannekuchen* for him, unt he eats dem all up. Den he tells her a lot uf foolishness about her complexion, unt she gifs him vun uf my best shirts. He iss a svindler. Now vot I vant to know iss diss: How long must ve vait before he dies? Must ve support him forefer? Vill he nefer die?

I make a commotion, Mister Bresident, dot ve sent a committee to ask him ven he intends to die."

Then up spake Koshel, the great man of the synagogue, in tones of withering sarcasm. "It was der smart Mister Abramovitch vot got us in all diss-trouble. He was der smarty vot said, 'Bring out a old man vot vill soon die unt bring luck to der cemetery.' Unt he was der smart man vot went to New York unt got him. Unt now," he grinned at Moische, "chust because der Widow Schoenberg likes better to haf Mister Zeitl as a visitor, unt because der engagement vot she was going to make to marry mit Mister Moische iss broken up, der smart Mister Moische now wants us to send a committee. Vell, chentlemens, I vill send a committee, but der smart Mister Moische vill haf mit der committee not'ing to do!"

The committee found Zeitl in the parlor of the Widow Schoenberg's house, weeping and moaning in great grief. The widow and her son were at his side consoling and comforting him. When she beheld the committee in the doorway she motioned to them to withdraw. "Sh-h-h-h! Do not come in now," she whispered. "Vait out on dersidevalk, unt I will come out soon."

The committee waited nearly an hour. It was a broiling hot day and there was no shade. They stood sweltering and wondering.

"Maybe," whispered Schlime, "he iss feeling bad, unt der end iss coming."

Sustained by this hope they waited patiently until the widow appeared. "Oh, chentlemens," she exclaimed, and they saw that there were tears in her eyes. "Zeitl hass got such bad news. It breaks his poor heart. A letter came vot says dot his poor papa in Russia hass just died."

For a whole year after his father's death the air of Wilton continued to agree with Zeitl. Then he married the Widow Schoenberg.



Our American Oligarchy

HOW THE REMEDY FOR THE EVER-INCREASING DANGER TO
OUR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS THROUGH THE TRUST-
CONTROLLED SENATE LIES IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE

By Ernest Crosby

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is with much sorrow that we publish this article, since at the moment of preparing it for the press the news of Mr. Crosby's sudden death has reached us. It is therefore his last contribution to the *COSMOPOLITAN*. Thousands of our readers have come forward to express their admiration of the short, terse essays which have appeared regularly in these pages during the past year, and no doubt everyone of them has been set to thinking by Mr. Crosby's forcible logic. He was one of the clearest thinkers on economic subjects that this country has ever produced. His life was devoted to obtaining a "square deal" for our industrial millions from the rapacious capitalist class. His influence will grow, and a decade hence he will be known as one of the great prophets of political and social reform.



OUR republican institutions are in danger. That is a moderate statement of fact, and to make light of it is to offer certain proof of a lack of insight into things as they are. We are rapidly drifting into the hands of that most odious of all forms of government, the oligarchy. The self-interest of a real democracy tends to make it just. The centralization of power in a king is apt to produce a sense of responsibility, free from petty ambitions and rivalries, and this makes for impartiality and fairness. But there is nothing which can keep an oligarchy straight. It has all the faults of all other forms of government, and none of their virtues. It has the absolute power of a monarchy without any sense of responsibility. It has all the rivalries and envies of democracy in aggravated form, and its self-interest, instead of neutralizing this defect by a broad appeal to equality, is, on the contrary, the sure creator of special privilege, inequality, and monopoly.

Venice was a conspicuous example of the baneful effects of a commercial oligarchy, such as we are building up at present. With all the advantages of her position on the highway between East and West, with all her wealth and enterprise, with her mastery of the seas, she yet fell the victim of that internal corruption which inheres in every oligarchy by the very nature of its consti-

tution—the prey of insatiable, unscrupulous, unrestrained, self-conflicting greed. And it is an ominous fact that in Venice the seat of this disease was the Senate!

There is a difference between the Venetian and the American Senate. The grand seigniors who ruled and ruined Venice sat in the Senate hall themselves and passed daily from the counting-room to the legislative chamber. We have specialized things to a higher point than they ever did, and we are more economical of our time. Our lords of finance for the most part send their stool-pigeons to the Senate. It would be an unexpected act of condescension for any one of the half-dozen biggest men of Wall Street to accept a senatorial chair. They are not in that class. If by chance one or two of them have bought a legislature and a seat, it is recognized as a foible, or as a concession to the ladies of the family, affording a good excuse for passing the winter at a pleasant watering-place like Washington. Nobody takes such a legislative career seriously, and the great man of dollars is rarely found in his place. It is the clerks and employees of the first rank that must attend to such vulgar business.

And what is the chief business of our official Senate at Washington, controlled by the unofficial oligarchy of Wall Street? It is to prevent any change in the present status of the business world, which, as experience has fully proved, is peculiarly adapted to the needs of financial graft—a system which produced the oligarchy, and which the

The Robber

oligarchy naturally intends to perpetuate. The fountain of wealth which gushes out from the natural resources of our country in response to the labor of man ought to irrigate fairly the whole surface of the land, and its waters should circulate in abundance wherever men contribute their volume. Instead of this, we find it dammed up in certain places far beyond all reasonable requirements, and at other points there are stretches of undeserved desert from which every drop has been drawn.

Some months ago I walked up Fifth Avenue with a man who is prominent in finance and innocent of any subversive ideas. "Do you know who lives in that house?" he asked, indicating a handsome residence. "No," was my answer. "His name is Blank. Did you ever hear it before?" "Never." "Well, he's worth forty millions." A few rods further on he repeated the same question with reference to another house, whose owner I had never heard of, and who was the possessor of twenty-five millions. And still a third time he put a similar question and obtained the same answer. "I don't know what we're coming to!" he added. "Every week I'm hearing the names of these men, utterly unknown to me, who are worth twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty millions!" And in corroboration of this I may say that I saw the death of a millionaire in one of our cities mentioned incidentally in the papers, some time ago—a man whose name was altogether new to

me—who was said to have left an estate of one hundred and eighty millions! Doesn't this look just a little bit like unhealthy congestion, in a country, too, where the number of paupers and tramps is continually increasing? We call in the surgeon when the circulation of a human being swells up in places like this. Is it a more wholesome symptom in the body politic?

The immense accumulations of "watered stock" in our telegraph, telephone, and express companies show how much more we have to pay for their services than they are worth, and if it were possible to ascertain the original cost of our railroads the same thing would appear with reference to them. The railroads obtain one-tenth of their gross earnings from extortionate mail-contracts with the government. Why? Because the Senate is there to prevent any interference with the railway, express, telegraph, and telephone monopolies.

Our senators could at a single session break up the steel trust by reducing the tariff, the express trust by establishing a parcel-post, the telegraph and telephone trusts by adding these analogous services to the post-office. They could thus go a great way toward diverting the flow of wealth from the pockets of the people into those of the monopolists. Why don't they do it? Because they are the servants, not of the people, but of the monopolies. Away with the oligarchy! Let the people elect their senators!



The Robber

By Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

STRUGGLING against a robber, I awoke;
He beat me down, and from my grasp he broke.

My jewels and my money all were gone,
The fruits from years of bitter labor drawn.

I wept and cried to God in my despair;
An angel dazed me with celestial glare.

I saw upon his face my weapon's mark—
It was with God I'd struggled in the dark.

This vision none could steal from out my heart
And through my loss I'd found the better part.

A Social War in the White House

THIS INSTALMENT OF "THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON"
DESCRIBES THE PREDICAMENT INTO WHICH THE SOLDIER-PRESI-
DENT WAS FORCED AT THE OPENING OF HIS ADMINISTRATION

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SYNOPSIS: The opening instalments tell the story of Jackson's removal in 1787 from North Carolina to the Cumberland region, his marriage and the complications which arose from it, his career in Tennessee, and his part in the Creek war of 1813. Appointed a major-general of the regular American army, Jackson now takes active part in the War of 1812. After driving the British from Pensacola, he arrives at New Orleans in December, 1814, and prepares its defense. The famous battle of January 8, 1815, results in the complete defeat of the British. The victorious Jackson is the hero of the hour. Toward the close of the Monroe administration he looms up as a candidate for the presidency, but a cabal of office-seekers at Washington succeeds, through slander, in preventing his nomination in 1824. However, all accusations fail and Jackson is finally elected president in 1828. Before the inauguration Mrs. Jackson dies.

XX

THE GENERAL GOES TO THE WHITE HOUSE



HIS is of a steamboat day, and keel boats are but a memory. The general makes his tedious eight-weeks way to Washington via the Cumberland, the Ohio, the mountains, and the Potomac Valley. It is like the progress of a conqueror. The people throng about him until Wizard Lewis, remembering his broken state, fears for his life. The fears are without grounds to stand on. Applause never kills, and the general finds in it the milk of lions. He enters Washington renewed, and was never so fit for hard work. As he is cheered into the White House by jubilant thousands, Statesman Clay, beaten and bitter, retires to Kentucky, while Statesman Adams goes back to Massachusetts, where his ice-waterisms will be appreciated, and from which frigid region he ought never to have been drawn.

When the general is declared president, Statesman Calhoun is made vice-president. From his high perch in the Senate he begins at once to scan the plain of the possible

for ways and means to name himself the general's successor. He proves dull in the furtherance of his ambition, and conceives that the only path to victory lies over the general himself. He must break down that demigod in the hearts of the people, and teach them to hate where now they give their love.

The general is not a day in Washington before Statesman Calhoun goes intriguing to cut the ground of popularity from beneath his feet. As frequently happens with dark-lantern strategists, his plottings in their very inception get off on the wrong foot. Statesman Calhoun is so foolish as to commence his campaign against the general with an attack upon a woman. The woman thus malevolently distinguished is that pretty Peg, once belle of the Indian Queen.

Between that time when the general came last to Washington as senator, and the pretty Peg was petted and loved by the blooming Rachel, and now when the general occupies the White House as president, destiny has been moving rapidly, and not always gayly, with the pretty Peg. In that interim she becomes the wife of Purser Timberlake of the navy, who later cuts his drunken throat and walks overboard to his drunken death in the Mediterranean. In her widow's weeds the pretty Peg looks

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prettier than before—since black is ever the best setting for beauty, and shows it off like a diamond. Major Eaton, senator from Tennessee and a friend of the general, is smitten of the pretty Peg, and marries her. The wedding bells are ringing as the general rides into Washington.

It is an hour wherein vice-presidents have more to say than they will later on. Statesman Calhoun, scheming his own advantage, puts forward covert efforts to place his friends about the general as cabineeteers. This is not difficult, since the general is not thinking on Statesman Calhoun. His eyes, hate-guided, are fastened upon Statesmen Adams and Clay; his single aim is to advance no follower of theirs. These are happy conditions for Statesman Calhoun, who comes up unseen on the general's blind side, and presents him—all unknown—with three of his cabinet six.

Statesman Calhoun, who prefers four to three, tries all he secretly knows to control the general's choice of a war-secretary. In this he meets defeat; the general selects Major Eaton, just wedded to the pretty Peg. His completed cabinet includes Van Buren, secretary of state; Ingham, secretary of the treasury; Eaton, secretary of war; Branch, secretary of the navy; Berrien, attorney-general; and Barry, postmaster-general. Of these, Statesman Calhoun, craftily reviewing the list from his perch in the Senate, may call Cabineeteers Ingham, Branch, and Berrien his henchmen.

The general is not aware of this Calhoun color to his cabinet. The last man of the six hates Statesmen Clay and Adams, which is the consideration most upon the general's mind. He does not like Statesman Calhoun. But he in no sort suspects him; and, at this crisis of cabinet making, that plotting vice-president is not at all upon the general's slope of thought.

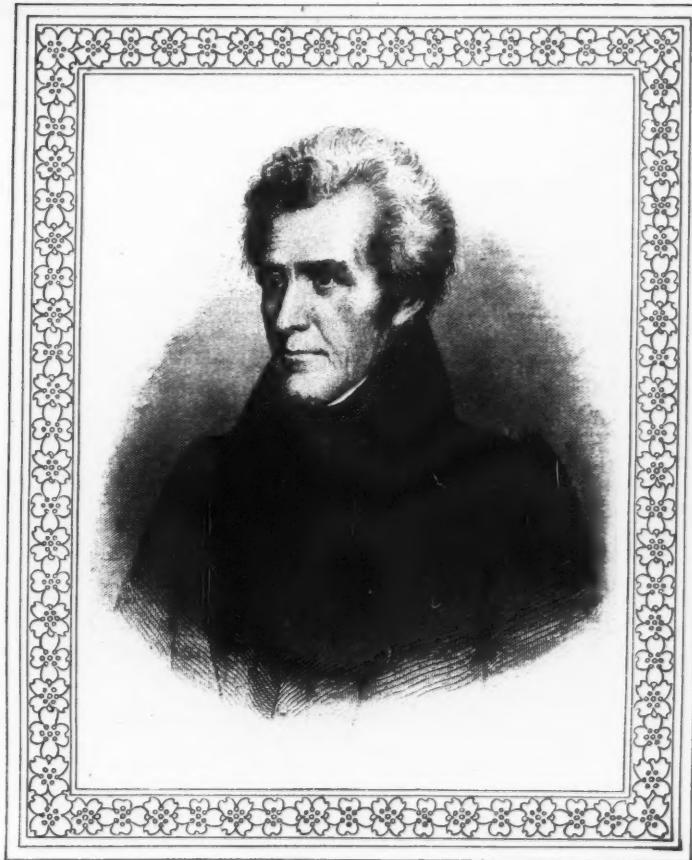
Not content with half the cabinet, Statesman Calhoun resents privily his failure to secure the war portfolio. He resolves to attack Major Eaton, and drive him from the place. As much wanting in chivalry as in a knowledge of the popular, he decides to assail him through the pretty Peg. His attack begins with subtle adroitness. There lives in Philadelphia a smug domine named Ely. On the merest hint in the dark, Domine Ely—who has a

mustard-seed soul—writes the general a letter, wherein he charges the pretty Peg with every immorality. Domine Ely prayerfully protests against the husband of a woman so morally ebon making one of the general's cabinet. The general is in flames in a moment. His loved and blooming Rachel was stabbed to death by slander. The pretty Peg was the blooming Rachel's favorite, in that olden hour at the Indian Queen. The general possesses every angry reason for being aroused, and sends fiercely for smug Domine Ely.

The vilifying Domine Ely appears before the general in fear and trembling—color stricken from his fat cheeks. He falteringly confesses that he has been inspired to his slanders by Domine Campbell. The furious general sends for Domine Campbell, about whom there is an atmosphere of jackal and buzzard in even parts. The general stabs pointed questions at him, and catches him in lies.

While the general is putting to flight the two black-coat slanderers, the war breaks out in a new quarter. The "Ladies of Washington," compared to whom the Red Stick Creeks at the Horseshoe and the Red-coat English at New Orleans were as children's toys, fall upon the general's social flank. They hate the pretty Peg because she is more beautiful than they. They resent having the daughter of a tavern keeper—a common tapster!—lifted to a social eminence equal with their own. These reasons bring them into the field; but with militant sapience they conceal them, and adopt as the pretended cause of their onslaught the slanders of those ophidia, Domines Ely and Campbell.

Mrs. Calhoun, at the head of capital fashion, and social war-chief of the "Ladies of Washington," says she will not "recognize" the pretty Peg. Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch, and Mrs. Berrien, wives of the three cabineeteers who wear in private the colors of Statesman Calhoun, say they will not "recognize" the pretty Peg. Mrs. Donelson, wife of the general's private secretary, and ex-officio "Lady of the White House," says she will not "recognize" the pretty Peg. Mrs. Donelson is the general's niece. Also she is in fashionable leading-strings to Mrs. Calhoun, who, as social war-chief of the "Ladies of Washington," dazzles and benumbs her.



Andrew Jackson

Mrs. Donelson approaches the general concerning the pretty Peg. "Anything but that, uncle," she says. "I am sorry to offend you, but I cannot recognize Mrs. Eaton."

"Then you'd better go back to Tennessee, my dear," returns the general, between puffs at his clay pipe.

Mrs. Donelson and her unwilling spouse go back to Tennessee. The war against the pretty Peg goes on.

The general's cabinet is a house divided against itself. Cabinateers Ingham, Branch and Berrien align themselves with

Statesman Calhoun on this issue of the pretty Peg. For each has a ring in his nose, a wedding ring, and his wife leads him about by it socially, hither and yon, as she chooses. Cabinateers Van Buren and Barry range themselves with Cabineteer Eaton and the pretty Peg.

Cabinateer Van Buren is short, round, fat, smooth, adroit, ambitious, and so much the mental chameleon that, now when he is in contact with the positive general, his every opinion takes its color from that warrior. Also, being a widower, there is no wife to lead him socially by the nose.

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Hat in hand, he calls upon the pretty Peg—a politeness which pleases the general tremendously. He also gives dinners, and asks the pretty Peg to perform as hostess. With a wise eye on the general, he incites Cabineteer Barry, who is a bachelor, to burst into similar dinners, with the pretty Peg in command. By his whispered suggestion, Minister Vaughn of the English and Minister Krudener of the Russians, who, like Cabineteer Barry, are bachelors, follow amiable suit. They give legation dinners at which the pretty Peg presides. The general adopts these brilliant examples at the White House. The pretty Peg finds herself in control of such society high-ground as the English and Russian legations, two cabinet houses besides her own, and last, and most important, the White House itself. It is a merry, even if a savage, war, and the pretty Peg is everywhere victorious.

Noteverywhere! Mrs. Calhoun, with Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch, and Mrs. Berrien about her, refuses to yield. These four indomitable and their beflouneed and befeathered followers, noses uplifted in scorn of the pretty Peg, prosecute their battle to the acrid end.

In the earlier stages the general, his angry thoughts on Statesman Clay, inclines to the belief that these attacks on the pretty Peg are of that defeated personage's connivance, and says so to Wizard Lewis.

"It's that pit-viper, Henry Clay!" he cries. "Major, the pet employment of that scoundrel is the vilification of good women!"

Wizard Lewis holds to a different view. He declares that the secret impulse of this base war is Statesman Calhoun, and proves it as events unfold.

"And yet," asks the general, "why should he assail little Peg? Both he and Mrs. Calhoun called upon her and Major Eaton, and congratulated them on their marriage."

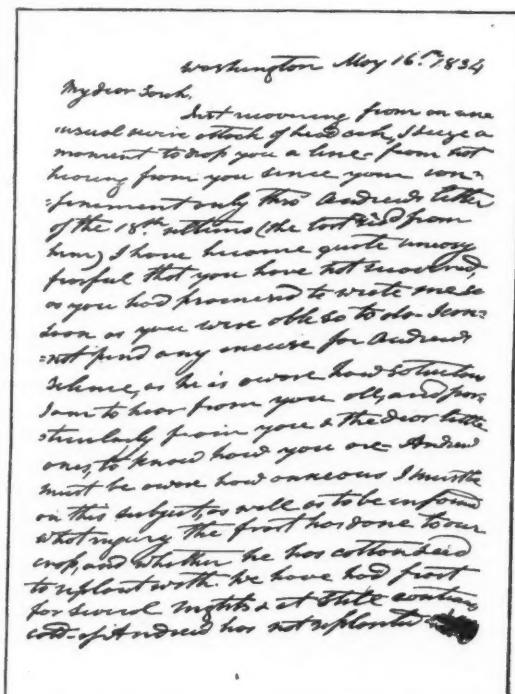
"That was while Major Eaton was a senator," Wizard Lewis responds, "and before

he became war-secretary and got in the way of the Calhoun plans. Your vice-president, General, is mad to be president. Also he is so blurred in his strategy as to imagine that these attacks on little Peg will advance his prospects."

The general snorts suspiciously; a light breaks upon him. "Then your theory is," he says, "that Calhoun assails Peg as a step toward the presidency."

"Precisely, General. Rightly construed, it is not an attack on Peg, but on you. He is trying to put you before the people in the rôle of one who countenances the immoral, and upholds a bad woman. In that way he hopes to array every virtuous fireside against you. He looks for you to ask for a second term; and by any means in his power he will strive to destroy you out of his path."

"Now was there ever such infamy!" cries the general. "Here is a man so vile that he would pave his way to the White House with the slain honor of a woman!"



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM PRESIDENT

The hate of the general is now focused upon Statesman Calhoun. That ignoble strategist he resolves shall never achieve the presidency. As one wherewith to defeat Statesman Calhoun and succeed himself, he picks Cabineteer Van Buren—that suave secretary who is so much to the urbane fore for the pretty Peg.

"Yes, sir," says the general to Wizard Lewis, "I'll take a second term; and then, Major, we will make Matty president after me."

"We'll do more," returns Wizard Lewis. "When we make you president the second time, we'll shove aside the plotting Calhoun and make Van Buren vice-president."

"Right!" exults the general. "Then, should I die, Matty will step at once into my shoes."

Neither the general nor Wizard Lewis is at pains to conceal their design. The sallow cheek of Statesman Calhoun grows sallower; for the news is like an icicle

through his heart. It in no wise abates his war upon the pretty Peg, however, which—as Wizard Lewis guesses—is only meant to break down the general with good people.

XXI

WIZARD LEWIS URGES A CHANGE OF FRONT

Wizard Lewis, bending his brows to the situation, now counsels an extreme step. The pretty Peg is vindicated; in all quarters she rises in triumph over Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Berrien, and what other "society Red Sticks"—as he terms them—seek her destruction. The next thing is to shear away the cabinet strength of Statesman Calhoun. Wizard Lewis recommends a dissolution of the cabinet. He lays his plan before the general, who sits listening in the smoke of his long pipe. Cabineteer Van Buren will resign. Cabineteers Eaton and Barry will turn over their portfolios. With half his cabinet gone, should the Calhoun three be backward, the general shall demand their retirement.

"And then?" asks the general, his iron-gray head in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Then you will make Van Buren minister to England, and give Major Eaton the governorship of Florida. Little Peg should look well in the palace of St. Augustine."

"By the Eternal!" cries the general, as he hurls his clay pipe into the fireplace, where hundreds of its brittle predecessors have gone crashing—"by the Eternal, Major, we'll do it! The last vestige of a Calhoun cabinet influence shall be wiped out!"

It comes to pass as Wizard Lewis planned. Cabineteer Van Buren resigns, and Cabineteers Eaton and Barry hasten to follow his example. The three other cabineteers sit dazed; the suddenness of the thing takes their cabinet breaths away. They sit dazed so long the general loses

immediately after the post it will be
no late for a reply.
I hope your health is restored
and some time soon to prevail
you from writing this confinement
sent by itself for write me
cause Andrew to write to me
know how are we keep the dear
little children for me and give
me opportunity to address and
believe me to send your
affectionate father

A. Jackson

Yours—

P.S. The family are enjoying
health, with the exception of Jackson
a very occasionally having colds, and
all your in kind regards to yourself your
household—A.J.

JACKSON TO THE WIFE OF HIS ADOPTED SON

A Social War in the White House

patience, and asks for their portfolios. One by one they hand them in.

There be tears and mournful wailings now among the "society Red Sticks." Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch, and Mrs. Berrien are shaken in their social souls, never for one moment having foreseen this movement in disastrous flank. However, the deposed three wash off their social war-paint, and go their divers ways lamenting; while the general and Wizard Lewis grin sourly over their fireside pipes. As for Statesman Calhoun, his schemes experience a chill; for in thus sending Cabineteers Ingham, Branch, and Berrien into political exile, the general drives a knife to the very heart of his selfish diplomacy.

Cabinet wiped out, the general constructs another with his old-time friend and comrade, Livingston, as secretary of state. Also, the agreeable Van Buren departs for the Court of St. James as the general's envoy to England, while Major Eaton and the vilified yet victorious Peg wend southward among the flowers to rule over Florida.

Statesman Calhoun, weaker by virtue of that lopping off, is still too narrowly set in his White House ambitions to give up his war. In this he is much sustained by the Senate, which pretends to possess its own causes of complaint. Chief among these is the obvious manner in which the general promotes the importance of that old fox, Colonel Burr. The general is at pains to make it appear that he cares more for the word of Colonel Burr than for the recommendations of half the Senate. This does not sit well on the proud senatorial stomachs of the togaed ones; and, with Statesman Calhoun to lead them, they are willing to obstruct and baffle the general in his policies. Moved of this spirit, and at the instigation of Statesman Calhoun, the Senate refuses to confirm the appointment of Minister Van Buren, who thereupon makes his farewell bow to the great ones at St. James', and returns amiably home.

That Thomas Benton who was so fortunate as to fall into a receptive cellar, on a Nashville occasion when the muzzle of the general's saw-handle was at his breast, and who is now in the Senate from Missouri, gives Statesman Calhoun notice of what he may expect.

"You have broken a minister," observes

the far-sighted Benton—"you have broken a minister to make a vice-president."

While the slander-battle against the pretty Peg rages, a storm-cloud of a different character is gathering over the general. Although Statesman Clay has no part in that war upon the pretty Peg, he by no means sits with folded hands in idleness.

There is a certain money-creature called the United States Bank. It is controlled by one Biddle of Philadelphia, who is a glistening, shallow personage, oily and avaricious—a polished composite of assurance, greed, and lies. He is a proved and unscrupulous corruptionist, and a majority of both Senate and House wait upon his money-bidding. Under the Biddle influence, the Bank never fails to consider the mere name of a congressman as perfect collateral for a loan. Even so incorrigible a bankrupt as the lion-faced Webster is good at the Biddle Bank for thousands.

Secure in its hold on Congress, and insolent—as money ever is when it feels secure—the Biddle Bank thinks to crack a political whip. The main bank is in Philadelphia. There are twenty-five branch banks scattered here and there throughout the country. In pursuance of its determination to dominate politics, the Biddle Bank suddenly refuses loans to the general's friends.

Banker Biddle and the Bank are secretly moved to this doughty attitude by Statesman Clay, who, with his party of the Whigs, has for long been their ally. Statesman Clay, in possession of the machinery of his own party, is resolved to put forward his own name, at the head of the next Whig ticket, against the formidable general. He foresees that Statesman Calhoun—who is of the general's party of the Democrats—will come to utter grief in his intrigues to supplant the general and make himself a candidate. And yet the blue-grass Machiavelli can use Statesman Calhoun. The latter is powerful with the Senate. The Senate hates the general as blindly as does Statesman Calhoun. Machiavelli Clay resolves to have advantage of this double condition of hatred. He will force the general to attack the Biddle Bank. The attack can only be made by message to Congress. That should be the opportunity of Machiavelli Clay. He will make the Senate the battleground; and it shall go

hard if he do not emerge successful, with the Bank and Banker Biddle at his back. With such friends, he should then have the general and his party at his mercy. Thus dreams Machiavelli Clay.

It is a beautiful dream—this long-drawn chicane of Machiavelli Clay. As a primary move toward its realization, he suggests that policy of a loan-hostility toward the general's friends. Banker Biddle adopts it, and the Bank develops it in Portsmouth. The paper of one of the general's friends—a certain Isaac Hill—is not honored, and the general's friendship is understood to be the Bank's reason. The thing is managed like a challenge, and has the instant effect of bringing the general—ever ready for war—to the field. In its invidious attitude toward his friends, the Bank throws down the glove, and the general promptly picks it up. In a message to Congress he assails the Bank, and the fight is on.

Money is always a coward and commonly a fool. Also its instinct is the weak instinct of corruption. Its attitude toward a public is ever that of the threatening, bullying, bragging terrorist who will either rule or ruin. It works by fear, and invokes it with every quack device. It will gnash its jaws, lash its tail, and spout fire and smoke in the face of a quailing world. And yet all this tail-lashing and jaw-gnashing and fire-spouting is a sham. Money, for all its appearance of ferocity, is no more perilous to folk who face it than is the fire-spouting, jaw-gnashing, tail-lashing papier-mâché dragon of grand opera. Attack it, and what follows? A couple of rueful supernumeraries crawl abjectly, if grumbly, from its papier-mâché stomach—the complete yet harmless reason of all that jaw-gnashing, fire-spouting, tail-lashing from which a frightened world shrank back.

Besides these furious matters, money does another lying thing. It seeks to teach mankind to regard it as the palpitant heart of the country itself.

"I am the seat of life," it says; "touch me, and you die!"

The advantage of this lie is clear; that is, if the lie win credit. Being the heart, however corrupt, no surgery may reach it. If money were the hand of a people, or the fingers on that hand, then it might be dealt

with. It could be lanced, or poulticed, or even amputated, and no threat to life ensue. Money foresees this, and, with a lying cunning that has been ever the scoundrel sword and shield of cowards, it declares itself the heart. Thus is it safeguarded against honest surgery, and the least correction of governmental saw and knife. As the heart, its vileness may be deplored, but cannot be mended. For who is that mediciner that shall handle the heart to any result save death? And for all this, when money proclaims itself the nation's heart, it lies. It is not even so reputable a member as the hand. At the most it comes to be no more than just a thumb, or a forefinger, and the farthest possible remove from any source of life. Folk who would aid their money-throttled hour must remember these things.

Banker Biddle and the Bank, when the general advances upon them, go through that furious charlatany of jaw-gnashing, tail-lashing, and fire-spouting. The general is unconvinced, unterrified.

Failing to arouse his fear, Banker Biddle and the Bank attempt to stay the general by proclaiming a peril to the country at large.

The general recognizes the lie. He knows that prosperity comes from the rain and the sun and the soil, and not from banks—from God and not from bankers.

To bring the general squarely before the public as the Bank's destroyer, Statesman Clay anticipates the years and offers a measure renewing the charter of that money-temple. Statesman Calhoun, and every foe of the general, is for it. The measure gallops through Senate and House.

"Will he sign it?" asks Statesman Clay, in consultation with his own thoughts. For one anxious moment he fears a signature; for he cannot conceive of courage greater than his own. His anxiety is misplaced; the general will not sign. The measure renewing the charter of the Bank is laid before him, and he knocks it on the head with his veto.

Statesman Clay rubs his satisfied hands. "Now," says he to Banker Biddle, "we have him helpless. That veto is his death-warrant. The country will be driven to choose between the Bank and the White House—between Prosperity and Andrew Jackson!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Player with a "Pull"

HOW FAVORITISM MAKES THE DRAMA A GAME OF POLITICS
AND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR CONDITIONS WHICH IN REAL ART
WOULD NOT BE TOLERATED BY MUMMER OR MANAGEMENT

By Alan Dale



PERHAPS the very best argument against the modern drama as an art, and the modern actor as an artist, lies in the pestilential prevalence of that great and glittering injustice known as the "player with a pull." That the stage, which certain uninitiated enthusiasts laud in the same breath with poetry and painting and sculpture—in a word, with the arts—is just as much of a political game as any other, and has its bosses, its favorites, its dictators, and its pariahs, like many other enduring but not artistic organizations, is a fact that every dramatic reviewer has probably had occasion to realize. That mere merit does not invariably count, but that the "player with a pull" does, must also be pretty well known.

The general public sees it all through a glass darkly. The general public notices some foolish, pleasant, young lady-person at the head of an organization of her own, and says weakly, "Why on earth does *she* star?" or "The most ordinary stock-character actress could do better than that." The general public observes, particularly in musical comedy, that some ox-eyed brunette with a beautiful form, a voice like a nail-file, and a particularly exquisite and far-reaching incompetency stands in the center of the stage, aided in her efforts to be prominent by a chorus, a lime-light man, and all the lavish accessories of scenic indulgence. The public says: "Very pretty, but she can't do anything. Why is she there?" The general public notes that the harmony of a perfect cast is marred by one key of discord struck harshly and jarringly. The comment is, "What a pity that

the manager spoiled a magnificent *ensemble* by this one weak, disastrous spot!" Or, in farce, a star whose peculiar method calls for some clever, sympathetic "opposite" to play to, finds himself up against a bland and innocuous lady-person who wears magnificent clothes and costly jewels, but who goes through the piece like the proverbial dying duck in a thunderstorm.

The general public has no idea that all this is due to the most primitive form of politics. In real art such conditions could not prevail for a moment. Nobody would accept a picture merely because it was painted by the sister of a national bigwig, or by the best girl of the King of the Belgians. Nobody would find immaculate beauty in a slipshod piece of sculpture because it was the work of a master-sculptor's *inamorata*. Nobody would feel bound to rave about a novel because it was written by the wife of a publisher. The journalist can never win success by reason of his connections. In all the arts (and the real journalists may dally with them) the artist has got to deliver the goods. On the stage alone this condition does not, and need not, hold good.

One of the best known musical-comedy producers of London has just wriggled himself free from the managerial octopus, and is about to attempt the artistic regulation of his own work. Says he: "I find that in musical comedy the author never gets his own idea presented to the public as he intended. There is a little girl whom the public likes, or the manager likes, or the syndicate likes. She can't play any of the parts in your piece, so you have got to write a new one in for her."

Human nature is human nature, and the foolish person who attempts to prate against its potency is merely indulging in the ever-pleasing occupation of butting his head

against a stone wall. Human nature is not the point in this case. The point is that an alleged "art" prattling magnificently about the superbness of its mission, and holding up its "artists" to the gaze of the world, is after all nothing but a game in which the primitive politics of human nature play a leading part.

How often is the cast of even the best acted play free from politics? There is the manager's wife with a "bug" for acting, who must get all the fat and who will be reviewed very cautiously by the sycophants next day. There is the playwright's blood-relation who can't act for a cent, but who has got to be "taken care of." There is the cute little friend of the playwright who has had a rôle made to fit her figure—just long enough in the arms, tight enough across the hips, and cut agreeably on the bias.

Sometimes the reasons for a character selection are more admirably human nature. Into this crude game of politics sometimes creep more laudable motives and objects. The old actress who can't possibly play the society woman is engaged for purely charitable reasons. The old actor who affrights the present generation gets his job for "auld lang syne." I don't say that such pellucidly pleasing reasons are frequent, for the theatrical profession as a general thing is blackly ungrateful to its very core; but they do occur. They are worth mentioning in passing. Nobody is quite bad. Even the theatrical person may have his gleam of benevolence.

But this incessant intrusion of the political reason militates against the acceptance of the drama as an art. It must be accepted merely for what it is, a game of politics in which the person who gets his political chances sometimes happens, by chance, to display merit, and therefore wins. The city of New York is full of clever actors who, unless they can pull some wires, will never on God's earth get an opportunity. Never. Never. They may have the tireless application of a Demosthenes, or the undying sincerity of a Macready, but these will avail them nothing. They must pull wires. They must get some influential person "interested," not in their art, but in their personality.

Poor devils! Some of them in their desperation write to me, or come to see me. I have had them at my office; I have had them at my house. I ask them what they want. They do not know. Sometimes they irri-

tate me, and when they have gone I feel remorse. They thought that a word from me to Manager So-and-So, a letter from me to Mr. Blank, would be so useful. Or, if I would read their play and just say what I thought of it, my opinion, if favorable, might induce somebody to take it up. At first I used to say: "Why come to me? I cut no ice. I am merely employed to go to the theater and write reviews." Then I began to realize that this visit to me—so preposterous when you analyze it—was just a mere hopeless last resort — a sort of frenzied demise, not unlike the rotary motion of the chicken that has just been decapitated.

Those people who rely exclusively upon their merit—real or imaginary—have no possible excuse for remaining in a profession that utilizes incompetent favorites and gives the real chance to the "person with a pull." I discourage my many visitors, and if I do occasionally get a bit "ratty" at the annoyance of the intrusion, I nevertheless feel very sorry for them. I might in all sincerity, and in the purest unselfishness, go to a manager and say: "See here, this girl has a really beautiful voice and has spent thousands of dollars cultivating it. Do engage her." He probably would engage her, not for reasons of disinterested friendship, and when I had gone he would wink the other eye and say, "So I've given his girl a job." The game of politics is so well understood!

Every critic, except the very brand-new one, has had his fearful experiences. How well he knows the affable, smiling person of influence who says to him, just as he is about to leave the theater: "Go lightly in your review of Miss So-and-So. She's put up the money, and a friend of hers is a friend of your editor's." How familiar is the serious individual who dogs the critic's footsteps and tries to get him to show leniency for one particular member of the cast. And the actress who was always so impossible until she became the manager's wife! And the lady whose friends think you are the greatest critic on earth! Into this game of politics are wedged intimidation, threats, cries of influence, foolish blandishments, and all the arts of futile diplomacy. And they talk of the drama as an art, and of the actor as an artist!

I have been to see a play with a cast of ten people, and the friends of six of these have hampered me with requests to say this and to write that. Always the "pull," and it

The Player with a "Pull"

might more aptly be called the "wrench." In my younger days I was muddled and miserable. To-day I am philosophic and do not care. I have been lucky, inasmuch as those I alone care to please have invariably told me to go ahead and say what I like and how I like and when I like. Otherwise I could never have held out against the vise-like grip of an "art" that bullies and bulldozes. Imagine the painter and the sculptor and the novelist pulling wires for all they were worth! Would the public consider them, for one moment, as they would like to be considered?

"The drama would be tolerable were it not for the actors," somebody once said. I agree with this to some extent. If every play were cast according to its merits, and there were no certain people to whom rôles must be allotted, whether they were fitted to play them or not, the drama would exert a far more admirable influence. The general public does not know why certain incompetent people are suddenly boosted into amazing prominence, and very often a good play has failed because, for political reasons, a bad actor has been given full sway. I've seen an unboosted Celia carry away all the honors of "As You Like It" from a ludicrously boosted Rosalind. I've watched fine actors "fetching and carrying" for some ridiculously incompetent Hamlet. I've seen a Camille who would have been better played by the poor little actress cast for the rôle of the maid.

Musical comedy is, of course, the great dumping-ground for managerial favorites. With a nice, fluffy wig and a fortune in diamonds, the incompetent lady-person can inflict any amount of torture upon the audience without the real reasons for the infliction appearing to the uninitiated. Here, as in London, this course is extremely usual. The skilled observer detects it immediately, but it is not patent to the general public. The general public experiences a vague sensation of discomfort and disappointment, but does not know why. The general theatrical public is the most gullible of all gatherings, because as a rule it has aimed at nothing more than mere amusement. I should like to see the audiences in Rome,

Naples, Florence, and other Italian cities confronted with the incompetents whom, for political reasons, we get by the score every season. There—in Italy—they demand "the goods," and, as far as I saw in my casual travels, they get them.

We have grown accustomed to certain people—without knowing it—because they have been persistently forced down our throats, and many of them we now accept without asking any reasons. The people of real merit, who have no "pull," slink in occasionally at a "trial matinée"—the most unsatisfactory of all forms of experiment.

The "person with the pull" always gets into the regular evening bill—no "trial" for his, or for hers. The "trial"—as well as the tribulation—is for the audience. One can accustom oneself to anything. But it is death to what we love to call "art."

Our stage is not free. It is not free to the actor or to the playwright. The former cannot get a chance on his merits, but must hope for a fluke or a miracle. The latter is hampered by being forced to weave his drama around the personalities of incompetent favorites with a "pull." "A School for Pull" would be a far more useful thing than any of our schools for acting. How to get a "pull." How to use a "pull." How to acquire the very prettiest sort of "pull." Those are the things that theatrical "artists" need to know. When they have their "pull" it is time to bother about acting or play-writing. This would save a world of heart-burnings. This would give to people a sane outlook. To prate forever about the stage as an "art"; to hold up its mission as so overweeningly lofty; to overpraise and adulate its actors as we are supposed to do from morning to night; and then to crowd it with folks who have nothing more to offer than a "pull"—this is absurd. But acknowledge the "pull," found schools for "pulls," and label those who have won prizes therein—this is sanity, and this is probity. Let us know exactly where we are at. Let us not sail under false pretenses. If we are assisting at a game of politics, let us "play the game." It is rather an amusing game, but it is not art—with a capital A.





MARGARET DALE, WITH THE CRANE-JEFFREYS COMPANY IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"



Copyright by Alice Boughton

BERTHA KALICH, THE YIDDISH ACTRESS, IN HER ENGLISH PRODUCTION OF MAETERLINCK'S DRAMA, "MONNA VANNA"



MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL, LEADING WOMAN IN ROBERT MANTELL'S PRODUCTIONS OF
SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS





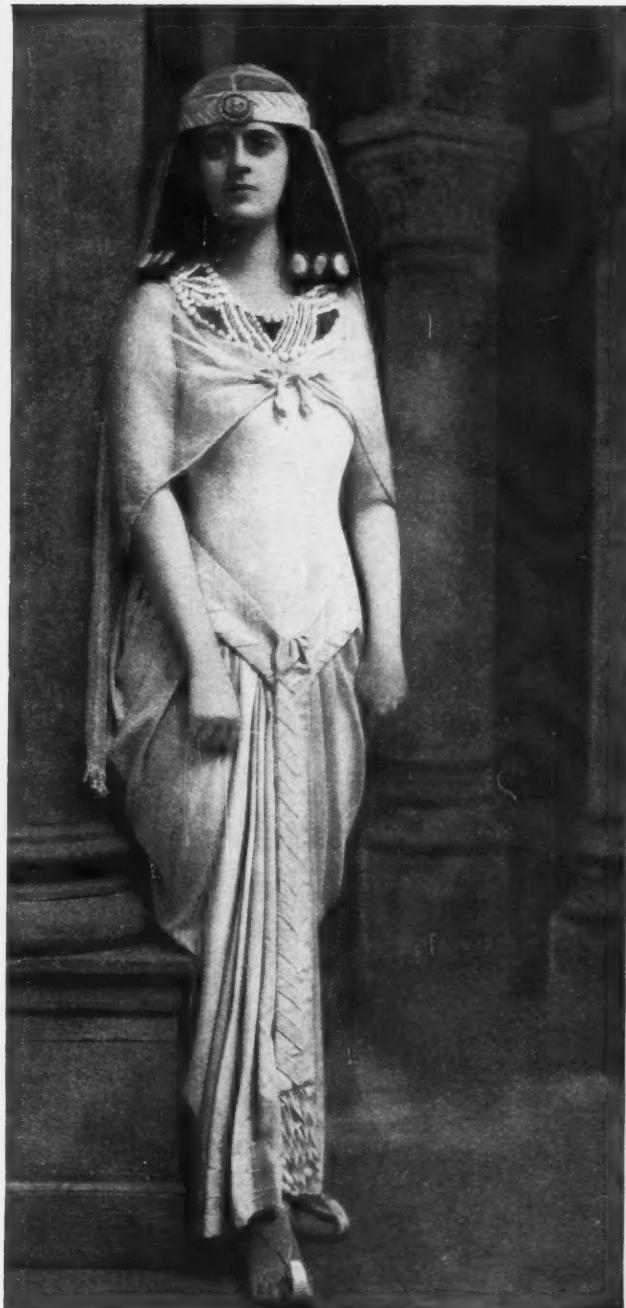
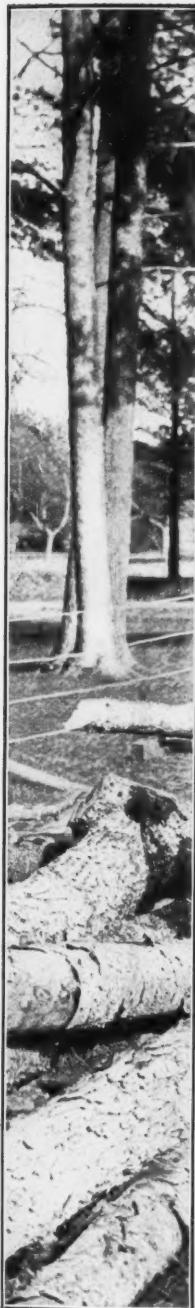
MARGARET ILLINGTON, WHO HAS COME INTO PROMINENCE AS AN
EMOTIONAL ACTRESS IN THE LEADING RÔLE OF PINERO'S
LATEST PLAY, "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"



JULIA SANDERSON, THE POPULAR SOUBRETTE, WHO
WILL PLAY IN VAUDEVILLE FOR THE
REMAINDER OF THE SEASON



MRS. FISKE, WHO HAS ACHIEVED ANOTHER SUCCESS IN LANGDON MITCHELL'S COMEDY
OF AMERICAN MANNERS, "THE NEW YORK IDEA"



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS CLEOPATRA IN SHAW'S FANTASTIC HISTORICAL PLAY, "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA," NOW BEING PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY.



Drawn by Henry Hutt

"THE SLIM PROMISES OF GIRLHOOD HAVE BEEN REALIZED IN THE FULL BEAUTY OF WOMANHOOD"

(*"Woman's Most Attractive Age"*)

Woman's Most Attractive Age

A CLEVER DISCUSSION OF ONE OF THE PARAMOUNT QUESTIONS
WHICH HAVE AGITATED THE MINDS OF BOTH MEN AND
WOMEN SINCE THE DAWN OF THOUGHT AND CIVILIZATION

By Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer

Author of "The Ordinary Woman"



HE age at which a woman is most attractive depends upon the woman herself. It is a period of time as elastic and variable as her birthdays, and it may happen anywhere between the cradle and the grave. There are women who are at their best when they are gurgling babes in pinafores and have flaxen curls tied with blue ribbons; there are other women who are never quite so attractive as when they lie still, and peaceful, and silent in their graves.

Between these two lie all the gradations in experience, and looks, and charms that a woman goes through in a lifetime; but there is no fixed hour at which the sex, as a whole, reaches its zenith of perfection. To every woman there comes the psychological moment when all the forces of her being, physical, mental, spiritual, flower, but it comes upon her unawares, and is dependent upon a hundred things—upon youth, upon age, upon happiness, upon sorrow, upon maternity, upon loneliness, upon love, upon disappointment, upon the things that make her, or the things that break her. It is this uncertainty of when a woman's golden hour will come to her that is part of her perennial interest.

When we speak of the attractiveness of woman, we really mean the attractiveness of woman to man, for the qualities in a woman which are most attractive to other women, and especially the age at which a woman is most attractive to her sister-women, are entirely different from the charms and time that must appeal to men. There is no trouble in locating the precise age at which a woman is most attractive to

her own sex. If she could, every woman would have every other woman in the world forty-five years old, with grizzled hair and triple chin. A woman never admires another woman so unreservedly and sincerely as when she is safely shelved.

With men the question of when a woman is most attractive is doubly complicated, because it depends not only on the woman, but on the taste of the man himself. There are men who never outgrow their fondness for bread-and-butter schoolgirls, while other men like their femininity, as they do their wine, mellowed, and ripened, and full flavored with age.

Not many years ago, if this question had been asked, the answer would have been unhesitatingly made that a woman is most attractive between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Most of the heroines of classical fiction are mere children. Juliet was fourteen, Dora Copperfield, sixteen, Amelia Sedley, seventeen, and the peerless Pamela even more youthful; and according to their respective historians the charms of these feminine kidlets were such that men went down before them like ripe wheat before the sickle.

It must be confessed that, with rare exceptions, the modern man prefers something more sophisticated than sweet sixteen, for, as a matter of fact, there is nobody else on earth so tiresome as she whom the diplomatic French call the young person, and who is the bane of society as she is of art and literature. She is too young to know how to listen, too ignorant to talk to, too innocent to flirt with, and in addition she giggles, and guzzles soda-water.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the unintelligent woman is at her best when she is in her teens. This is easily understood.

Woman's Most Attractive Age

Almost all young creatures are beautiful, and heaven gives to even the homeliest woman a day of grace between sixteen and eighteen when she is pretty with the prettiness of fresh cheeks, and dewy eyes, and glossy hair. It is a beauty that is as fleeting as the beauty of the dawn, but it is hers for the moment, and not to be denied.

There is also a certain vivacity of youth that is mere animal high spirits, and that is nothing more than the result of a good digestion; but this state takes on the semblance of wit and intelligence. Furthermore, it is to the inestimable advantage of sweet sixteen that there exist no standards of comparison by which to measure her. Nobody expects a girl at that age to have convictions about anything, and her hysterical shrieks over the grandeur of a matinée idol, or the sublimity of a box of bonbons, are quite as brilliant as those of the other members of her sex and age.

The query as to what becomes of all the infant prodigies is nothing to the problem of what becomes of all the pretty, bright young girls. The real explanation is that they grow into the dull, drab, stupid women we know, for this little flare of beauty and vivacity in their youth is all that many women ever know of attractiveness. At sixteen their hour strikes.

Twenty-three is an ideal time o' the clock for the woman of average intelligence and pulchritude, unless she happens to be college-bred. If she has had the misfortune of acquiring the higher education, she is still top-heavy with learning and self-esteem over having discovered the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it requires ten years more for her to find out that, for a woman to be thoroughly charming, she should have had a good education, and forgotten it.

For the woman, however, who is meant to be human nature's daily food, no age is more attractive than twenty-three. She is in the first flush of having just arrived. The slim promises of girlhood have been realized in the full beauty of womanhood. She still has illusions, but they are not delusions. She still is innocent, but no longer ignorant. She has seen enough of the world and society to rub off the crudeness of the schoolroom, but not enough to make her *blase*.

Above all, she has taken stock of herself, and no longer demands that the earth shall be presented to her on a silver salver. She perceives that there are many women in the

world as attractive as she is, and she begins to appreciate some of the things that are done for her. She takes the trouble to be nice to the man who spends his money on her for automobiles, and theaters, and dinners. She looks at every man who crosses her horizon for the possible husband, but she has not yet grown anxious for his coming, and so her intercourse with the opposite sex has a certain frankness and comradeship that is not the least of her charms. She seems so safe that she is deadly dangerous; statistics show that more women marry at twenty-three than at any other age.

The bachelor woman is at her best at thirty, because she is consciously charming. She has all the advantages with which nature originally equipped her, and she has added to them the frills and furbelows of art. She has learned to enhance her good looks by better dressing, and to put a red shade on the lamp, and sit with her back to the light. She has also learned how to talk, and better still how to be a fascinating listener.

Moreover, at thirty a woman has added to her arsenal of charms a powerful weapon—the desire to please. She knows that it is now or never with her if she means to get married, and so she throws herself heart and soul into the effort to attract men. The boy that the young girl snubs, the dotard that twenty-three flees, the bore, the widower with many children, find Miss Thirty's door open to them, and her smile welcoming them into the parlor where she spins her web; and thus it happens that many a woman who was a wallflower in her early youth achieves a belated bellehood—to speak politely—in her maturity.

At thirty-five the extremely clever woman reaches the summit of her fascination. It is an age that is fatal to the dull woman, because she has lost the grace of youth and has not reached the peace of old age, but the woman who has more brains than heart is never more dangerous than then, for she has taken the measure of mankind and plays upon its weaknesses as upon a harp with a thousand strings.

She has found out that the two things in woman that attract men as the magnet does the needle are selfishness and flattery, and she uses them for all they are worth. She demands nothing of man except that he let her admire him. She burns for him the incense of a devotion which is as insidious

as the fumes of an opium-pipe, steals away his reason, and makes him powerless to resist her. She makes him feel that she alone of all the world is capable of appreciating him and knowing how wonderfully great, and talented, and handsome, and strong, and noble he is; and when a woman can make a man feel that way about himself it doesn't make a bit of difference whether she is fat or thin, wrinkled or smooth of skin. She is a Venus in his eyes, and a bundle of irresistible attractions. No young girl can possess these fascinations. It takes age, and experience, and knowledge of the world, but it is the compensation for being thirty-five years old.

Whether a woman is at her best at forty depends upon whether she is married and has children. It is the age of despair for the unmarried woman, when she realizes that her chances are practically gone and she has not reconciled herself to spinsterhood; but for the woman with the man she loves by her side and her babe at her breast it is a time of beauty ineffable.

Artists have painted it, poets have sung it, and the dullest clod among us all thrills to some fine sense of the exquisite loveliness of the Madonna-look upon a woman's face. She who never knows that never really knows the best of life. The woman who does know it, no matter what hardships fate may send upon her, can say that she has lived. She has had the hour of hours when a woman is at her best.

There comes, too, to some women the peaceful hour of old age when they are supremely attractive. Age has ripened them, sorrows have sweetened them, experiences have made them tender, generous, wise, and so sometimes you see the old woman's face that has bloomed into an Indian-summer flower of loveliness that is fairer than any rose of spring. Her last hour is her best hour.

But the age at which a woman is most attractive can never be definitely settled. It depends upon the woman and circumstances, and also it is her own trade secret which she is not bound to divulge to the curious.

Why Eat Meat?

ONE-HALF OF THE BILLION AND A HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION EAT NO ANIMAL FOOD, AND SCIENCE PROVES THE BENEFITS OF A LACTO-VEGETABLE DIET FOR ALL MANKIND

By John H. Girdner, M. D.



WHY do people eat the flesh of animals, birds, and fishes? It is not because such food is essential to the growth, development, strength, and general well-being of their physical bodies. Horses, cows, elephants, and their kind have larger and, in proportion to weight, stronger bodies than men have, yet their food is derived wholly from the vegetable kingdom. Furthermore, there are numerous examples of individuals and of nations of men and women who do not use flesh as food, and who show physical strength and endurance equal to the best. As an individual ex-

ample of physical strength among non-meat-eaters there is Count Leo Tolstoy, who, though far advanced in years, shows wonderful strength and endurance. I know three children, all under fourteen years of age, who do not eat animal food, who are perfect pictures of health, and are developed bodily and mentally much beyond their years.

The Japanese derive their sustenance almost entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and their fighting men gave an excellent account of themselves in the recent war with Russia, a meat-eating nation. The famous native regiments of the English army in India eat neither meat nor fish. There is abundant evidence that animal

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food is not necessary to physical growth and physical strength in man. No one who has studied the subject will argue that a diet of flesh is conducive to mental and spiritual growth and evolution. All the carnivorous or flesh-eating animals are vicious, irritable, quick to anger; while the herbivorous animals are gentle and of a kindly nature.

We see the same thing among nations. East India is a case in point. Not only is non-meat-eating a part of the religion of the East-Indians, but they are also non-killers of the lower animals, because they believe that the same spirit which animates the lower animals animates man, and that they differ in degree, and not in kind. India is no doubt the best example of a non-meat-eating nation, and is of the longest standing as such. We find that the native Indians, while possessing splendid physiques, are of a most gentle, tolerant, and forgiving nature. They are in no sense warlike or bloodthirsty. Religion is almost the national occupation in India; the people of all classes show an enthusiastic interest in matters spiritual, which closely corresponds to our own devotion to material growth and development. On the other hand, there is England, a nation of pronounced meat-eaters and animal-killers. She has carried on wars of conquest and extermination in all quarters of the globe, until it has come to be a boast that the sun never ceases to shine on the British national emblem.

I admit that other causes than diet may have contributed somewhat to the differences pointed out; but there exists little doubt that the use of flesh as food for hundreds of generations in England and the abstaining from its use for thousands of generations in India are most potent causes of the marked contrast between the character, disposition, and aims of the two peoples. There is no hiding of the truth contained in the statement that as man eats so he is. And here I remark that mankind in general offers an interesting commentary—unconsciously perhaps—on meat-eating, by reason of the fact that he himself will not eat the flesh of a meat-eating animal. The greatest gormand revolts at the thought of having dogs, cats, wolves, vultures, buzzards, or other carnivorous beasts or birds served up to him as food; that is, he revolts at eating this class of animals and birds if he knows it.

Tuberculosis, the Great White Plague, which kills one in every seven of the human race, is only a part of the penalty mankind pays for swallowing the flesh of animals. Whether man originally infected the lower animals with tuberculosis, or whether the lower animals originally infected man, nobody knows. But it is certain that a very large percentage of those who suffer from tuberculosis—especially in rural districts—caught the disease from the flesh and milk of tuberculous cattle used as food.

Speaking of man's relation to the cow, in his book on bovine tuberculosis, Dr. Edward F. Brush says: "We are veritable parasites on this animal. We milk her as long as she will milk, and drink it; we skin her, and clothe ourselves with her skin; we comb our hair with her horns, while her calf furnishes us with vaccine virus for the prevention of smallpox."

It is not possible to state precisely what percentage of the cattle in the United States are tuberculous; but it must be large. In the Northern states some herds have shown that as many as twenty per cent. are affected. This fact, together with the intimate relation existing between man and the bovines, so graphically stated by Doctor Brush, makes it inevitable that man should frequently contract tuberculosis from cattle. Without going into further details on this branch of the subject, suffice it to say that there is abundant evidence from all parts of the world, and by the best observers, that nations and communities suffer from tuberculosis in proportion as they are milk-drinkers and flesh-eaters.

There is another curious class of diseases which are either caused or aggravated by a flesh diet, even when the flesh is from healthy animals. They may be arranged under the general head of diseases due to faulty elimination. Gout, rheumatism, and certain forms of kidney disease are good examples of what I mean. The following statement will make clear the connection between flesh-eating and these diseases:

Every animal body, man's included, is a poison factory; that is, the waste materials or by-products of digestion and assimilation are rank poison to the life of the animal which produces them. These waste materials are called excretions, and if their elimination is stopped for thirty-six or forty-eight hours the animal dies—killed by its own poison. The amount of these

poisonous excretions an individual's organs are called upon to eliminate depends on the amount of poison taken in with his food. Now think of the enormous amount of poison in process of excretion from the body of an ox at any moment of its life. When the ox is killed all excretion stops, and the poison remains in the tissues where it happened to be at the moment of death, and when we take this flesh into our system as food our organs of excretion have to take up the work of elimination where the ox's organs left off. Cooking does not help matters. Cooked poison of this character is no better than raw poison. The bulk of this extra work of elimination falls on the kidneys.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, and a host of minor ills which go with so-called civilization should be so much more prevalent in meat-eating England and America than in China, Japan, and India?

I once visited a large state prison in company with a gentleman of education and refinement, a teacher in an institution for the education of boys and young men. He had never been inside a penal institution before. The warden showed us everything from cellar to garret. The cold, forbidding stone walls, the grated windows, the cheerless cells with clanging iron doors, the guards with their death-dealing rifles, the lock-step, striped uniforms, and shaven heads of the convicts, and the dogged and hopeless expression of each countenance—all this made a picture which powerfully affected my friend. As we drove away from the institution, he said: "I wish it were possible to make it obligatory on every young man to visit a state prison at least once. I believe that would do more to prevent crime than all the penal codes in existence."

And I have thought, as I watched a refined gentlewoman eating beefsteak, that if she and all her kind would once visit a slaughter-house, and experience the sights, sounds, and odors, and see the expression of horror and pitiful appeal in the eyes of her dumb fellow-creatures as they are dragged forth to have their throats cut, she would afterward hesitate to cast the weight of her influence and example in favor of a continuance of such scenes. I would say to any meat-eating lady who

reads these lines, that if she only knew what a change for the better would take place in her complexion if she quit eating meat, she would never touch it again.

Typhoid fever is frequently contracted from clams and oysters eaten on the half-shell. These bivalves draw the water into their shells and strain out the animalcules, etc., and it is thus they obtain their sustenance. When taken from their beds by the oysterman they instantly close up tight, retaining the water which happens to be in the shells at the time of their capture. The "juice" which we swallow with so much gusto from the half-shell is composed largely of this water. If the water happens to be contaminated with typhoid germs, the eater becomes infected and in due time is "down" with the disease. Some years ago some students at an Eastern college gave a dinner; all who ate raw oysters—some twenty—became ill with typhoid. Investigation showed that the oysters served had come from a bed near the mouth of a fresh-water stream which was found to be infected with the germs of typhoid. Other oysters taken from the bed were found to have the infection in their "juice."

As clams and oysters grow in bays and coves near the shores, where the water is certain to contain more or less sewage, the imagination can readily picture the character of the "juice," even though it may contain no pathogenic germs.

The man who ate the first raw oyster is often referred to as having been a hero; but he is not in my judgment a greater hero than the man who ate the first cooked kidney or the first piece of fried liver.

Doctor Haig of London, in his recent volume on "Diet and Food," says (p. 25), "As some sources of albumens, such as animal flesh of all kinds, contain either uric acid or substances equivalent to it (such as the xanthins), these must be ruled out, for the blood cannot be kept properly free from this substance while it is being introduced with every mouthful swallowed." And Professor Hutchinson of the London Hospital, in his "Food and Dietetics," just published, says (p. 511): "If one wishes to lessen the uric acid in the body, the diet to be recommended is one composed of vegetable foods, milk and its derivatives, and eggs. Meat, and especially such articles as liver, kidneys, and sweetbreads, must be avoided."

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There is scarcely a fact in medical science more firmly established than that uric acid and kindred poisons are responsible for a large number of human ills. The first thing a wise physician does is to prohibit the use of flesh as food in all forms of uric-acid poisoning, thus removing from his patient the source of supply, just as he would stop the supply of opium for a patient suffering from that drug. My point is, Why wait until disease appears before quitting a flesh diet? The proteid which meat supplies to the body can be obtained from a lacto-vegetable diet, minus the poisons we must take when we get it from meat.

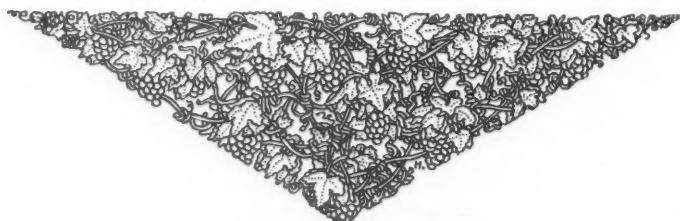
No doubt a vast majority of the people of the Western world look upon vegetarianism with contempt and ridicule, and consider vegetarians as a small coterie of cranks and weaklings. It may interest these same people to know that probably one-half of the billion and a half human beings on this globe do not eat meat at all. And vegetarians certainly have nothing to be ashamed of, when Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Tertullian, Porphyry, and many other great philosophers of ancient times were strong advocates of vegetarianism, and practiced it.

It is an error to suppose that meat contains more nourishment than other foods. Many cereals, vegetables, nuts, and pulses contain a greater amount of nutriment, by weight, than does meat. The sense of having dined well, and the feeling of general well-being experienced soon after a meat meal, are caused by the rapidity with which the proteid is given up by the meat cells; and this is accompanied with the liberation of heat, which imparts warmth to the entire system. In other words, meat is a "quick fuel"; hence the frequent advice to abstain

from its use in hot weather. On the other hand, a meal derived entirely from the vegetable kingdom will contain a far greater amount of the elements necessary to nourish the body and supply it with energy; they are delivered more slowly, extend over a longer period of time, and are unattended by the quick glow and sense of comfort which followed the meat meal. Eight or ten quarts of oats eaten in the morning will furnish a horse with the energy to draw a carriage all day. And everyone who has visited China or Japan is familiar with the remarkable endurance of the vegetarian jinrikisha man.

Non-meat-eaters are of two classes: those who rely wholly on the vegetable kingdom for food, and are called "strict vegetarians," and those who add eggs, milk, cream, and all dairy products to their bill of fare, and are called "lacto-vegetarians." Just here I want to say a word about cooking. Most people boil their vegetables, cereals, and the like in water. This removes a large percentage of the nourishment from them, especially the vegetable salts. Such foods when served consist largely of fibrous materials, while the nourishment is thrown out in the pot-liquor. All vegetables, fruits, and cereals should be steamed, not boiled; then all the nourishing qualities are retained. This is why horses can live and work on grain only. They take it raw; the strength is not boiled out of it.

Finally, in the light of our present knowledge of physiology and the causes of diathetic diseases, it can be asserted that a lacto-vegetable diet, properly prepared, supplies the system with everything it needs, and is an ideal diet both in health and in those diseases due to faulty elimination.





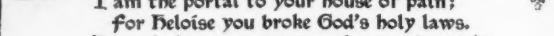
AY fortune has been always in extremes.
Fate loaded me with favors, and with woe;
She lulled me in the lap of tender dreams,
Then woke me with the anguish of a blow.
She flung her choicest blessings at my feet,
Then took them all, in taking you away:
And in proportion as the past was sweet,
So is the bitter of my life to-day.
The envied of all women, through your love
My sorrows claim compassion from them all;
I was but lifted to fair heights above,
That men and angels might behold my fall.
Now comes the last affliction from fate's store—
I shall behold my Abelard no more!

(Concluded from last month)

The Wandering Monk of St. Gilles returning from the Chase, and jeer at their Abbe



F. H. SIMPSON



XXIV
OT mine the right to murmur or complain,
for I alone am your misfortune's cause.
I am the portal to your house of pain;
for Heloise you broke God's holy laws.
I meshed your greatness in my beauty's
snare;

You found destruction, gazing in my face;
And Samson's fall and Solomon's despair
Are lived again in Abelard's disgrace.
Yet grant me this poor comfort, for my
dole—

I sought not, like Delilah, to destroy;
Mine was the passion-blinded woman's role
Who gave her virtue for her lover's joy.
Convinced of love, I hastened
to pour out
Life's dearest treasures, that
you might not doubt.

With his own hands Abelard

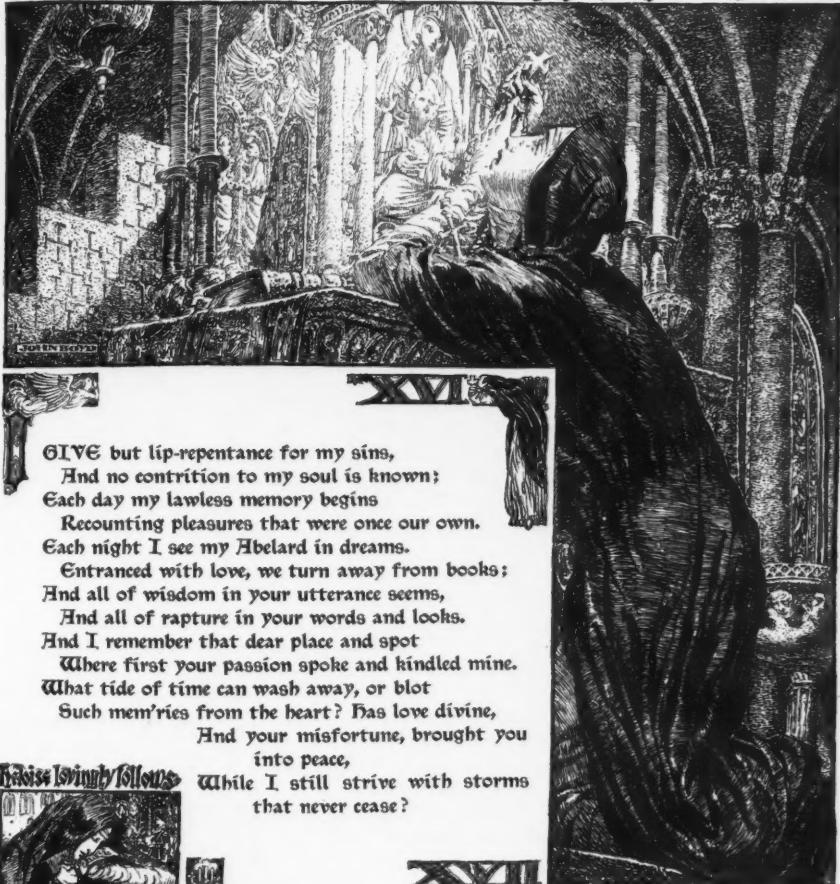


MADE no use of pretext or defense;
I valued virtue, only to bestow;
Like white, high noon-tide, glaring and intense,
Love drowned the world of reason in its
glow.
To be beloved by Abelard—that thought
Absorbed all other purposes like flame,
Such havoc passion in my bosom wrought,
I banished honor, and invited shame.
I thrust out duty, and installed desire;
I aimed at nothing but possessing you.
Oh, God, could I but quench with tears the
fire
Of memory of those delights we knew!
Could I forget, or grieve for what was done,
Divine forgiveness might be sought, and won!



helped to build the church

Heloise, now Abbess of the family, please in her prayers for peace in her will.



GIVE but lip-repentance for my sins,
And no contrition to my soul is known;
Each day my lawless memory begins
Recounting pleasures that were once our own.
Each night I see my Abelard in dreams.
Entranced with love, we turn away from books;
And all of wisdom in your utterance seems,
And all of rapture in your words and looks.
And I remember that dear place and spot
Where first your passion spoke and kindled mine.
What tide of time can wash away, or blot
Such mem'ries from the heart? Has love divine,
And your misfortune, brought you
into peace,
While I still strive with storms
that never cease?

Heloise lovingly follows



O you, in slumber, sometimes stretch your arms
To clasp the yielding form of Heloise?
Do you recall my kisses and my charms?
Or have those pleasures lost their power to
please?
Within these walls, I weep and ever weep.
This cloister echoes my rebellious cries:
Worn out with sorrow I relive in sleep
The unabating grief that never dies.
Shall Abelard, the all-engrancing theme,
Consume the soul that ought to seek God's
throne?
How can I hope the Power I so blaspheme,
Will grant me pardon, or my sins condone?
Oh, you whose face I never more may see,
Have pity on my plight, and pray for me!

XVII



Aubrey to Heloise

HRITE me no more. Let all communion end.
We left the world, to purify our thought.
But prayer is vain, and penance comes to nought,
When human passions with our hearts contend.
No alchemist within the heart can blend
Desire and faith; the peace which we have
sought,
By crucifixion of the flesh is bought.
Let rites redouble, and let prayers ascend.
Your letters prove my foes. When I would gird
God's armor on, and pinion to the dust
Regrets that bar my path to Paradise,
I fall inert, before each burning word;
Resolve is slain, as by a dagger-thrust;
And Christ is hidden by your ardent eyes.

HRITE me no more. Bestow yourself on God.
Your letters stir me with a deep unrest,
Old half-healed wounds reopen in my breast,
And blood-drops stain the young unsullied sod
Where walked the feet of faith, repentance-shod.
My prayerful thoughts swerve in their upward
quest,
And carnal love is once again their guest—
Again, in dreams, is pleasure's pathway trod.
Write me no more; you draw me back to earth.
Moved by your words, I lose the better way,
My purpose falters, and my courage faints.
Oh, crush each lawless impulse at its birth,
Learn the large meaning of the word "obey,"
And drain the bitter chalice of the saints.



RITE me no more. Grow diligent in prayer;
Let God, not Abelard, be your concern.
When mem'ries torture, and when passions
burn,
Look to the Cross, that refuge of despair;
Its outstretched arms are ever waiting there.
Immortal life is something we must earn
By conquest of the baser self. Oh, turn
Your thoughts from earth, to worlds divinely fair.
Let silence give our sorrowing love true worth.
To love you, means to leave you with no sign;
To love me, means to let my life go free.
But when death calls our sin-washed souls from
earth,
Oh, may your senseless clay rest close to mine!
Adieu! adieu! and write no more to me.

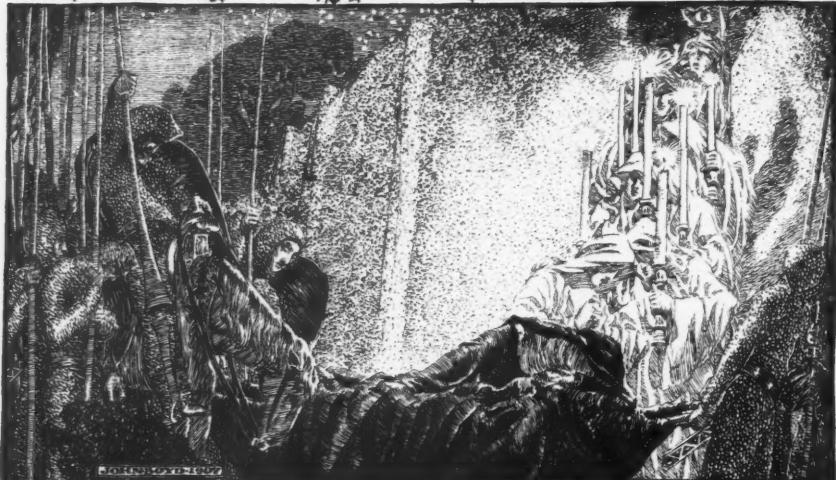
XXI. Eloise to Abelard

At last God shows me proof of His regard,
And tranquil joys replace grief's uncontrol.
Desire no longer riots in my soul;
Gone are the dreams of love and Abelard.
My holy meditations are not scarred
By scalding tears from memory's brimming
bowl;
My thoughts fly unimpeded to the goal—
Dethroned your image, and forever barred.
Oh, let my infidelity proclaim
To all the world how fickle love can changel
A rival rules the heart once deemed so true.
Yet, ere you think me sunk in utter shame,
Hear my disclosure of what seems so strange—
'Tis God alone takes Heloise from you.

Heloise to Abelard

Books at the Council of Sens; A Triumph of Sens.

¶ The beautiful, sorrowing Heloise weeps over the bier of her husband.



XXII

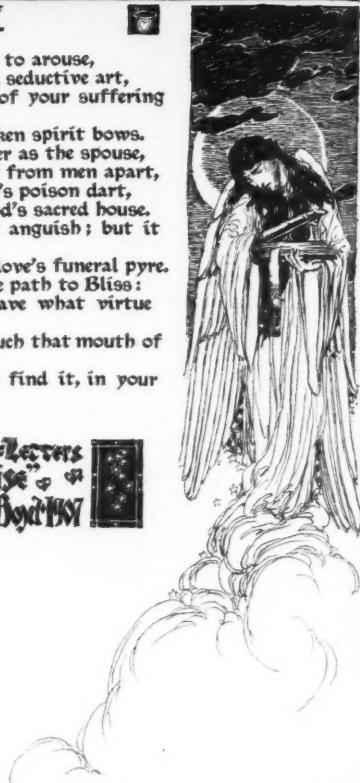
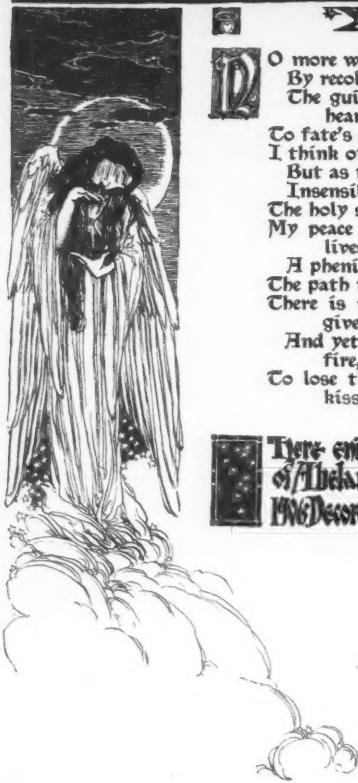
O more will I endeavor to arouse,
By recollection's soft, seductive art,
The guilty fondness of your suffering
heart;

To fate's decree my broken spirit bows.
I think of you no longer as the spouse,
But as the father, set from men apart,
Insensible to passion's poison dart,
The holy steward in God's sacred house.
My peace was born of anguish; but it

lives,

A phenix risen from love's funeral pyre.
The path to Duty is the path to Bliss:
There is no pleasure save what virtue
gives.
And yet—again to touch that mouth of
fire,
To lose the world, and find it, in your
kiss!

Here enite the Love Letters
of Abelard and Heloise
Decoratively by John Boyd 1897





Small Contributions



by Ambrose Bierce

Portraits of Elderly Authors

If by good or much writing a modest old man have the misfortune to incur the curiosity of the public regarding his personal appearance, how shall he gratify it—and gratified it will somehow be—with the least distress to himself? Every public writer is familiar with the demand, from editor or publisher, "Please send photograph." Of course he may easily decline, but also, alas! editor or publisher may easily decline the work for embellishment or advertisement of which the photograph was sought. So what can the poor man do? And what photograph shall he send—that of yesteryear, or that of a decade or two ago? Concerning this grave matter I venture to quote from a letter of a thoughtful friend who conducts an editorium:

"One sees the printed counterfeit of a dashing young chap whom all know as the distinguished author of 'The Bean Pot,' which, it is true, appeared twenty years ago. But the portrait is the familiar one always used by publishers to herald later books by the same author. One day the author himself calls. You have always thought of him as having a smooth, high brow topped with a fine cluster of coal-black curls, and the devil in his eyes. When this wrinkled, bald, and squeaky old man tells you that he is the author of 'The Bean Pot' you suffer a shock. All your self-restraint is invoked to inhibit contumelious word and inhospitable act."

True, O king, but there is more to the matter. Every writer that is fore and fit cherishes a natural expectation of being known to posterity. If that hope is fulfilled he will be known to it by his last portrait. Who knows Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, or Whitman as other than a venerable ruin? Who has in mind a middle-aged Hugo, or a young Goethe? It is with an effort that we grasp the fact that all these excellent gentlemen of letters were not born old. They were merely indiscreet; they sat for their portraits when they

could no longer stand. By the happy mischance of early death, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe escaped the caricaturing of the years, and can snap their finger-bones at the merciless cartoonist.

The portrait of twenty years ago no more faultily represents the old man as he is than that of yesterday represents him as he was. Either is false to some period of his life, and he may reasonably enough prefer that posterity shall know how he looked in his prime, rather than that his contemporaries shall know how he looks in his decay. It may be that it was in his prime that he did the characteristic work that begot the desire to know him at all.

With what portrait, then, shall one well stricken in years meet the contemporary demand? Perhaps it is best, and not unfair, to supply it with one made in one's prime, conscientiously and conspicuously inscribed with its date—and that is what I do myself. But I grieve to observe that the date is, as a rule, ingeniously effaced in the reproduction.

Our Sacrosanct Orthography

"No," said the Melancholy Author, "I do not understand British criticism of American attempts at spelling reform. The claim of our insular cousins to a special ownership and particular custody of our language is impudent. English is not a benefaction that we owe to living Englishmen, nor a loan to be enjoyed, under conditions prescribed by the creditors. When our ancestors 'came over' they did not sign away any rights of revision of their own speech; and if a man come not honestly by his mother-tongue I know not what he may be said legitimately to own. Sir, I am not addicted to intemperate words, and harsh retaliation does not engage my assent, but when I see an Englishman reaching 'hands across the sea' to punish what he chooses to call an infraction of the laws of *his* language, I am tempted to slap his wrist."

Small Contributions

In the presence of this portentous incarnation of justice the Timorous Reporter trembled appropriately and was silent in all the dialects of his native land and Kansas.

"What would they have," continued the great, sad man—"these 'conservatives'? A language immune to change? That would be a dead language and we should have to evolve a successor. Ours has never been a changeless tongue; nothing is more mutable, even in its orthography. As it existed a few centuries ago it is now unintelligible except to a few specialists, yet every change has encountered as fierce hostility as any that is now proposed. Compare a page of 'Beowulf' with a page of the London 'Times' or the 'Saturday Review' and see what incalculable quantities of 'crow' the luckless 'guardians of our noble tongue' have had to swallow. Do you wonder, young man, that they are a dyspeptic folk? And did not Dr. Samuel Johnson formulate a great truth in the dictum that 'every sick man is a scoundrel'?"

"Surely," ventured the Timorous Reporter, "you would not apply so harsh a word to the great English reviewers, nor to our own beloved Prof. Harry Thurston Peck!"

"To be consistent these gentlemen should not demand that the spelling remain as it is, for its present condition is the result of innumerable defeats of themselves and their predecessors by hardy and impenitent 'corrupters.' Sir, it is pusillanimous of them not only to accept a situation that has been forced upon them, but to proclaim it sacred and fight for its eternal maintenance. They should be making heroic efforts to restore at least the spelling of Hakluyt and Sir John Mandeville. It is not so very long since a few timid innovators began (as secretly as the nature of the rebellious act would permit) to leave off the 'k' in such words as 'musick,' 'publick' and so forth. Instantly,

The wonted roar was up amid the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance—

the self-appointed 'guardians of our noble tongue' rose as one old lady and swore that rather than submit they would run away! That sacred 'k' is no more, but they are with us yet, untaught by failure and unstilled by shame. Sir, it is the nature of a fool to hate a thing when it is new, adore it

when it is current, and despise it when it is obsolete."

Pleased with his epigram, the Melancholy Author so accentuated the sadness of his countenance as to invite sincere compassion.

"We hear much from the scholar-folk about the importance of preserving the derivation of words, not only as a guide to their meaning, but because from the genealogy and biography of words we get instructive side-lights on the history and customs of nations. That is all true: philology is a useful and fascinating study. Read 'The Queen's English' of the late Dean Alford if you think it is not. (Incidentally, I may mention my own humble volumes on 'The Genesis and Evolution of "Puss" as the Vocative Form of "Cat."') But derivation is really not a very sure guide to signification. For example, what do I learn of the meaning of 'desultory' by knowing that it is from the Latin 'desultor,' a circus performer that leaps from horse to horse? In many instances the origin of a word is misleading, as in 'miscreant,' which, etymologically, means nothing worse than 'unbeliever.' Of course it is interesting to hear in it a lingering echo of an ecclesiastic damning in a time when nothing worse than an unbeliever was thought to exist.

"But, as the late Prof. Schele de Vere pointed out, the roots of words are better disclosed in their sound than in their spelling. By phonetic spelling only can their pronunciation be made nearly uniform—if that is an advantage. If this is not obvious, human intelligence is a shut clam."

The creator of this beautiful figure celebrated it at the sideboard and resumed his illuminating discourse.

"To those who deem it worth while to be happy, the study of derivations is, indeed, a perpetual banquet of delights, but it is important to remember that language is not merely, nor chiefly, a plaything for scholars, but a thing of utility in the conduct of life and affairs. To its service in that character all obstruent considerations should, and eventually do, give way. It may please, and to some extent profit, to know that 'phthisis' comes from the Greek 'phthio'—to waste away—but if in order that one may see this, as well as hear it, I must so spell it as to deny to certain letters of the alphabet their customary and established powers I protest

against the desecration. Our orthography has no greater sanctity than have the vested rights of the vowels and consonants by which we achieve it. Why do none of 'the whiskered pandours and the fierce hussars' of conservatism stand forth as champions of that noble Roman, the English alphabet?

"Yes, I concede the importance of being able to trace the origin of words, for words are thoughts, and their history is a record of intellectual progress, but in very few of them would a simplified, even a consistently phonetic, spelling tend to obscure the trail by which they came into the language. And as to these few, why not learn their origin from the dictionaries once for all and have done with it? The labor would be incomparably less than that of learning to spell as we do."

Convinced but not silenced, the thirsty soul at the fountain of wisdom cautiously advanced the view that the reformed spelling is uncouth to the eye.

"Sir, it is most dispiriting," said the oracle, in the low, sad tones that served to distinguish him from the bagpipes of Skibo castle, "to hear from the beardless lips of youth a folly so appropriate to age and experience. To the unobservant, any change in the familiar looks disagreeable. The newest fashion in silk hats looks ridiculous; a little later the old style looks worse. To me, sir, nothing is uncouth: the most refined and elevated sentiment loses nothing by its expression in as nearly phonetic spelling as our inadequate alphabet will permit. For my reading you may spell like Josh Billings if you won't write like him."

"From all that you have been kind enough to say," said the Timorous Reporter, with a sudden access of courage that alarmed him, "I infer that in your forthcoming great work on 'The Tyrant Proposition' you will employ the Skibonese philanthropy."

"Not I. Courage is an excellent thing in man, and the soldier is useful; but each to his trade. Mine, sir," he concluded, with a note of pride underrunning the grave, sweet monotony of his discourse, "is writing."

A Strained Relation

ACT I

Scene, the White House. Time, October, 1906.

SECRETARY ROOT—Mr. President, the Japanese minister complains that the chil-

dren of his countrymen in California are denied admittance to the public schools.

THE PRESIDENT—That will be bad for their education.

SEC. ROOT—He regards this as an unfriendly discrimination.

THE PRES.—I should suppose that would be a painful conviction.

SEC. ROOT—He says his countrymen in Japan are greatly excited about it.

THE PRES.—What a jabbering they must make!

SEC. ROOT—He is making a good deal of noise himself.

THE PRES.—Dare say. Let's ask Metcalf about it; he's from California. (*Taps bell nine times—enter Secretary Metcalf.*) Mr. Secretary, how about exclusion of Japs from the California public schools, poor little things!

SEC. METCALF—There are separate schools for them. The average age of the poor little things is about thirty years.

THE PRES.—How affecting! Many of them must be orphans. I was once an orphan.

SEC. ROOT (*aside*)—His levity fatigues. (*To the President*) Among the Japanese there are no orphans: those of them that have lost their parents have an official father in the minister of war.

THE PRES.—Hoo—wat?

SEC. ROOT—Their actual guardian is the ranking admiral of the navy.

THE PRES.—The devil!

SEC. ROOT—No; Togo.

THE PRES.—This is a mighty serious matter, as I said. Go at once to the Japanese minister and disavow everything. (*Exit Secretary Root, smiling aside.*) Metcalf, tell Loeb to prepare apologies to Japan, for publication in the newspapers. Take the first train to California, and— (*Exit Secretary Metcalf. Enter Secretary Bonaparte, breathless.*)

SEC. BONAPARTE—Mr. President, the J-J—the Mapanese jinister is in the offing with all his s-suite! He is sailing up the gravel walk this very m-minute! For heaven's sake, go to the window and show your teeth. (*Exit Secretary Bonaparte, running. Tumult without: "Banzai! Banzai!"*)

THE PRES. (*solas*)—What under the sun can I say to appease the pirates? This is what comes of the Peace of Portsmouth! It is this to be a world power with a con-

tumacious province! (*Has a bad half-hour. Curtain.*)

ACT II

Scene, the same. Time, August, 1907.

THE PRESIDENT—Mr. Secretary, it is reported that the Japanese in Hawaii are rising.

SECRETARY METCALF—You don't say so! Why, it is hardly six o'clock by their time. They are early risers.

THE PRES.—I learn from Secretary Root that Admiral Togo's battleships are coaling. Now, what can that mean?

SEC. MET.—Let us ask Dewey. (*Enter, thoughtfully, Admiral Dewey.*) Admiral, the President has learned that the Japanese battleships at Tokio are taking on coal. What, in your judgment as a sailor, are they going to do with it?

ADMIRAL DEWEY—Burn it. (*Enter Secretary Root.*)

SEC. ROOT—Mr. President, California is about to secede—we shall lose Metcalf! The entire Pacific Coast will follow. I go to glory or the grave! (*Exit Secretary Root. Enter Secretary Taft, with bottle.*)

SEC. TAFT—in this supreme crisis of the nation let us fortify our souls (*filling glasses*) for any trial.

THE PRES. (*lifting glass*)—Here's confusion to the memory of the late Commodore Matthew Perry! (*Drinks. Tumult within: "Banzai! Banzai!" Enter Loeb.*)

LOEB—Mr. President—

THE PRES.—Where's Root?

LOEB—in the East Room, playing draw poker with the Japanese minister. (*Renewed tumult within: "Banzai Nippon!"*) The Jap seems to be winning.

(*Curtain.*)

A Plague of Mice

ALAS, we've fallen upon an evil time:
Our journals all are in a rash of rime!
Slang, "dialect," the humor of the slum,
Done into stanzas by the rule of thumb,
The peasant word, the coarse, colloquial
phrase,
Fitting the pauper thought that it conveys,
March to the meter-master's "Hep, hep,
hep,"
With every second soldier out of step.

What sins of ours deserve this heavy curse?
Who taught our clowns 'tis easy to write
verse,

If neither poetry nor wit be deemed
A needful ornament, nor sense esteemed
A twin of sound? O rustics of the quill,
Ill-made by Nature, making others ill,
(Landlubbers on the sea of song a-sail
Uttering your fancies o'er the leeward rail)
Forgive the wicked wish I cannot choose
But entertain—that, luckless, you may lose
Each one a thumb of the tormenting ten
Whereon you reckon syllables. Ah, then,
Restored to what it was before you learned
That grinning through horse-collars ever
earned

Plaudits of rustics and enough of dollars
To pay the weekly rental of the collars,
With something over for the stomach's
throes,
Your ailing verse will turn to ailing prose.
Then joyous angels will look down and say,
"Behold! the ninety-nine that went astray
Return to where, from fields of noxious
grass,
Sweet thistles beckon each repentant ass."

Notes on the Book-Folk

THE venerable Mrs. Braddon has written another novel, "The White House." I should not advise our literary President to buy it; he is not its hero. Mrs. Braddon is the only living writer that has never mentioned him.

"The Japanese women do not have clubs, and therefore they have babies."

That is a syllogism of Mrs. G. Adam-Fisher in her new book, "A Woman Alone in Japan." Her omitted major premise, "women who have no clubs have babies," appears to be only partly true. Dead women have no clubs.

"Even since Whitman's death," says an eminent French critic quoted by Mr. Bradford Torrey, "the United States have two poets." Then we had not more than one before, for Whitman's death indubitably made a distinct addition to the number of American poets.

By the way, the names of the two American poets mentioned by the eminent French

critic are Merrill and Griffin—mute Miltons, apparently, but not inglorious, for it is no small distinction for a poet to have his countrymen inquiring, "What the dickens has he written?" It shows that they have been touched to attention.

"Otis Notman," who writes knowingly of books and authors, has the fallibility of omniscience. Of Carmel, California, Otis says: "George Stirling, who is considered a great poet by the Californians, spends his summer there. Mary Austin, a writer of children's stories, and Herman Scheffauer are both members of this interesting colony." George Sterling (not Stirling) is considered a great poet, not only by "Californians," but by all who know poetry and know his. By some he is thought the greatest poet that we have, and I confess that I share that delusion. Mary Austin is not, to my knowledge, a writer of children's stories, and Herman Scheffauer has never seen Carmel.

The output of "great books destined to live as long as the language" showed a little falling off last month. Some of the critics have apparently forsaken literature to till the soil. We should have a great potato crop this year.

Like Mississippi's former representative in Congress, Private John Allen, Mr. Winston Churchill can rightly demand (of the critics) the respectful treatment that is due to the dignity of a defeated candidate.

An English publisher complains that the American custom of overpaying authors injuriously affects the tight little isle's book-trade. As the overpayment is not a matter of record, it looks as if American authors have yielded to the temptations of the tipping system.

Mr. Bliss Carman's five books of verse have been "rolled into one." This is very much as if one should try to make a ten-spot of five deuces.

If writers of the Walt Whitman school would have the goodness to preface their work with a word or two explaining whether it is poetry or prose, the reader would know the exact nature of his own offense in pronouncing it neither.

Negligible Epigrams

The people's plaudits are unheard in hell.

Generosity to a fallen foe is a virtue that takes no chances.

If there was a world before this we must all have died impenitent.

We are what we laugh at. The stupid person is a poor joke, the clever a good one.

If every man who resents being called a rogue resented being one this would be a world of wrath.

Force and charm are important elements of character, but it counts for little to be stronger than honey and sweeter than a lion.

When you know not how to vote consult the first good and wise man that you meet; but before voting, consult the second. That is the philosophy of incivism.

Grief and discomfiture are coals that cool:

Why keep them glowing with thy sighs,
O fool?

"Who art thou that weepest?"

"Man."

"Nay, thou art Egotism. I am the Scheme of the Universe. Study me and learn that nothing matters."

"Then how does it matter that I weep?"

A man who had made a fortune by writing slang had a parrot.

"Why have I not a gold cage?" asked the bird.

"Because," said its master, "you are a better thinker than repeater, as your question shows. And we have not the same audience."

The virtues chose Modesty to be their queen.

"I did not know that I was a virtue," she said. "Why did you not choose Innocence?"

"Because of her ignorance," they replied. "She knows nothing but that she is a virtue."

A woman died who had passed her life in affirming the superiority of her sex.

"At last," she said, "I shall have rest and honors."

"Enter, faithful one," said Saint Peter; "thou shalt wash the faces of the dear little cherubim."

An Up-to-Date Fairy Tale

THE VERACIOUS STORY OF SOME TRULY REMARKABLE ADVENTURES EXPERIENCED BY A MAN WHO, THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN, WAS REDUCED TO A HEIGHT OF ONE INCH

By Perriton Maxwell

Illustrated from photographs by the Author



HE doctor meditatively wagged his shock of snowdrift hair and pulled a grave countenance. He was a rosy, rotund cherub of sixty-three, with a laugh that bubbled up straight from his heart. He exuded health, and to his patients he was the living symbol of optimism, the soul of good cheer. No one could remain ill very long under his skillful care; in thirty-one years of daily practice he had had less than half a score of patients whose ailments had reached beyond his power of healing. But now there was a solemn shade on his ruddy old mask and an unquiet look in his eye. Evidently he believed me to be asleep, which, indeed, I should have been after the exhausting physical examination I had just endured at his hands.

From my vantage-point beneath the coverlet of the bed, I saw and heard everything which transpired about me—saw and heard too much for my peace of mind. I scented danger in the doctor's unnatural sobriety of manner. "A badly complicated case of appendicitis," I heard him tell my wife.

"The devil!" I muttered to myself. "Still, I suppose I should be thankful it isn't something worse."

"Is it so serious, then?" tremulously whispered my wife.

"Not so serious, little woman, but that we'll have him on his pins again in a week or two. But," and he lingered unreasonably long on the word, "he will have to undergo an operation, and at once."

Immediately I lost interest in my own welfare. Nothing counted after that pronounce-

ment of doom. If they were going to pry me open like a can of beef and play hide-and-seek with the inner man of me while I lay foolishly weak and powerless, there surely was no further use for life. In my own mind I was already coffined. Always I had entertained a robust horror of the knife. I owned to a fixed theory that a certain large percentage of sick men and women went down into premature graves, butchered on the surgeon's table.

My mental discomfiture was as poignant as my physical pain was intense when, after a night of fever and fantastic dreams, I awoke next morning to realize that all preparations for removing me to the hospital had been made. I was actually on my way to the block, there to be man-handled and cut up for the crime of having a wilful vermiciform appendix.

After a hideous nightmare of a ride to the hospital in a stuffy, jolting cab, and but a brief rest upon arriving there, I eventually found myself, like a trussed chicken on a platter, laid out upon a slablike table bristling with thumb-screws and brass tilting devices; it was not unlike one of those torture-racks used in a remoter day for victims less innocent, perhaps, than myself. The group of young doctors gathered about my prostrate form seemed to be very jocular indeed over my helplessness, perhaps my approaching death. They had absolutely no sense of the importance of the moment as I felt it.

"It will be over in a jiffy," said one of my smiling assassins, a spectacled chap with a blond beard, as he adjusted a cone-shaped something over my face. I was inhaling ether, and there was no backing out of it now. The ordeal was on. I felt myself slid-

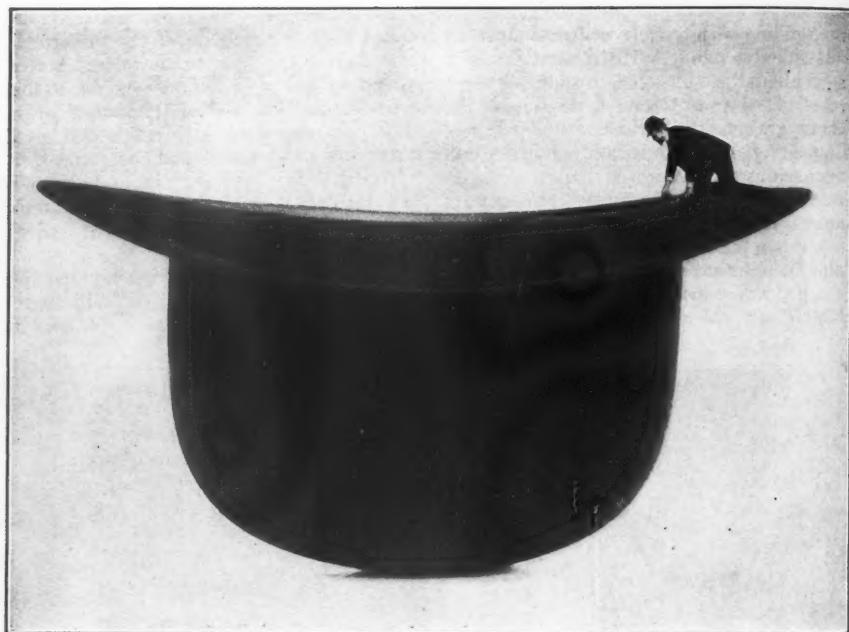
ing out of the world, slipping the harness of life, gliding with terrible swiftness down an interminable chute. Faster and faster I sped along the endless death-slide. Then I rebelled. I tried to clutch the sides of the chute, grabbed ineffectually at the polished, unyielding surface under me, and vainly dug my heels into it. I realized that my struggles were useless—the far-away confusion of voices convinced me of that. Something seemed to tug at my vitals, and there was a dim consciousness of pain, but this I lightly laughed away, for I suddenly became aware that *it was not my pain*, but belonged to

some one else—to the blond assassin who called himself a surgeon, to the uniformed attendant at the door, to the colored porter whom we had passed in the corridor, to the white-capped nurse with the violet eyes. The pain was there in *my* side—oh, yes, there was no doubt of that, but some one else *felt* it. It was a huge joke, and I knew I was the only person in the whole great universe that could appreciate or even understand it.

Then the desire to rise from my uncomfortable position on the operating-table came upon me with compelling force. I knew I



"I SAW THE SHADOW OF AN ENORMOUS FOOT AND FELT A RUSH OF AIR"



"A YAWNING CHASM, TO FALL INTO WHICH MEANT AT LEAST A BROKEN NECK"

was required to lie perfectly quiet, but I seemed to be alone in the midst of an all-enveloping white vapor. You may imagine my astonishment when I found the task of rising from the slab no more difficult than getting out of a chair.

After stretching myself to loosen up my joints I started across what I supposed was the floor of the operating-chamber. It was a strange sensation to come suddenly to the end of the floor, and peering over the edge, to see a sheer drop of some fifty feet or more to the level of what seemed to be the story below. I could not quite bring my reason to focus true on the situation. I had only the consciousness of an enormous human countenance with a huge blond beard peering at me from out a vast impenetrable whiteness, a fog of infinity. I tried to shake off the foolish illusion, but it would not be shaken. Then I lost reason completely, tossed discretion to the winds, and made a plunge into space over the edge of the floor, down, down, down!

Did you ever fall from a great height? Probably not; it is not a popular pastime. But if you have, you will recognize the sen-

sation of passing swiftly through a tube of rapidly solidifying air—air that envelops you and shrieks in your ears as it folds you tighter and tighter in its embrace. You have only one thought while you are falling—you wonder how soon you will strike the bottom of the impalpable air-tube.

It came almost at the moment the question formed itself in my mind. I felt the heavy jar of my body when it came in violent contact with the ground, and wondered how much of me was left unbroken. It is a strange fact but a true one that I escaped unharmed. I had struck upon a mound of something soft and yielding—something like a mountain of piled-up linen, if you can imagine such a thing. I struggled out of the folds of the yielding mass, and finally reached the floor.

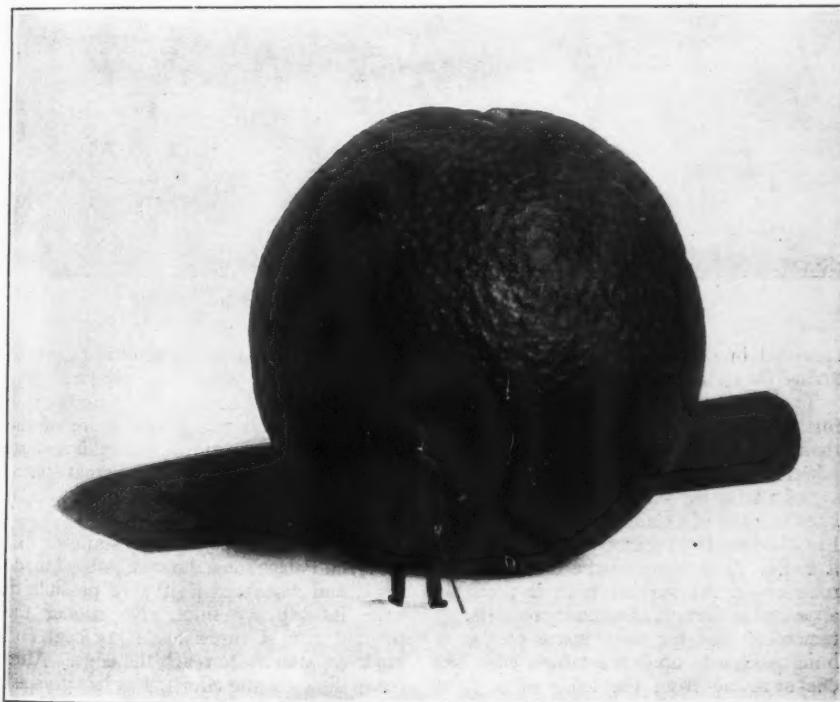
I do not know how the realization was brought home to me, nor what inspired me to see the truth as it was, but all at once I knew I was not of normal proportions. I had shrunk into a man of incredible diminutiveness. I was standing beside the walking-stick of one of the hospital inspectors, and I recognized the cane immediately from

the peculiar wood of which it was made. It now towered above my head like an attenuated Eiffel Tower, but it enabled me to gage my height, and I discovered that I stood from the ground but little higher than the ferrule. *I was one inch tall!* I do not think I ever harbored any foolish notions about my own importance in the world. The entire human race is but a mere swarm of ants crawling about on the little terrestrial golf-ball we call the earth. But to find oneself suddenly reduced to the dimensions of a healthy grasshopper, without that creature's splendid mechanism for locomotion, is to feel small indeed. I brought all of my philosophy to bear on the situation, however, consoling myself with the thought that there were other living and useful creatures still smaller than myself, and set out to seek further adventures.

Everything now took on an interesting and unusual appearance; the most common objects of daily life assumed the appearance of gigantic curiosities. A medicine-case

looked to me like a big house of eccentric architecture; a dust-heap in a corner of the great room swarmed with infinitesimal bits of animal life which, I was sure, could not be discerned by the eye of a normal man.

One thing reconciled me to my strange predicament—I was free to go wheresoever I pleased, without let or hindrance. I stood for a moment in the shadow of a porcelain basin which rested on the floor, and watched with zest the passing of several pairs of giant legs. It gave me a peculiar sensation to see first one huge foot and a trousered leg rise high in the air and swing over the floor with the force of a flying mountain, to be immediately followed by the other leg performing a like miracle. And when a human foot came down upon the floor, it was like a crash of thunder in my Lilliputian eardrums. My curiosity in this novel exhibition of walking came near costing me my life. I had ventured out from the safe shelter of a chair-leg to pass under a distant table, when from another part of the room a



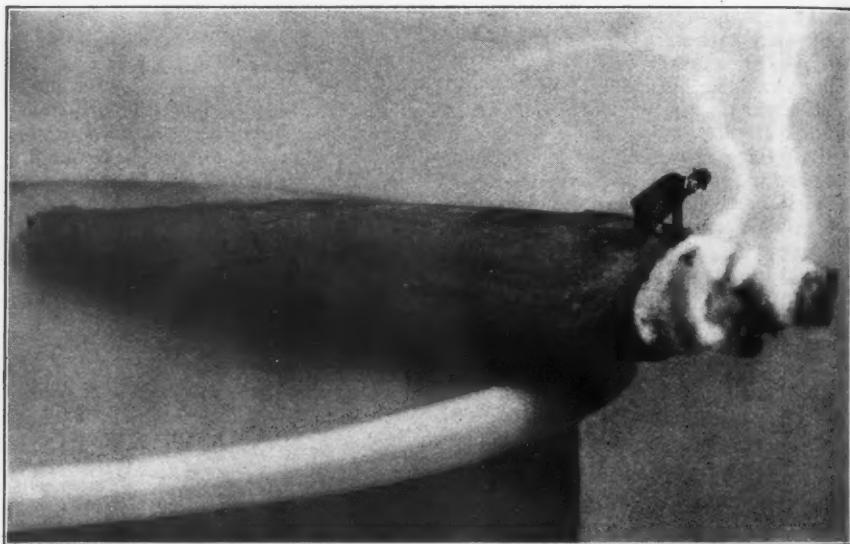
"THE GREAT SPHERE I RECOGNIZED AFTER CLOSER SCRUTINY AS AN ORANGE"

An Up-to-Date Fairy Tale

man started hurriedly in my direction, walking with long strides. Run as I might, the monster feet came crashing toward me, nor could I find any convenient object near at hand under which to dodge. In an instant I saw the shadow of an enormous foot and felt a rush of air. Instinctively I dropped to the floor and flattened out upon it. The great mass of creaking leather passed completely over me. I escaped being crushed into pulp only because the heel and sole of the Brobdingnagian boot had struck the floor directly in front and back of me and I

I finally made out to be a common derby hat turned brim uppermost on the table. Up the curving side of the hat I clambered, digging toes and fingers into the yielding felt, and swung safely over the brim. Carefully I crawled to the edge of the inner rim and peered down into the mouth of a crater—a yawning chasm of darkness, to fall into which meant at least a broken neck. I lost no time in getting back to the more solid footing of the table-top.

Walking a few paces, I was presently con-



"I GAZED OVER INTO A CRUMBLING FORMATION OF HOT ASHES"

sprawled in the hollow of the sole which arched for an instant above.

The passing of my recent danger had no further effect, when I was fully recovered, than to embolden me to test my diminutive powers. Accordingly I essayed the climbing of a table-leg which loomed in my path like the trunk of a California redwood. How I reached the top I scarcely know, but reach it I did. The wood of the table was far rougher on the surface than it probably appeared in the eyes of ordinary mortals. I remember that for some space of time I hung perilously upon the table's edge like one swinging from the ledge of a sheer mountain face. When I gained the top my curiosity led me to a big, black object which

fronted with a huge, round object covered with glistening yellow excrescences like polished knobs of brass. On the other side of the giant ball was a case-knife of the kitchen or tool-box variety, and this seemed as large as a steel girder. The great sphere I recognized after closer scrutiny as an orange.

Noticing a champagne-glass standing like a Crystal Palace some distance away, I made for it and wondered if it were possible to scale its slippery sides. No sooner the thought than I threw aside my coat and made an attempt to reach the edge. After many discouraging efforts, I at last grasped the smooth, round brim at the top and sat astride of it, balancing in mid-air. For



"I STRUCK OUT FOR A SIDE OF THE GLASS, SWIMMING VALIANTLY"



"I MADE A HEADLONG DASH DOWN THE END OF THE KEYBOARD"

some purpose the glass had been filled with water; it had the appearance of a rather muddy lake as seen from my uncertain perch. How it happened I never precisely knew, but of a sudden I was floundering around in this sluggish pool, more wet than frightened. I think I was blown into the water by the onrush of air from a near-by door that had been flung open. I struck out for a side of the glass, swimming valiantly enough, but finding it more difficult with each attempt to get a firm hold on the slippery side. Suffice it to say that, like a drenched rat, I finally made my way from what threatened to be a watery tomb.

Since I seemed doomed to hairbreadth escapes that day, I no longer shrank from any object, no matter how unfamiliar or re-

pulsive a front it presented to my new line of vision. Naturally, therefore, when I saw at a far corner of the table an ugly mass of dark stuff belching fire and smoke at one end, which end projected out into space, I directed my steps toward it. The extreme point opposite that which was aflame had evidently been saturated with water and then beaten and hacked at until it was shredded and pulpy. The object, I found, when I had crawled up its crackling side and sat on the top, was of cylindrical form and exuded a pungent odor. Near the burning end I gazed over into a crumbling formation of hot ashes from which arose the most stifling fumes. The odor I recognized at once—it was a cigar and, I am frank to say, not a very good one. Indeed, I remem-

bered it as one of my own cigars which, in my former state, I had left upon the table-edge on my way into the surgeon's hands. The odor was so nauseous and the smoke so rank that I decided if I were permitted by kind Providence to grow up again and mingle with my fellows I would change the brand or quit smoking.

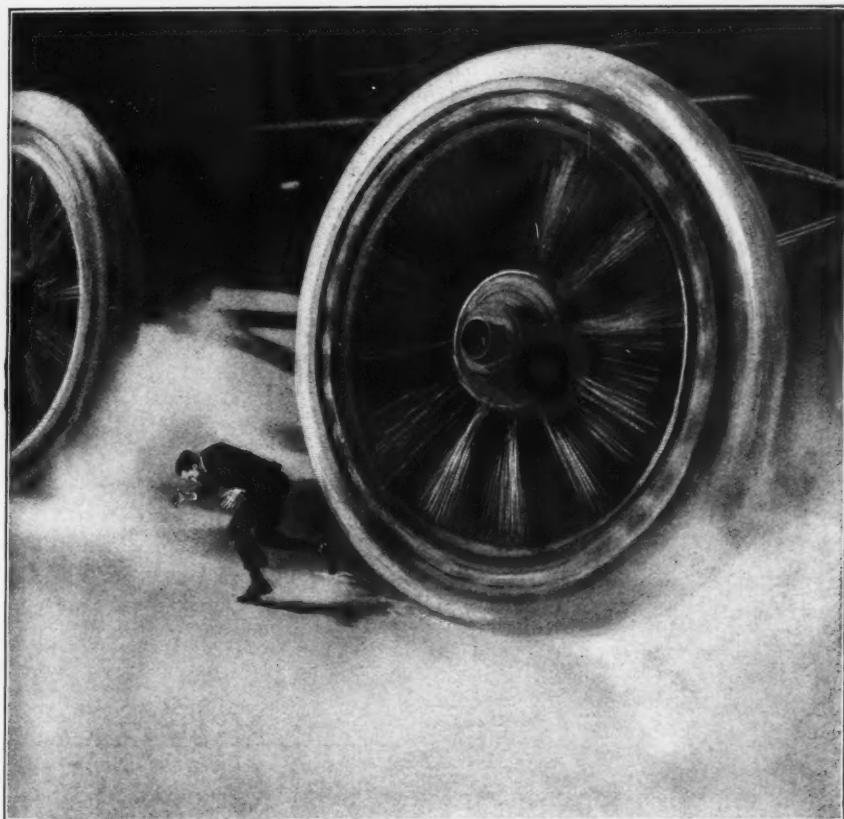
After a long rest I slid down from the table and, seeing an open door, crawled over the sill and traveled through a long hall into another room.

Near by was the elaborately carved pilaster of an upright piano. This I climbed quite easily. I recognized the huge white and black keys, though the latter had every aspect of covered scows uniformly anchored in a sea of frozen ivory. By jumping vigorously upon the keys I found that I could

produce a fine rumble of sound away back somewhere in the cavernous black box.

While I was thus amusing myself I heard a swish of feminine skirts and clambered off the keyboard behind the drop cover where I might safely view the plump woman-giant who came straight toward the piano. Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys, which nearly split my ears. It was like a clap of thunder intermingled with the varied shrieks of a dozen sirens. I knew the awful vibrations would kill me if I did not escape at once, and I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard. I fully expected to hear a woman's shriek of fear, but my fair pianist must have been too much engrossed in her music-making to see me.

After landing on the carpet, panting and disheveled, I scurried over the door-sill and



"A TORNADO THAT LIFTED ME OFF MY FEET AND FLUNG ME HEADLONG TO THE PAVEMENT"

An Up-to-Date Fairy Tale

out in the long hall. Keeping close to the wall, I groped my way to the front door of the hospital, which had been left ajar by a careless attendant, and in a few fearful minutes was out in the open. Dropping from stone step to stone step down the broad front stoop, I soon found myself on the sidewalk, and moved toward the curb. As I stood speculating upon the size of the paving-blocks, there descended upon me out of nowhere, it seemed, a tornado that lifted me off my feet and flung me headlong to the pavement. I had barely time to catch sight of two enormous wheels, rubber-tired and revolving with lightning rapidity, and I knew that I had been caught in the breeze and dust of a passing motor car. Surely the street was no place for me if I valued the tiny spark of life that was mine, and I ran for a small restaurant down the street.

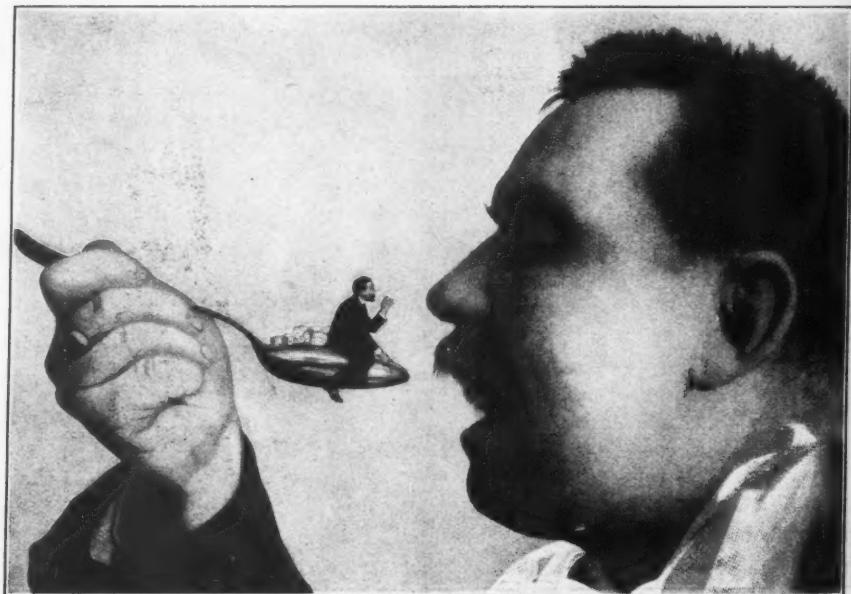
The pangs of hunger were keen within me when I reached the restaurant door, and the smell of food, though overpowering, was good in my nostrils. The place was one of the cheapest and of uncleanly character. I saw a hulking German drayman at a table near the kitchen entrance; he was eating something soft with a spoon, half closing his eyes with each satisfying mouthful. Clam-

bering up the leg of his table, I reached the edge of his platter and leaned forward to taste some of the mushy food with which he was gorging himself, when my foot slipped and into the slimy mess, heels over head, I plunged. At the very moment I tumbled the hungry Teuton thrust his spoon into his food just under me, and I felt myself lifted swiftly into the air. Before I could realize my position, the man's wide-open mouth gaped before me. I felt his hot breath beating down upon me, saw his fang-like teeth, and shrieked aloud in a soul-gripping agony of terror when—

"He will be as sound as a dollar in a few days," said the blond-bearded surgeon. "A very easy and successful operation," he continued. "Put him to bed and keep him quiet. The ether may leave a slight headache, but otherwise he's as good as new."

I saw my wife's brightening face bending above me. "Oh, Bob! I'm *so* glad it's all over," she exclaimed, with a little whimper in her voice.

"So am I, girlie," I replied feebly. "I wouldn't go through another such experience for twenty troublesome vermiciform appendixes."



"I FELT HIS HOT BREATH AND SAW HIS FANG-LIKE TEETH"

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